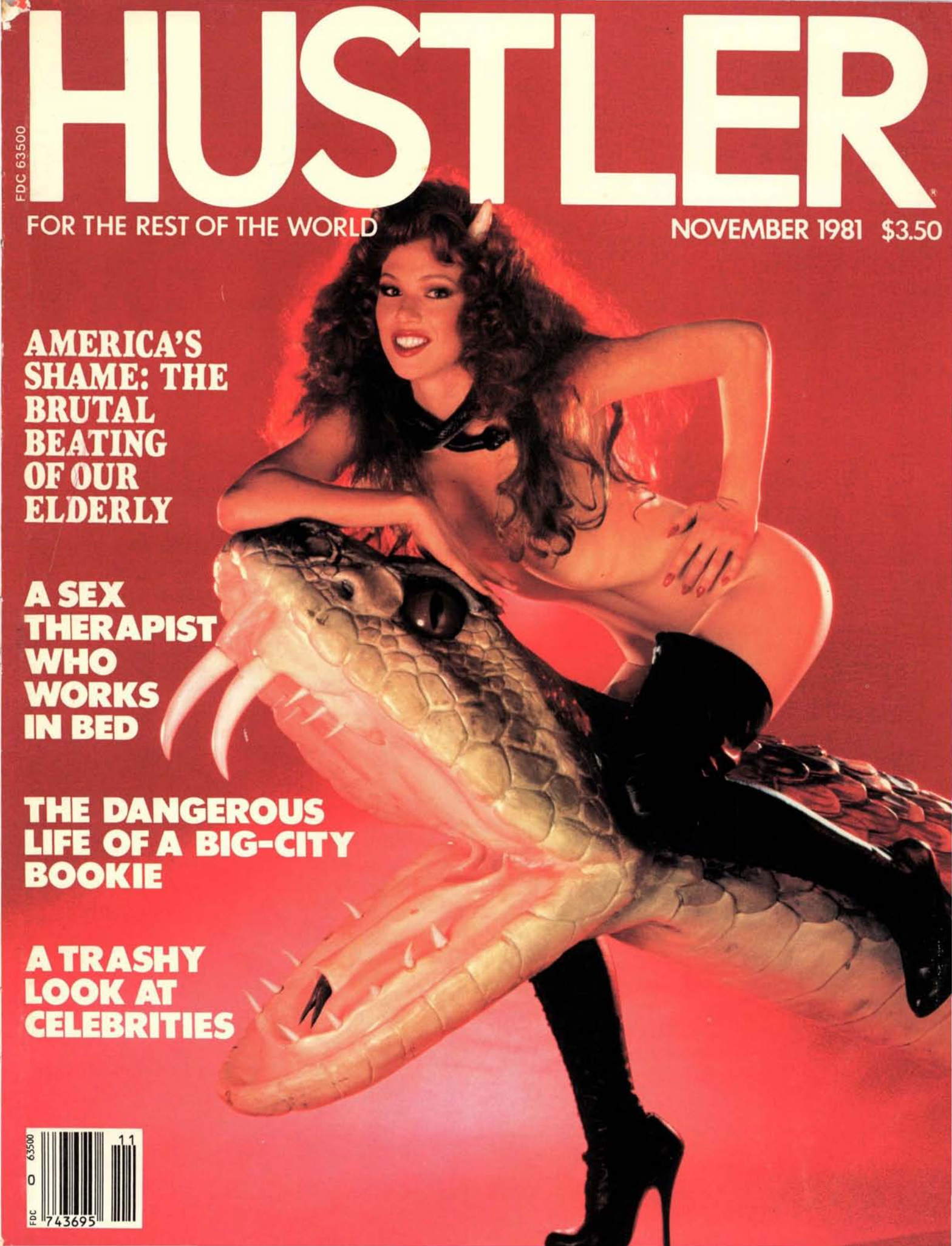
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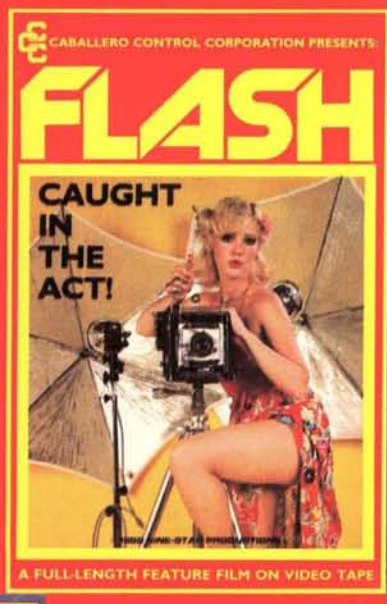
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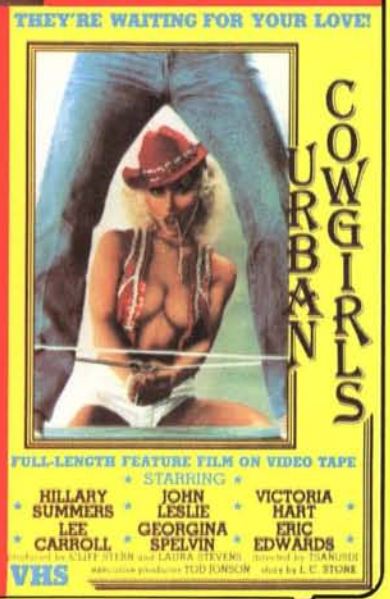


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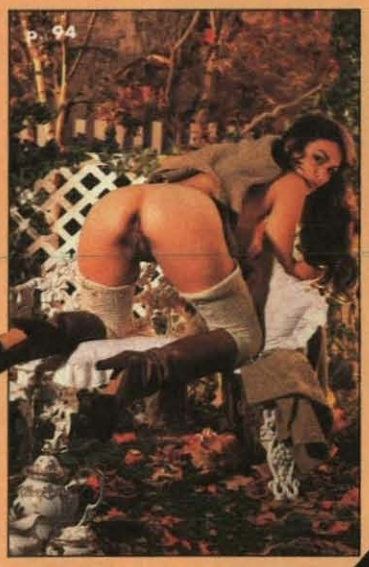
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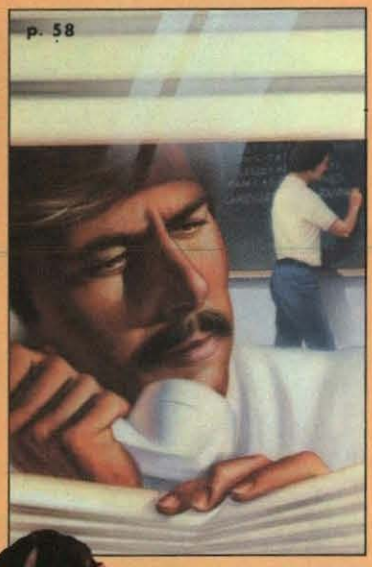
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NOVEMBER 1981 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 5



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

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HUSTLER NOVEMBER 1981 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 5

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Turning Off Freedom

I've never been one to say I told you so, but way back in November 1978, when HUSTLER named Donald Wildmon "Asshole of the Month," I knew his group of self-appointed censors was as dangerous as a snake in a henhouse. In those days his following consisted of a few people who sat around and watched TV, clucking and gasping over the "sex and violence." Today, in the form of the Coalition for Better Television, it encompasses 400 conservative groups.

When Wildmon caught the eye of the Moral Majority's Jerry Falwell, it was a marriage made in Hypocrisy Heaven. Falwell was looking around for new groups to harass, and Wildmon was looking for some of the media savvy that the big gun of the New Right possesses. Falwell threw some of the Moral Majority's bucks behind the fledgling group, and the first ripples of a tidal wave of repression began.

These watchdog activities culminated this year with a survey of prime-time TV shows. Coalition members rated the programs on the basis of language, sexual references or sexual contact. Because "sexual contact" was defined as any act of one person touching another, the statistics compiled were less than meaningful.

I don't care how many groups get together to rate how many shows using their different forms and checklists. At least it keeps these right-wing fanatics off the streets, where they could only be causing more problems. What boils my blood is when they threaten to boycott companies that sponsor shows they don't like.

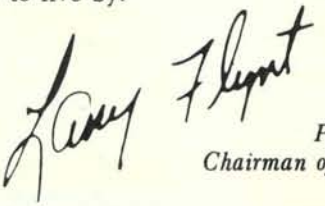
No matter how you try to get around it, this kind of boycott is a strong form of censorship. Granted, it's not *in fact* a violation of First Amendment rights. But in its real meaning, it's an even-more-frightening situation. All of these groups monitoring television programs and firing off angry, inarticulate letters to sponsors are trying to foist their repressive, self-righteous views on the rest of us.

And I'll be damned if it isn't working! Already, Procter & Gamble, which spent more than $486 million on television advertising in 1980, has begun withdrawing its sponsorship of shows that these pressure groups found objectionable. If a free-enterprise giant like Procter & Gamble gives in to the Coalition for Better Television and like-minded groups, who will stand against them?

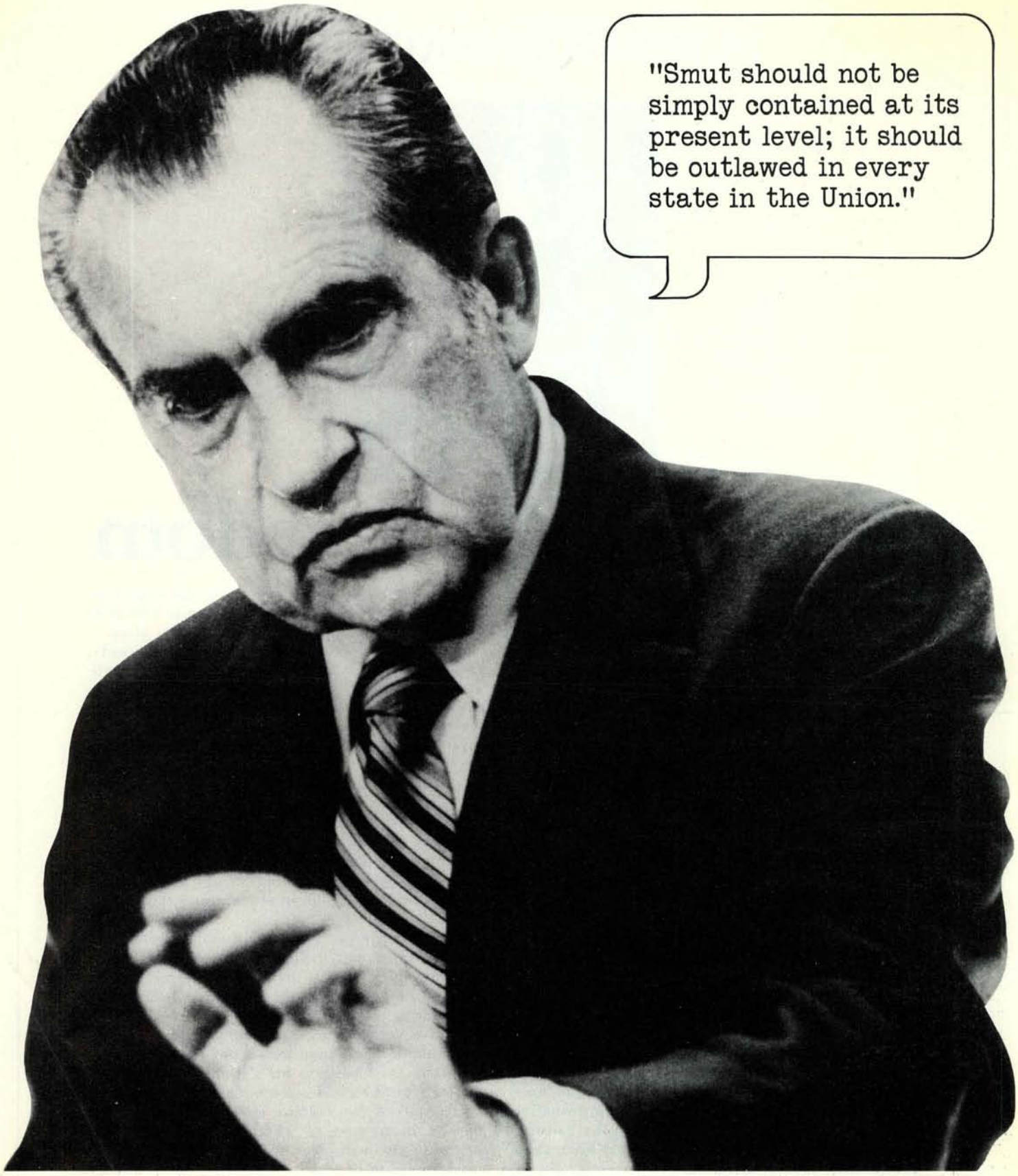
What such repressive organizations don't realize is the error in their logic. Listen to Jerry Falwell on this topic for a moment: "The television erosion of the home is a dangerous threat. Television has become the largest baby-sitting agency in the world. . . . This is where children are learning their moral values."

Come on, Jerry. If you and your Moral Majority buddies really believe children learn all their moral values from TV, then that contradicts everything you preach about the Church and the family being the most important guiding forces in a child's formative years. Don't you believe your followers are better teachers than television?

Maybe the Coalition for Better Television and similar groups should listen once again to the wise words spoken by Voltaire several hundred years ago: "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." That's not a bad motto to live by.



Publisher & Chairman of the Board



. . . as it is in the Soviet Union, and in hundreds of other countries where repressive and tyrannical regimes have crushed freedom of speech. But in the U.S., where the First Amendment to the Constitution protects free speech, the government should never use censorship to silence *any* point of view. Still, there are those—like the tricky fellow above—who'd impose their morality on everyone, taking away your right to enjoy whatever you like. Listen carefully to politicians who talk about what you should or shouldn't see . . . the odds are they'll bug you.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

SHOW & TELL

Halloween's a time for midnight fantasy, beautiful witches and raising more hell than John Belushi on laughing gas. No wonder it's allowed to happen only once a year! To help make your Halloween celebration red-hot, we've put together an issue that's short on tricks . . . but long an all kinds of treats.

An estimated 1 million to 2 million older Americans could certainly use a treat. They are victims of parent abuse, a growing but little-known phenomenon whereby defenseless seniors are beaten, tortured and even killed by their relatives. In **ABUSE OF THE ELDERLY**, respected journalist **BRUCE HENDERSON** examines this outrageous trend and tells **HOW CHILDREN BRUTALIZE THEIR PARENTS**. The author of our hard-hitting report *Hospital Horrors: Manslaughter by Mistake?* (June), Henderson has also written for *Esquire, TV Guide, New York, Los Angeles* and *New West*. The accompanying photo is by HUSTLER Contributing Photographer **LADI VON JANSKY**.

Another important but little-understood current phenomenon is the fast-track world of sports betting. Though outlawed in 49 states, wagering on professional athletics is a multibillion-dollar enterprise in which up to 50 million Americans participate. You'll learn how it operates in our behind-the-scenes look at **THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A BIG-CITY BOOKIE**. This intriguing profile of J. D. Clovis—a hustling Californian who nets a half-million bucks a year—was penned by veteran gambling writer **ROGER DIONNE**. A former teacher who holds a master's degree from Georgetown University, Dionne is a frequent contributor to *Gambling Times* and the Las Vegas correspondent for *Millions*. These two well-established magazines are geared to sport and chance. The companion illustration for this profile was provided by HUSTLER regular **ROGER BERGENDORFF**.



Cover by Matti Klatt

A different sort of "lady luck" figures in November's fiction, **IN CASE OF EMERGENCY**. This gripping tale of passion, hope and unexpected fate is by **ROBERTA METZ**, the author whose work HUSTLER readers most frequently request. A fashion model, teacher and poet, the talented Metz has been published in *High Society, Hit Parader,* the *Christian Science Monitor* and *Swank*, as well as in HUSTLER and CHIC. Her collection of poems, *Women the Children the Men* (1979), received the prestigious diCastagnola Award from the Poetry Society of America. The art is by **ALAN DANIELS**, who illustrated September's *Sex Play*, "Bizarre Sex Practices."

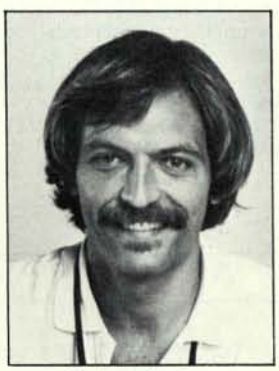
This month's *Sex Play* is a fascinating first-person account of sex surrogacy, a controversial method of treating sexual problems that can include having intercourse with the patient. **SEX THERAPY IN THE BEDROOM** follows one professional surrogate as she works with—and ultimately cures—a client suffering from impotence. The report marks the HUSTLER debut of **PATTI HOWARD**, who for the past three years has been a real-life sex surrogate in Los Angeles. Howard, additionally, has been an advertising and promotional writer for radio and television. A journalism graduate of Florida State University, she has reported for the *Boston Globe* and the *Vancouver* (British Columbia) *Sun*. For the illustration we turned to **PAT DUNN**, whose art accompanied last month's profile of Vietnam veteran Jim Hopkins.

Our November issue also includes a hilarious, imaginary peek into some famous people's trash. **CELEBRITY GARBAGE** is yet another brainchild of *Bits & Pieces* Editor **BRUCE HELFORD**, who thought up all the crazy gag items. The props were created by our super-talented Associate Art Directors, **RALPH FOWLER** and **GORDON BOWMAN**, and photographed by **LADI VON JANSKY**.

As you can see, we've compiled a Halloween party full of fantasy, enchanting beauty and our usual brand of investigative journalism. Cuddle up with your favorite ghoul-friend and enjoy!



Bruce Henderson



Ladi von Jansky



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FEEDBACK

Cover Comments: Congratulations! Your September cover (top photo) was definitely one of the best ever. I could hardly manage to pull my eyes from it. When I finally did, I opened the pages to one of the best girl/girl spreads ever to grace HUSTLER's pages. Lorraine and Rita in *The Librarian: Book Squirm* were simply cunt-licking good. Keep up the great work. —J. C.
Griffith, Indiana

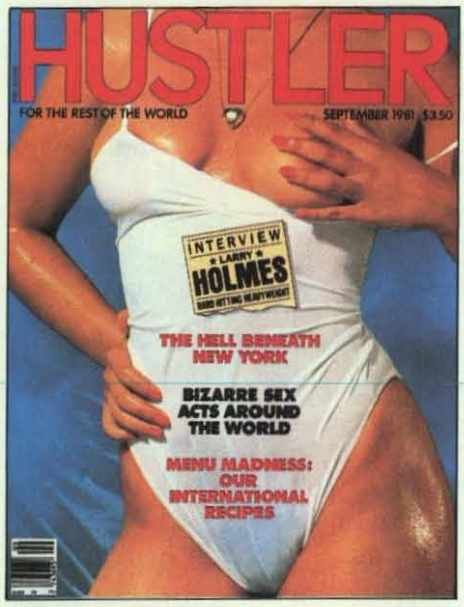
As an avid reader of HUSTLER, I really appreciate your logo, "For the Rest of the World." I feel this enlightened statement shows HUSTLER's move toward equality for men and women. I am a woman who enjoys your articles, photo-layouts and sidesplitting sick humor as much as any man would. Power to the perverts! If we all had HUSTLER's enjoyment of life, the world would be a happier place.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Back in the early days HUSTLER's logo was what it is now: "For the Rest of the World." Because we still consider these words appropriate, we've restored them.

Smoking Fetus: I've always respected HUSTLER for educating its readers about the dangers of smoking. Nevertheless, I can't see any good reason to show a fetus smoking a cigarette, as you did in your September *Bits & Pieces* (center photo). Abortion is as serious an issue as smoking, and damaging the unborn by smoking is no different than abortion. I don't think it's funny to satirize reports that show helpless fetuses being sickened by their mothers' cigarette smoke. Life is sacred. —J. H.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Photo Fanfare: HUSTLER is the only magazine I admire, and now my admiration has just skyrocketed after seeing *Alicia: The Tender Trap* (bottom photo) in your September issue. Those long legs, soft tits and that beautiful cunt have kept me coming ever since.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

You can't imagine how hot I got after looking at the *Jesse James Rides Again* pictorial in your August issue. You put my second-favorite fantasy before my very eyes! I can't wait to show the layout to my girlfriend. By the way, my number-one fantasy is to be "One for the Ladies" in *Beaver Hunt.*
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request







Your August photo-spread *Toni & Diana: Wet 'n' Willing* was simply stimulating. Unique camera angles and perfect positioning of the ladies made this layout far superior to ordinary ones. Whenever I get tired of fantasizing about Toni, I switch to Diana! The way in which they part their lips and make love to the camera are truly spellbinding. Keep up the great work, and I hope to see more of these lovely ladies in the future. —M. J. Niem
Honolulu, Hawaii

Lately HUSTLER has been getting too much like *Playboy* because your photographers are dressing up your ladies. We have to play peek-a-boo with breasts, pubic areas and bottoms. That may stimulate some men, but I like to see a lady completely nude (without even shoes) and lying on her side or back. —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We like to please all of our readers. You can look forward to some very naked ladies in upcoming issues.

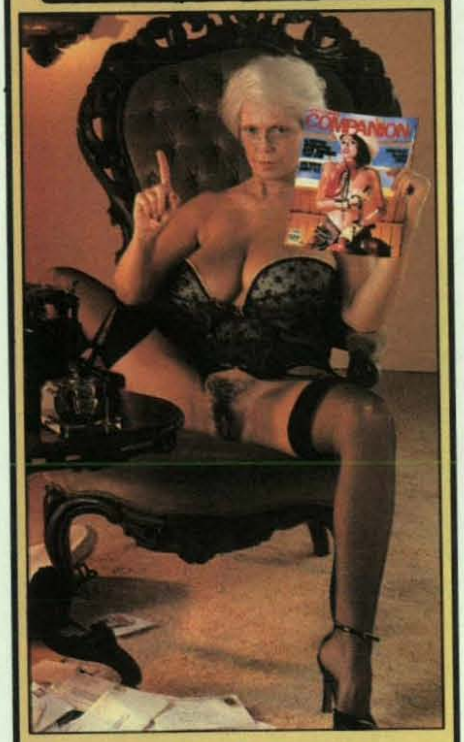
As a faithful female reader of your magazine, I'd just like to say I really enjoy the man/woman pictorials.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Moral Minority: Although I am not a big fan of HUSTLER, I read it when I get a chance. I was relieved to come across the August *Publisher's Statement*, "A Big Hand for the Moral Minority." You see, I live in Alaska, where the Moral Majority has become a definite pain in the ass. Not only is it trying to regulate what we watch on television, but it also hasn't helped the pussy situation at all. So I'm extremely pleased that you have endorsed the Moral Majority's opponents. —K. Brennan
Anchorage, Alaska

After reading your August *Publisher's Statement*, I thought you might be interested in hearing about Janice Neubauer, a librarian in Duxbury, Massachusetts, who is also battling the Moral Majority. She wants the town's library trustees to adopt a formal policy of confidentiality for library records because the Moral Majority has tried to obtain a list of schools in Washington State using a library's sex-education films (see *Asshole of the Month*, August).

Neubauer says it's nobody's business what books or films someone borrows from a library. The Moral Majority is following in the footsteps of the FBI,

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which in the 1960s investigated library records in an attempt to learn who took out "subversive" material. Small towns across America should be warned of Moral Majority "snoops." I think the lady fighting at the Duxbury library deserves a helping hand.

—William B. Seach,
Braintree, Massachusetts

In his August *Publisher's Statement*, Larry Flynt praises Lorraine Jacques of Denver, Colorado, for her stand against the Moral Majority. I also oppose Jerry Falwell and that group. Up until now I have been unable to locate any free-thinkers to whom I could lend my support. Ms. Jacques, by starting the "Moral Minority," has really shown some backbone. —John Hayslip Jr.
Salem, Oregon

Insanity: I was very impressed with Larry Flynt's June *Publisher's Statement*, "Madness Is No Excuse," which dealt with criminals who attempt to beat their rap by pleading insanity. America is an incredibly violent society; yet the law continues to protect the criminal at the expense of the people. Insanity pleas should be allowed only for those with established histories of mental illness.

This country's entire criminal-justice system needs overhauling. American taxpayers must unite against the lax judicial system that has placed our society in peril. I hope you continue to speak out against allowing criminals to go free. —Fred Jackson
Camden, New Jersey

Agent Orange: Thank you for the *Publisher's Statement* "Agent Orange: VA Cover-Up" in your May issue. I too am a victim of that defoliant, and I've met lots of other vets with the same problem. The Veterans Administration officials should try living in the jungle with their clothes rotting on their bodies for months at a time. Then they might appreciate what we've been through. But from their nice, warm offices, they can't imagine the suffering that goes on while our bodies are decaying.

—Lowell Smotherman
Seaside, Oregon

Asshole: Regarding your August *Asshole of the Month* selection, Michael Farris: I am an 18-year-old who has seen the sex-education film *Achieving Sexual Maturity* and the feature *The Deer Hunter*. I found both movies enlightening and informative, and I can't understand why Farris would object to them. If he succeeds in censoring anything he chooses, we'll wind up with another generation of adolescents with sexual hang-ups. Please keep the American public informed about the manipulative and underhanded methods the Moral Majority is using to gain control of our freedoms. —James Booth
Centralia, Washington

Vaginal Orgasm: I have always said it is possible to achieve inner-vaginal orgasms. Your January *Sex Play*, "How to Achieve Vaginal Orgasms," showed me how to do so. Thank you for this information. —William Burdges
Rock Springs, Wyoming

"Hillside Strangler": I sure was pissed off after reading *Kenneth Bianchi: Inside the Mind of the "Hillside Strangler"* in your August issue. The authors, Ted Schwarz and Kelli Boyd, give the impression that Bianchi's actions were justified because his murder victims were cunts. I say, bullshit! Cunts serve a function in society and have the same right to life as we all do. Murder, even when committed by a nut, cannot be justified. —R. O. Wilson
Winslow, Arizona

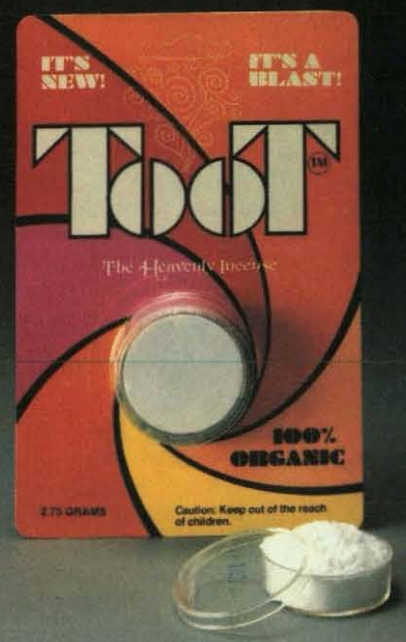
You must have read a different article. The authors' purpose was to examine Bianchi's mind and motives, not to condone his actions. But we agree that murderers should not escape punishment by pleading insanity. Read June's Publisher's Statement, "Madness Is No Excuse."

Fiction Friction: HUSTLER is the only magazine I buy. I totally enjoy reading it from cover to cover, and September's article *Feral People: Hell Beneath the Streets* was outstanding. The quality of your fiction has been great this past year, but September's *Dead or Alive?* was the worst piece of shit HUSTLER has ever printed. You have a responsibility to deliver only the best, whether it be fiction, pictorials, articles or cartoons. *Dead or Alive?* spoiled a truly great issue.

—Jeffrey Canadeo
West Haven, Connecticut

Klan Views: In September's *Feedback* a black woman wrote a letter saying, "In my city the white men pay top dollar for a piece of black ass!" I have a question for you. Who is sicker—me, for backing the Ku Klux Klan, or this nigger bitch, for selling her ass to good white men just because she doesn't want to go on welfare? —M. C.
Huntington, West Virginia

I would like to respond to the August *Feedback* letter from Jay (Night Hawk) concerning the Ku Klux Klan. The only reason Klansmen aren't convicted is because the majority of them cover up



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H.T. 3

their dirty deeds. I would like to know how the KKK can be so violent and have so much hatred for the minorities and still purport to be "God-fearing" people. In God's opinion, all men are created equal. —T. A. Roll
Kings Beach, California

X-Rated Response: Your film reviewer should be strung up by his balls. Whoever favorably rated *The Budding of Brie* (July 1980) has no taste. I've seen monkeys speak and act better than the so-called "actors" on the screen, and the sex was unexciting. Pictures of copulating blades of grass would have been more stimulating. If this is one of the best porn flicks on the circuit, the circuit should be shorted.
—Name Withheld by Request
Weston, Massachusetts

While you are certainly entitled to your opinion, you might be interested to know that the Adult Film Association of America gave The Budding of Brie one of its highest honors. Earlier this year, at the AFAA awards ceremony, Jim Heinisch—a former HUSTLER staffer and now our New York-based film critic—presented Brie an Erotica award for Best Screenplay.

Pro & Con: HUSTLER's intentions may be sincere, but all you are doing is perverting the world and destroying the family unit. Pornography is perversion. There is nothing dirty about sex if it is performed inside the marriage institution. But adultery, fornication and homosexuality are perverted sins. God never intended sex to be "open." God is the one who gave us our shame, and nobody can make us feel shame unless there is something to be shameful about.

Yes, I have read HUSTLER in the past. I am only human, and I fall into lustful desires like everybody else. But if you are sincere in your efforts to help people overcome their sexual hang-ups, find some other way to do so. HUSTLER isn't it. —Joe Zimmerman
Kinston, North Carolina

I must say HUSTLER certainly has improved with age. The magazine began directionless and tasteless and has developed into one of the better publications on the newsstand. For example, your fiction has evolved from the "keep-on-fuckin-'em" genre to quality stories with good plots.

Although the photography and printing in your pictorials are always top-notch, many of the photos border on cheap pornography. Men who rely on pictures as a substitute for sex develop a poor attitude toward women and are generally "sweaty-palmed geeks."

But overall, I must say HUSTLER is one of the most socially relevant periodicals on the stands. —H. Scott Jones
Boscawen, New Hampshire

Cartoon Comments: In July's *Feedback*, Yakov Leiberman bitched about HUSTLER's cartoons—saying that Jews are incorrectly depicted and that your work overall is obscene. The guy is walking around with his thumb up his ass. HUSTLER's cartoons depict the world realistically; we need more people like your cartoonists, who know how to simplify life. I'd like to thank them for doing such good work. HUSTLER, more power to you! —Name and Address Withheld by Request

I find your cartoons rather gross, personally, but I'm glad you're printing them. I believe strongly in freedom of the press, and feel that the marketplace—not some censor in Washington, or the Moral Majority—should determine what gets published. Besides, I'm aware it takes all types of features to sell a magazine in order to sponsor the honest journalism that gives us the true, uncensored picture. —Bruce McElney
Sacramento, California

I enjoy your cartoons—the raunchier the better. The abortion jokes are perfect. I realize you're just poking fun at everyone (including yourself), and the weak-hearts who would censor your material don't have to read anything they don't enjoy. Long live freedom of the press, and death and damnation to censorship of any kind.
—Mike Ackermann
Cleveland, Ohio

The cartoon making fun of epileptics in your August issue was very cruel. The cartoonist and the editors who approved its appearance in HUSTLER apparently have no insight into the distress this condition causes. Your staff should be made aware that at least one out of every 200 people has some form of this disease. I hope there are no further cartoons directed at conditions caused by medical problems. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

One function of humor is to make people think about unpleasant problems they would otherwise ignore. Because we printed the cartoon, those people who choose to read HUSTLER were forced to think about epilepsy. Also, the cartoon prompted a response from you, and now millions of people are aware of your point that at least one out of every 200 people has a form of epilepsy. For those reasons we will continue to print controversial cartoons.

GRAFFILTHY



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World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Test results are in on a new medication that may prevent outbreaks of genital herpes, one of the most prevalent forms of venereal disease in the United States. The disease is transmitted through skin contact, and commonly results in sores and blisters around the genitals, thighs and buttocks. The drug, called "acyclovir" (see Advise & Consent, June), was tested on a group of people about to undergo bone-marrow transplants at Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore. Because their natural immunity is suppressed, more than 70% of such patients develop infections caused by the herpes virus. Doctors gave acyclovir to ten of the patients, while ten others received placebos. After the operations, seven persons in the placebo group developed herpes sores, but none of those given acyclovir did.

A big "beer gut" can hamper a man's love life. That's the warning of an Australian psychologist, Dr. Bob Montgomery, who explains that a paunch hanging over the lower abdomen overheats the sex organs and lowers fertility. He adds that a big stomach can also hinder sexual performance simply by getting in the way and preventing full penetration.

About 20 university students in Wisconsin protested that state's fornication law by admitting they had violated the statute, then turned themselves in to police. The collegians gave their names to authorities in Appleton after a bill to legalize sexual activity between consenting adults was defeated by one vote in the Wisconsin legislature. Under the existing law, anyone having sex with a person other than his or her spouse is guilty of a misdemeanor punishable by up to nine months in jail, a $10,000 fine, or both. Appleton police turned the names over to the district attorney, who said he needed more information in order to prosecute.

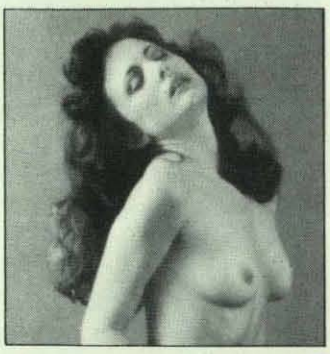
Teenage girls who take oral contraceptives may face an increased risk of breast cancer later in life, a British study has found. The survey, conducted by the Royal College of General Practitioners, was based on a comparison of the health of 23,000 women who took the Pill with that of a similar number who did not. While noting it could be 30 years before final results are known, the study concluded that young girls should avoid prolonged use of the Pill before their first pregnancy--especially if there is a family history of breast disease.

For the first time in the United States, doctors have terminated an abnormal twin fetus while allowing the other twin, who was normal, to be born at full term. According to the "New England Journal of Medicine," the incident occurred in New York last year when physicians attending a 40-year-old pregnant woman determined that one fetus was a victim of Down's syndrome--a genetic defect resulting in mental retardation. Doctors killed the five-month-old fetus by inserting a hollow needle into its heart and withdrawing half its blood. The only known previous operation of this type was reported in Sweden several years ago.

Bulls in Ireland were literally worked to death after operators of artificial-insemination machines went out on strike, forcing farmers to revert to the traditional method of impregnating cows. As a result of the seven-week labor dispute in County Sligo, at least two bulls died after overexerting themselves trying to service too many cows. One farmer was forced to cut back his bull's love life, from 100 to 40 cow-couplings per week. "The bulls have buckled at the knees and fallen down on the job," he explained. "It has been too much for them."

Nurses from 93 countries have taken a step toward abolishing female circumcision--a procedure still widely practiced in Africa and the Middle East. The International Council of Nurses (ICN) voted to support a recommendation by the World Health Organization and the United Nations Children's Fund to oppose the practice because it is unsafe. According to the ICN, thousands of girls--ranging in age from a few days to the early teens--are subjected to the operation for religious and cultural reasons, or to prevent promiscuity. Depending on tribal or community custom, the procedure varies from simple removal of the clitoral hood to closing of the vagina by sewing--leaving an opening no larger than a kernel of corn. The nurses claim female circumcision can result in infection, shock, blood poisoning and infertility.

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Strangling Sex: Lately I have become very worried about my boyfriend. For the last couple of months he has put his hands around my throat when he starts to come. At first his hands were just there, and he wasn't squeezing at all, but he keeps getting rougher and rougher. Last night he almost strangled me, and I have bruises on my neck to prove it. What can I do? —S. K.
Sacramento, California

The first thing you have to do is talk to your boyfriend. He may not even be aware of what he is doing. He has to be told. Try to help him understand why this practice turns him on. You may want him to read HUSTLER's Sex Play on autoerotic asphyxia, entitled "Orgasm of Death" (August). Many young men find that constriction of the throat enhances their own orgasm, but such practices are very dangerous! Your lover may be under the impression he is turning you on rather than alarming you. Just talking about it may get him to stop.

If he is doing it unconsciously and puts his hands on your throat the next time you are having sex, either stop and remove his hands right then, or gently place them on your shoulders.

Both men and women have a tendency to tighten and loosen their hands during orgasm, as if this were a part of their sexual response. However, it is much safer to have him squeezing your shoulders than your throat. Don't be afraid to take this up with him, or your silence could make your boyfriend a murderer.

Growing Pains: My wife and I have been married for seven years. Every once in a while she will tell me my cock is getting bigger. She can tell because it begins to hurt her. I'm not going to give you a lot of bullshit about how big my cock is, but I do have seven-and-a-half inches. Since I am 24, how could my cock still be growing? Is something wrong with me or my wife? —M. T.
Jackson, Tennessee

It is doubtful that anything is wrong with either of you. Each time a man gets an erection, his cock is a slightly different size. Your wife probably notices when you get an extra-large hard-on, but that doesn't mean your cock is growing. If you are interested in testing this theory, keep a cloth measuring tape by your bed and measure your hard-on periodically.

Masturbation Fears: How can a 21-year-old male stop masturbating? I am in college and pretty shy. Even though I'm not a virgin, I haven't had sex since I arrived on campus. My studies are very important to me, and because I masturbate once or twice a day, I'm concerned that this will affect my ability to study. I've tried cold showers, and I still want to jack-off. What can I do?
—G. K.
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

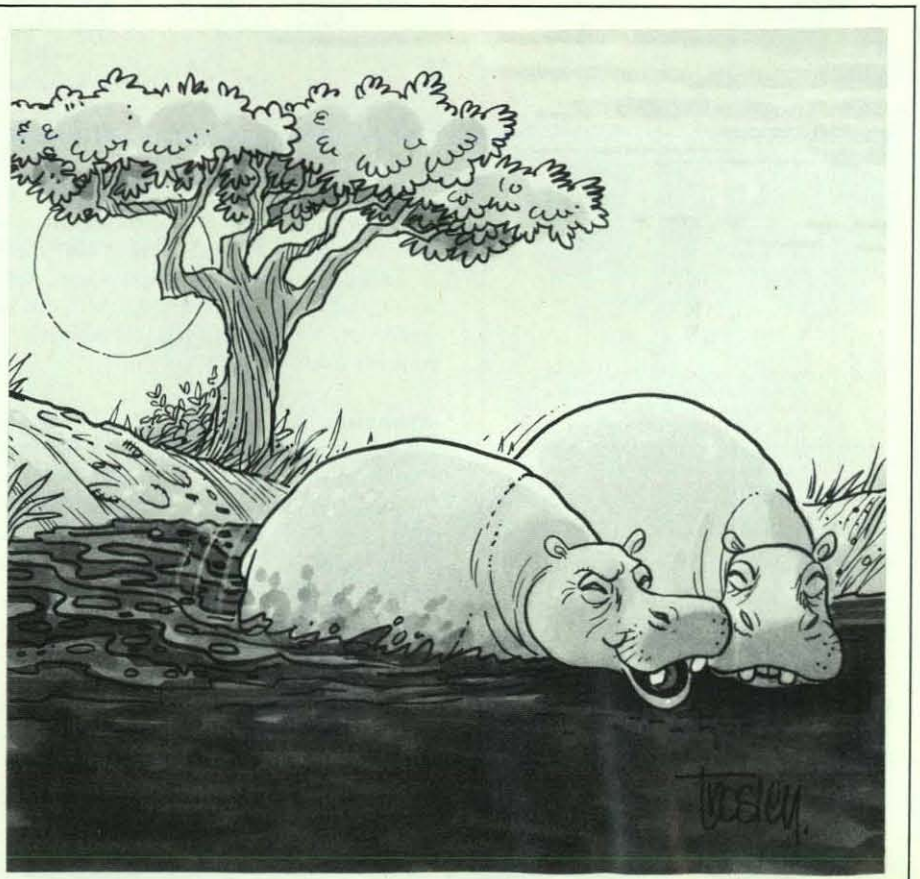
Stop trying to stop. Why do you think masturbating once or twice a day will hurt your academic performance? Masturbation is an excellent way to release sexual tensions, and it shouldn't interfere with your studies in any way. Evidently you are still harboring some guilt about this form of sexual release.

Rather than trying to stop masturbating, you should try to stop feeling worried or guilty about this normal and healthy form of sex. Researchers like Masters and Johnson, Havelock Ellis, Alfred Kinsey and others have seen no harm and much good in masturbation. Are you aware that people who masturbate guiltlessly and pleasurably are more likely to achieve satisfactory sexual relationships with others?

So stop worrying and start enjoying. There is no reason for you to be concerned that masturbation will have a negative effect on your studies. It is a normal, healthy practice for someone in your situation.

Tranquilized Sex: I hope you can help me with a problem I've been experiencing lately. I'm 19 years old, and I've been subject to nervous seizures since I was three. Still, until recently they didn't prevent me from having a satisfying sex life. About two months ago I stopped ejaculating. After fucking for about 20 minutes, I just go limp. I have a very weak feeling of orgasm, but I don't really come. I don't drink or smoke. The only medication I take now is a tranquilizer called thioridazine (Mellaril). How can I start ejaculating again? Dry humps aren't fun. —F. L.
New York, New York

The problem is the tranquilizer you are tak-



"Don't you just love to feel the mud squish between your balls?"

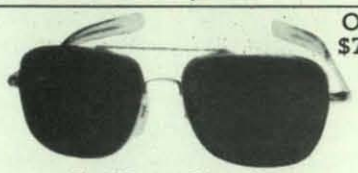
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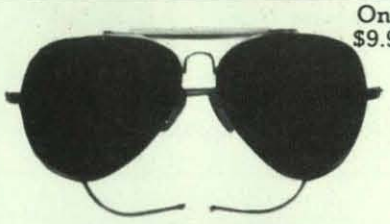
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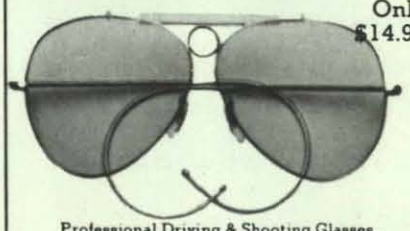
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ing. The drug has a possible side effect of making a man's ejaculate go back into the bladder instead of shooting out. Essentially, you are pissing your cum away. See your doctor for a tranquilizer that will not interfere with your sex life so drastically. However, you should be warned that most tranquilizers do impair sexual functioning.

Many physicians do not take the time to explain how certain medications will affect a person's life. Tranquilizers are not the only substances that affect sex in a negative way. You should always ask a doctor what the side effects are for any given drug. If you are not sure whether your sexuality will be affected, be sure to ask. If you notice a change in your sexual performance after you begin to take a prescribed medication, call your doctor to find out if the drug is responsible.

Pregnant Virgin: Please help me find the truth. I am a 26-year-old guy who became involved with a virgin. She and I have never had intercourse, because she told me she didn't feel she was ready. But we have been nude together, and once I came between her legs even though I did not enter her. You may not believe this, but she is now pregnant and claiming I'm the father. She is even maintaining she's still a virgin!

No matter how I argue with her, she sticks to this story; she's even willing to have me go to her gynecologist with her. I love this girl and am going to marry her, but how can I get her to stop lying?

—R. B.
Houston, Texas

She may not be lying. (You will know for certain if you go to her gynecologist with her.) As a young girl grows, small openings can form in the hymen. If you ejaculated near your girlfriend's vaginal opening, your sperm could have navigated through these small holes and impregnated her. If this is what happened, she is technically still a virgin . . . and you are a father.

Amazing Grace: I am a 47-year-old man who thought he'd seen it all. But I've recently started sleeping with a 27-year-old woman named Grace who is different from any other woman I've met. Grace has had a lot of lovers, and yet she is still a "virgin."

For five years she has only let men fuck her in the ass. Her hymen is still intact because she is saving it for her husband. Can you believe it? Have you ever heard of a woman like this? Grace even claims to have orgasms every time. Can this be?

—D. R.
Chase, Kansas

Grace is foolish to have missed out on vaginal intercourse for five years because of some mixed-up idea about virginity. Most guys do not care about virginity anymore, and most would also pity, not admire, Grace for taking it up the ass when she could have been enjoying all sorts of sexual delights.

However, a female can have orgasms from anal sex. Women have reported orgasms from fantasies, from back rubs, and one has even reported getting off on big-toe massages. It would still be a good idea for Grace to start enjoying vaginal as well as anal sex.

Breast or Bottle? My husband and I are about to give birth to our first child. We haven't decided whether or not I should breast-feed the baby. Our friends say bottle-feeding is best, but my husband is dying to see me nurse, and he wants to taste the milk. I'm also a little worried that breast-feeding will make my tits ugly. What is really best for the baby?

—D. S.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Breast-feeding wins hands down. Formulas can closely resemble a mother's natural milk, but they cannot duplicate the antibodies that fight off illness. Since some newborns are allergic to formulas and cow's milk, breast-fed babies are much less likely to suffer from digestive disturbances. As for your concern about breast disfiguration, breast-feeding can cause stretch marks. Still, most women find they get them as they grow older whether they breast-feed their babies or not. Besides, breast-feeding helps tighten the uterine-wall muscles, and can help get the stomach and vaginal muscles back into shape. Some women find it even enhances their breast shape.

If you do decide to nurse, be sure the doctor puts the infant to your breast right on the delivery table. Although a mother doesn't produce milk for three days after giving birth, the breast contains colustrum, which is rich in protein and antibodies. In addition, the baby's instinct to suckle is strongest right after birth.

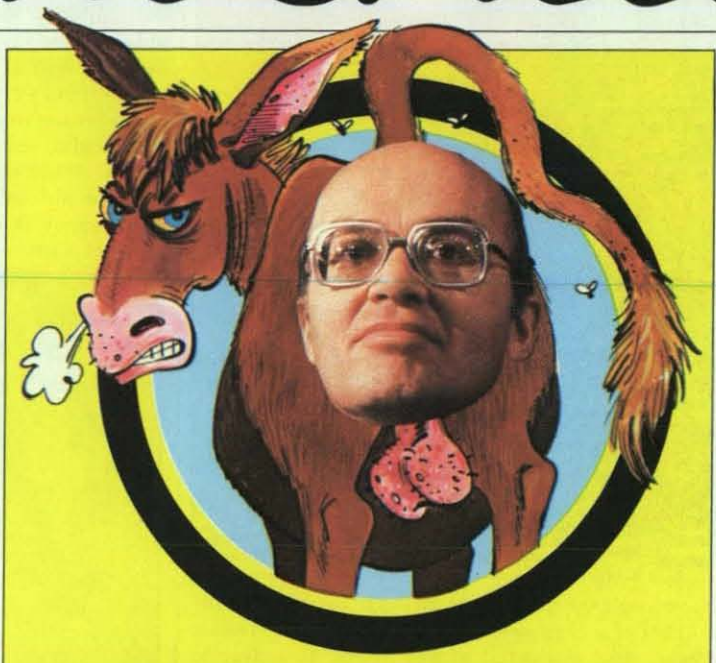
Since your husband would enjoy it so much, and because breast-feeding is better for the newborn, it would be a good idea to at least give it a try for the first months of your baby's life.

Hydrocele: I am a 43-year-old man with a hydrocele in my left testicle. My doctor has assured me this problem will not affect my potency. Nonetheless, a friend of mine who has one says it has ruined his sex life.

—H. W.
Greenvale, New York

Basically, a hydrocele is an abnormal accumulation of fluid in the membrane surrounding the testes. Sometimes a man is born with one if there is an incomplete closure between the abdomen and the scrotal sac. Others develop after an injury or disease affecting the testicles.

(continued on page 24)



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

James Watt

If someone were to break into your home, take your possessions and then sell them for a profit, you'd scream bloody murder. Well, that very thing is being done to you by our irrational Secretary of the Interior.

James Watt wields incredible power. By law, this Cabinet official must protect *all* public lands for the benefit of *all* citizens. Now that he wants to turn over much of this public acreage to fat-cat capitalists to mine and plunder for profit, HUSTLER must name him November's Asshole of the Month.

First, take a look at what this starchy, supposedly God-fearing zealot believes in. Because he thinks it is just a matter of time before Christ returns to this planet, it evidently makes sense to him to use as much land as possible for commercial gain. Since the Lord is coming, it seems Watt is suggesting we let industrial companies maximize their profits from this idle land.

Keep in mind that this is land that belongs to each and every one of us . . . by law. It has been set aside for the enjoyment and financial reward of every citizen of the United States. And it's immensely valuable property.

As Secretary of the Interior, Watt controls about one-third of the land in the United States—all the national parks, wildlife refuges and wilderness areas. In addition, he grants the rights to strip-mining, oil-drilling and mineral exploration on more than 600 million acres.

In the past this office has not been dangerous, since all previous secretaries of the interior have had both a certain amount of respect for the rights of all citizens and a love for the land. But now, with a man dedicated to the concerns of Big Business, it is apparent that the average citizen will be raped as violently as the land.

"Most people think that if you can drive in, walk 20 yards, and pitch a tent by a stream, you've had a wilderness experience. What we should do is build some roads, build a latrine, pump in running water so you can wash dishes." That statement of Watt's sums up his attitude toward nature. He's gone on record as saying he's not crazy about camping, hiking or outdoor sports.

One of his dreams is to lease national parks to firms that would run them like amusement parks. Under one of his proposals, tour buses would whisk visitors through a park like Yellowstone, pointing out famous sites.

If the national parks were run like this, Watt would have us believe, then a great deal of the "wasted" land could be turned over to industry. This territory contains 50% of the nation's coal supply, 63% of its oil-bearing shale and 35% of its uranium, plus other mineral deposits worth hundreds of billions of dollars.

And how much would each citizen receive as his or her share of the potential profits? Not one thin dime!

When Watt has been confronted by the blasted illogic and unfairness of his proposals, he's assumed a holier-than-thou attitude that makes Richard Nixon seem almost humble. Along with his hostile attitude toward the land that belongs to all of us, Watt has created a mini-Reign of Terror in the Interior Department.

Immediately after taking office, word got out that female employees couldn't wear pants to work. Watt had to quickly back down from that one. Also, he has prohibited his staff from speaking to reporters from "godless" publications. When HUSTLER tried to contact his office for an official comment, we were informed that "no statements will be made over the phone, but if you care to write out some questions, we will consider answering them."

Well, Mr. Watt, here are our questions:

1. Are you familiar with the U.S. Constitution, which states clearly that there will be a separation of Church and State?

2. Do you realize that your appointment obliges you to protect all public lands for the use of all citizens at all times?

3. What gives you the right to turn over land that belongs to every citizen to a small group of people who will turn a quick profit?

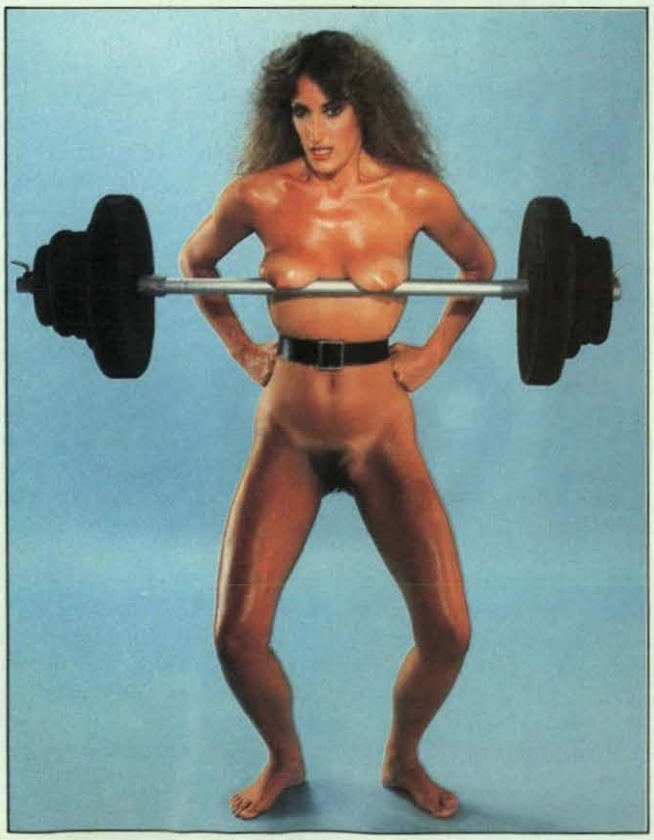
We're waiting for your response. Since there's a sign on your office wall that says, "Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence," we're sure you can appreciate why we will keep after you until you have answered these questions.



Soda "Pop"

Have you ever heard a rat fart? Or burp? Probably not, because their systems aren't built for the release of gas. And this tidbit of knowledge, according to *The Mother Earth News*, will help rid you of those little urban blighters forever. In its column listing reader-suggested home remedies, the *News* related the story of a man whose service station was being plagued by rats. Following a friend's recommendation, he placed jar lids of sugary, carbonated beverages around his property to kill the pests. After the rodents filled up on the liquid, they "popped" and died.

This method might be at odds with the "Coke Adds Life" campaign, but we can see another soft drink that might be able to capitalize on it. "I'm a popper, he's a popper. . . ."



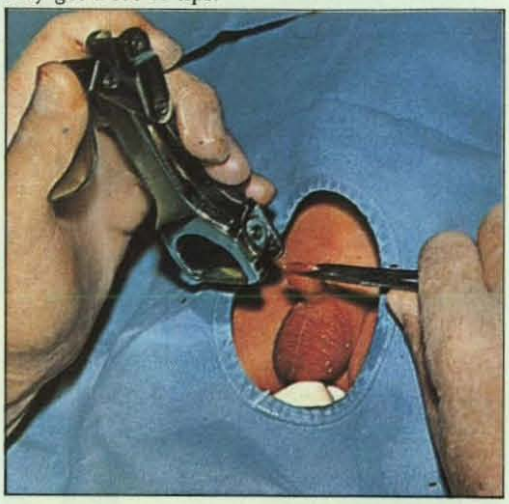
Breast Lift

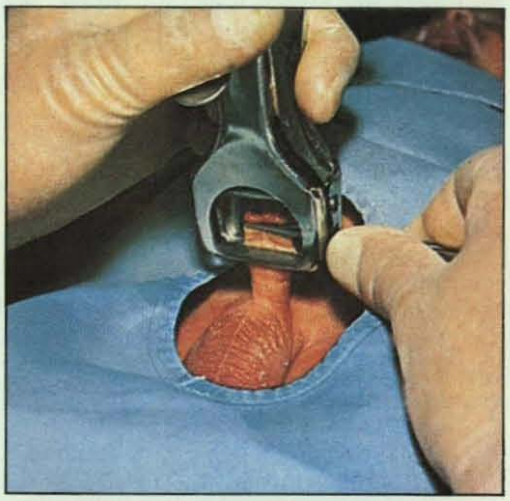
Weightlifting is essential for the expansion of body parts. Lou Ferrigno has better headlights than most women, right? Yet very few females know anything about weightlifting. Most of them think a clean and jerk is some kind of sanitary handjob. They're unfamiliar with terms like bench press and snatch. Ladies, make your man proud by learning to pump iron. Tell him you'd like to show him your snatch. You'll be surprised by his enthusiasm!

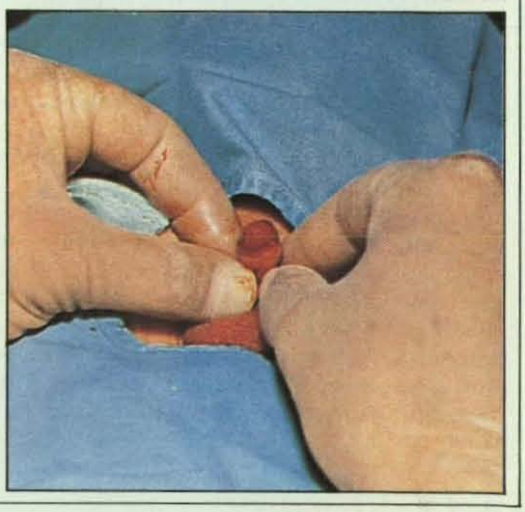
Just a Cut Above

Are you man enough to look at these pictures? HUSTLER has printed some pretty raunchy stuff over the years, but there's not a male member of our editorial staff who didn't look at these photos, cross his legs and say, "Ouch!" This subject definitely strikes where it hurts.

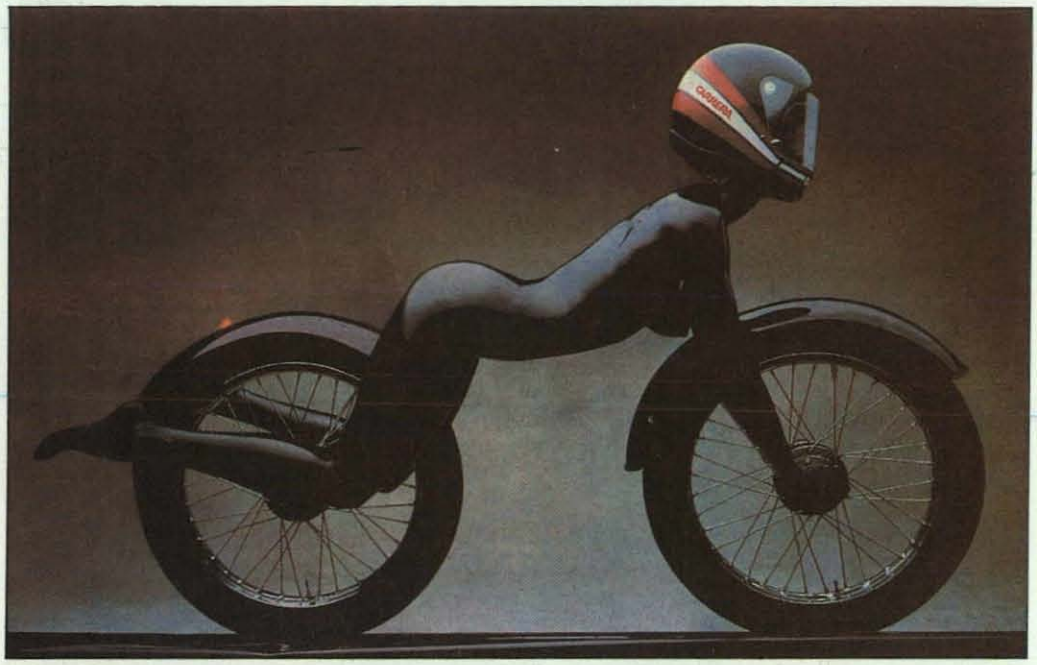
The shots were taken during an actual circumcision for use in a pamphlet explaining the use of a particular company's medical clamp in the procedure. Medicine has certainly come a long way from the old knife-and-scissors method. Must be good money in it for these doctors too. We hear they get a lot of tips.







Not a Hog



While all the other motorcycle and accessory manufacturers are playing follow-the-leader with the blandest sort of advertising, this ad for the Carrera company's helmets stands out as an artistic success. It's nice to see a work that fulfills the creative possibilities of magazine advertising—possibilities often ignored to avoid controversy.

The ad's erotic theme and quality of construction are so strong that it's been reproduced for sale as a poster. To obtain a copy, send $3.75 plus 25¢ for handling to Argo, Inc. (United Jersey Bank, Lock Box Account, P.O. Box Y10966, Newark, New Jersey 07101).



No Holds Barred

Even before the discovery of mud, females were wrestling. But mud matches and S&M's new popularity have revived interest in she-fighting. Even porn-film stars like Seka (on top) have gotten into the action. If your town hasn't booked lady wrestling yet, or if your right hand is looking for a new opponent, Triumph Studios is offering a collection of girls-in-combat photos for the closet fight fan. Most of the shots were staged in private homes, probably to allow for holds that would cause the vice squads to apply the scissors. For a catalog, send $1 to Triumph Studios (7135 Alabama Avenue, Canoga Park, California 91303). It's even better than sniffing the mud.

Street Grime

It's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it. What America needs is a product that will clean up the crime on our cities' streets as effectively as detergents and bleaches clean our clothes. Elimination of the filthy criminal element is a far more important task than the laundering of our garments. If we don't do something to turn the tide soon, we're going to lose the shirts off our back anyhow!

Here's our suggestion for a heavy-duty crime deterrent that should help solve the problem. Middle America will love it: It claims to be perfectly safe for whites, yet strong enough to make colors come clean.

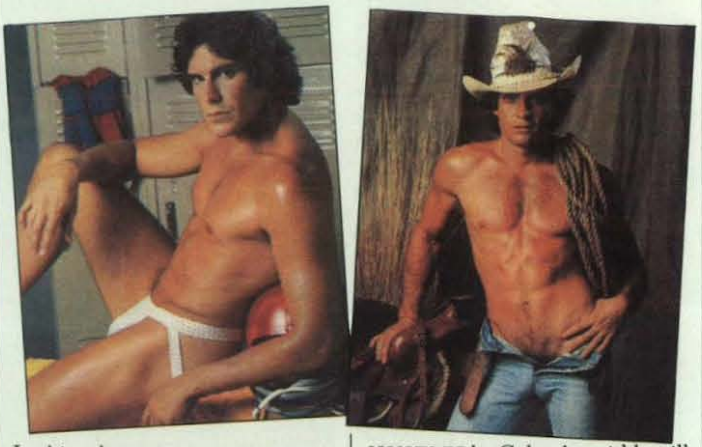




Here's your chance to change the course of erotic-film history. As you may have noticed by the way they use our film-review ratings in their newspaper and magazine ads, X-rated filmmakers are very interested in what HUSTLER has to say. And they're even *more* interested in what you, the movie-going public, think of their products. Letting the filmmakers know your opinions helps them to make films more suited to your tastes. All you have to do to let them know is fill in the ballot below and send it to HUSTLER Movie Poll, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. The same person may appear as a nominee in more than one category. Ballots must be postmarked no later than December 15, 1981, and the results will appear in our April 1982 issue.

Categories:
Best film: _____
Best actress: _____
In which film? _____
Best actor: _____
In which film? _____
Best director: _____
Of which film? _____
Best sex scene: _____
In which film? _____
Most accomplished fellatio artist: _____
In which film? _____
Most accomplished cunnilinguist: _____
In which film? _____

Male Sex Objects



Is this what turns women on today? Apparently so, as these two guys are from the hot-selling 1982 calendar produced by Chippendales, a popular club that features male strippers. Though not nearly as daring as HUSTLER's Calendar, it'd still be a nice gift for the gal who hasn't got everything. For your copy, send $6.75 to Chippendales 1982 Calendar (3739 Overland Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90034).

The Art of Sex

There are very few men who can bring their erotic fantasies to life, even on a small scale. But that's exactly what Hungarian-born artist Steve Gabor does for a living. His works, some of which were recently exhibited at the Erotics Gallery (316 Fifth Avenue, Suite 603, New York, New York 10001), are finely detailed miniatures of women in a variety of sexual situations, running from casual to the extremely bizarre.

As for those ladies who are down on all fours—we've heard of loosening a girl up with cocktails, but this?!





Ms. Nude America

There's no swimsuit contest, no evening-gown competition . . . but there's no doubt that the winner is a beauty. We're talking about the Ms. Nude America Pageant held in San Jose, California. Each year, dozens of girls tone up their bodies in the hope that they'll win this honor, but only one of them can ultimately wear the crown. This year it was the shapely 19-year-old Beckie Kyle of Gilroy, California (below, right; the left-hand photograph shows a lineup of the finalists).

Should Beckie for any reason be unable to perform her duties as Miss Nude America, we suppose the first runner-up will have to take her place by undressing all across the United States.

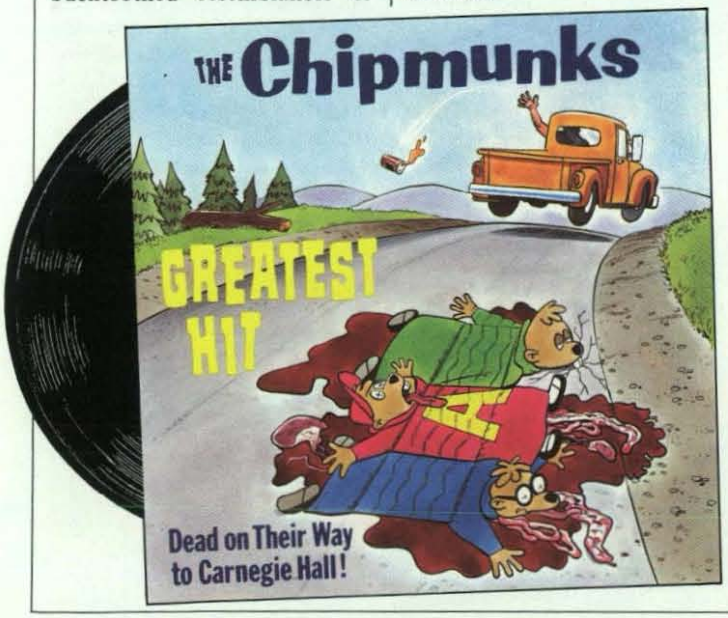




A Real Smash!

The resurgence of these characters has brought that incredibly irritating nasal sound back to our ears with albums like *Chipmunk Punk* and *Urban Chipmunk*. And this Christmas you can anticipate being bombarded by dolls, puppets, T-shirts, lunch boxes and countless other products bearing the bucktoothed resemblances of Alvin, Simon and Theodore.

What *we're* anxiously awaiting, however, is the first pressing of this album. Since U.S. drivers kill about 1 million birds and animals each day on the nation's highways, it seems to us that the chances of this becoming a hit are pretty good—even though it sounds a little flat.

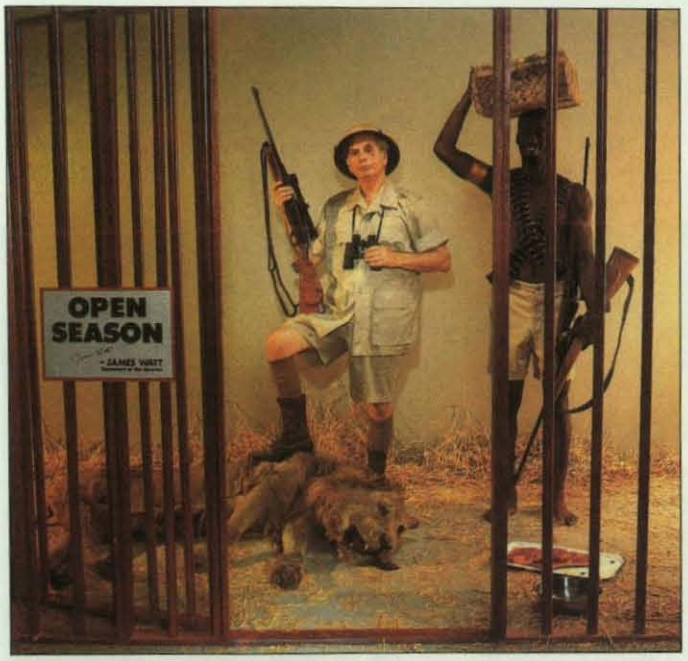


Hot Dates



Are you tired of waiting for the right time of the month with *your* honey? Every time of the month is right with the Honeys in our 1982 HUSTLER photo-calendar! Each year we bring you the hottest calendar on the market, and this year's is no exception. It's filled with 12 gorgeous women who'll make winter thaw, spring bounce, summer sizzle and autumn turn green with envy. And each of our ladies is posed in the wide-open HUSTLER way that's guaranteed to give you a bright new outlook on the days ahead.

You can find the 1982 HUSTLER CALENDAR at your favorite newsstand. If you'd rather, have it delivered directly to your home by sending $2.95 plus 50¢ for postage and handling—please include $1 for multiple orders—to Flynt Subscription Company (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067). It'll make every day a pink-letter day!



Watt's at the Zoo?

During a guest appearance on the *Today* show, Interior Secretary James Watt said he hopes to improve the water quality in America's national parks for people who'd like to fish and *hunt* there. Watt apparently forgot that hunting is *illegal* in national parks. Otherwise, a whole lot of campers would go home tied to their fenders rather than inside their cars. But if Secretary Watt does think it's a good idea to hunt in the parks, may we suggest it would be easier and safer in zoos? Think what our overburdened zoos could save in feeding expenses! In the case of endangered species, we could set a bag limit . . . or at least give them a running start. What a chance to bring home more than photos taken through the bars. What do you think, Mr. Secretary? Should we give it a shot?

HUSTLER's Latest Scoops

Whatever happened to chocolate and vanilla? Every time you enter an ice-cream shop, there are 31 new flavors! We've seen everything from bubble gum to pina colada, and *still* new tastes keep coming. We thought we'd put our two cents in with flavors we know they'd never think of. If these cones don't "scoop" the other mags . . . we'll eat 'em!



Yellow Sno-cone



Busted Cherry

Barf 'n' Snip



American Airlines has barf bags with cut-out coupons good for a discount on film developing. Sure, it's only $1.99 to develop a 12-exposure roll of film—but how about the cleaning bill? Airsick people deserve the discount too, don't they? Of course, someone could just drop the film into the used bag and mail the whole mess to the film lab. Talk about a revolting development!

The Hite of Absurdity

Four years ago HUSTLER ran exclusive nude photos of the author of *The Hite Report* on female sexuality, former fashion model Shere Hite. At that time we exposed her study as a major disappointment, filled with faulty data, contradictions and anti-male bullshit. Well, she's still at it. Her new work, *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality* (Knopf; $19.95), is the same sort of self-serving nonstudy.

For example, she argues that most sexual problems between men and women are the result of the "patriarchal culture." In other words, the age-old male suppression of women. She also subtly promotes masturbation as a replacement for rather than an enhancement of intercourse. While claiming that many men have stronger orgasms by jerking off anyway, she puts down intercourse by calling it one of the "most oppressive and exploitative acts of our society."

This sort of unfounded crap divides people and undermines the intimacy of male-female relationships. Hite's conclusions are based on laughable data-gathering techniques, and her intention seems only to make men feel insensitive and inadequate. So we're running these photos again to remind you that while Ms. Hite is trying to strip away the "myths" of human sexuality, there are some subjects better left unstripped.



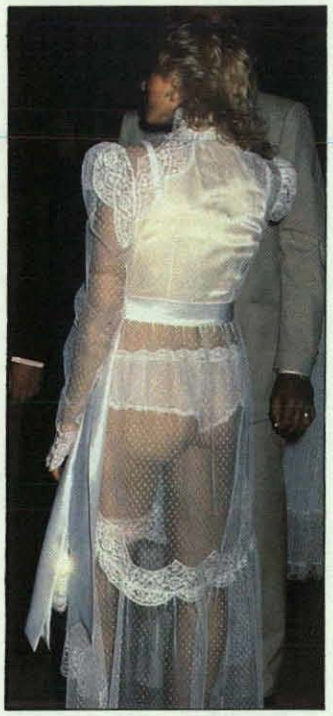




The Adult-Film Awards

Where else can you see Marilyn Chambers singing on the same stage as *The Gong Show*'s Jaye P. Morgan, along with Al Goldstein from *Screw* dressed as a Roman legionnaire? Only at the annual Erotica Awards ceremony, of course. This year, as always, the emphasis of the porn-film-award show was on respectability. It's an attempt to show that porn stars live off-camera lives as normal as yours and ours. But as you can see, this was not quite a meeting of the Peoria town council.

The major awards went as follows: Best Actress—Samantha Fox (*This Lady Is a Tramp*); Best Actor—John Leslie (*Talk Dirty to Me*); Best Supporting Actress—Georgina Spelvin (*Urban Cowgirls*); Best Supporting Actor—Richard Pacheco (*Talk Dirty to Me*); Best Cinematography—Ken Gibb (*Urban Cowgirls*); Best Screenplay—awarded by our own film-reviewer, Jim Heinisch, to Doris Borrow and Henri Pachard (*The Budding of Brie*); and Best Movie—a tie between *Urban Cowgirls* and *Talk Dirty to Me*. Our favorite award was for Best Costume. In an X-rated flick, that must have something to do with the arrangement of tan lines.



As usual, Carol Connors brings up the rear in fine fashion.



Annie Ample's appearance showed she really lives up to her name.

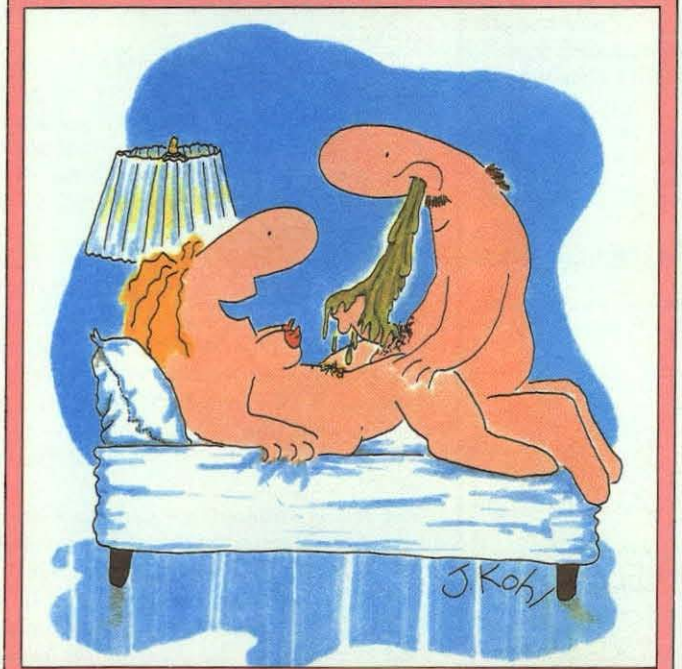


HUSTLER film critic Jim Heinisch presents Best Screenplay.



Two adult-film stars are caught in the midst of a tongue-twister.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Quick, Steven . . . slip it in before it gets all dry and crumbly!"

Big Bucks

We know this reader submission is a "Deer Crossing" sign, but who is that deer looking to cross with? With the rise in male prostitution, it's a shame these deer aren't human. Guys with horns like that could make more than a little doe.



HUSTLER Update

EL SALVADOR
July '81



The search continues for HUSTLER reporter John J. Sullivan Jr., who vanished last year while covering the civil war in El Salvador. The journalist's sister, Donna Sullivan Igoe, has asked nearly 70 multinational corporations with branches in Central America for help in locating John. She also posted his photo in the New York immigration office of the U.S. Catholic Conference—a gathering spot for Salvadoran refugees—and placed ads seeking information about the missing reporter in one of San Salvador's leading newspapers. Additionally, Igoe has told her brother's story in several public forums, and has sought any relevant government documents under the Freedom of Information Act. Despite these efforts, she says, "everything so far has ended up on a dead-end street."

DEATH BY BUREAUCRACY
September '80

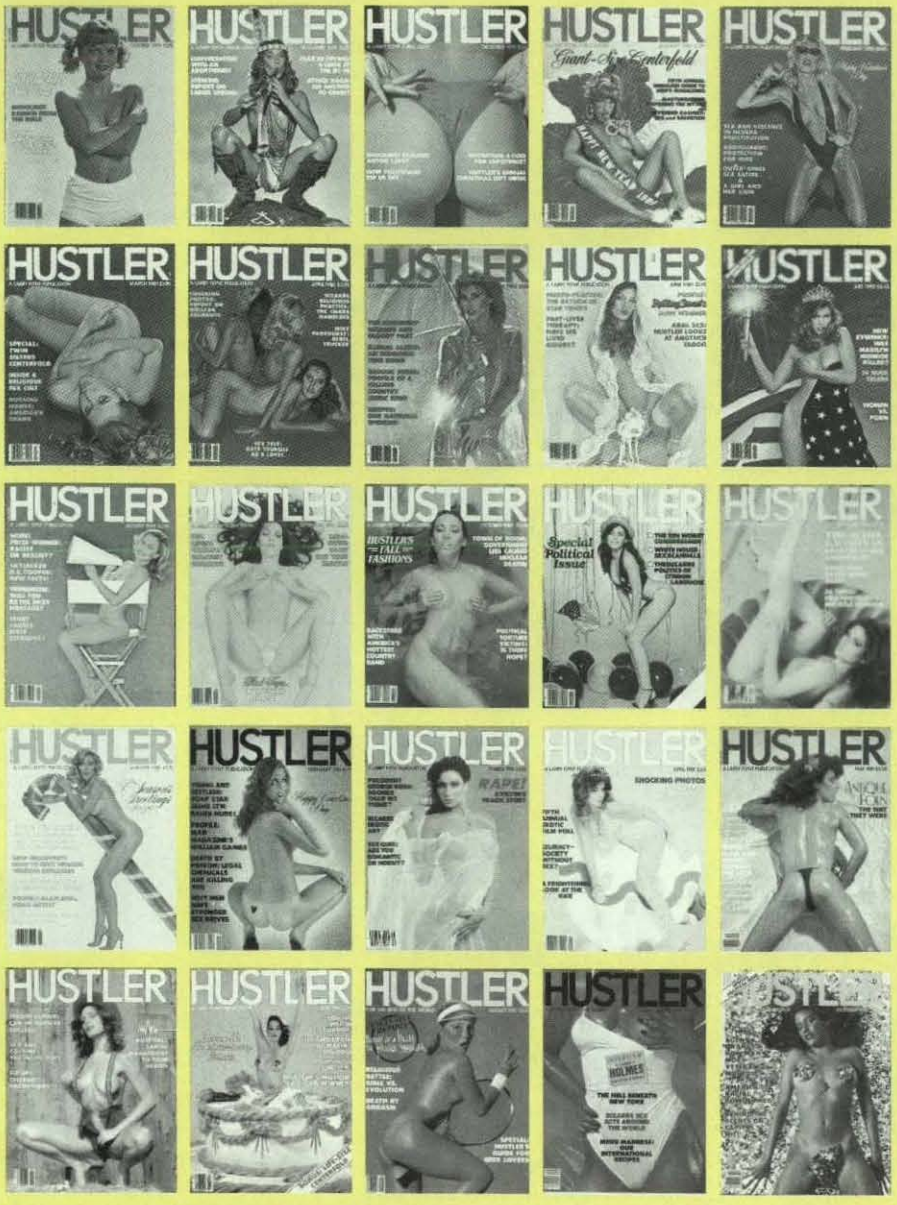


This article told how thousands of Americans suffer and die as the Food and Drug Administration strangles the development and release of urgently needed new drugs in red tape. Now, a congressionally appointed commission has begun an investigation into the FDA's drug-approval process, currently lagging by seven to ten years. The commission, comprised of experts on drugs and the pharmaceutical industry, will submit its recommendations for reform to Congress and the Executive Branch.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for interesting stories and visuals for Bits & Pieces. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material submitted for publication, but we will return original artwork on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For November, $150 and thanks to Bettina Cirone, James Lee Soffer and George Tuck.

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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

A hydrocele usually doesn't change after it develops, but some do increase in size. If allowed to swell without medical treatment, a hydrocele can cause the genitals to look distorted, and the penis will appear to have shrunk. However, medical treatment can make the genitals return to their normal size and shape.

Although a hydrocele rarely interferes with potency on a physical basis, some men do report that depression or anxiety about the problem has a negative effect on their sex life. As long as you continue to receive proper medical treatment, you should experience no sexual-potency difficulties.

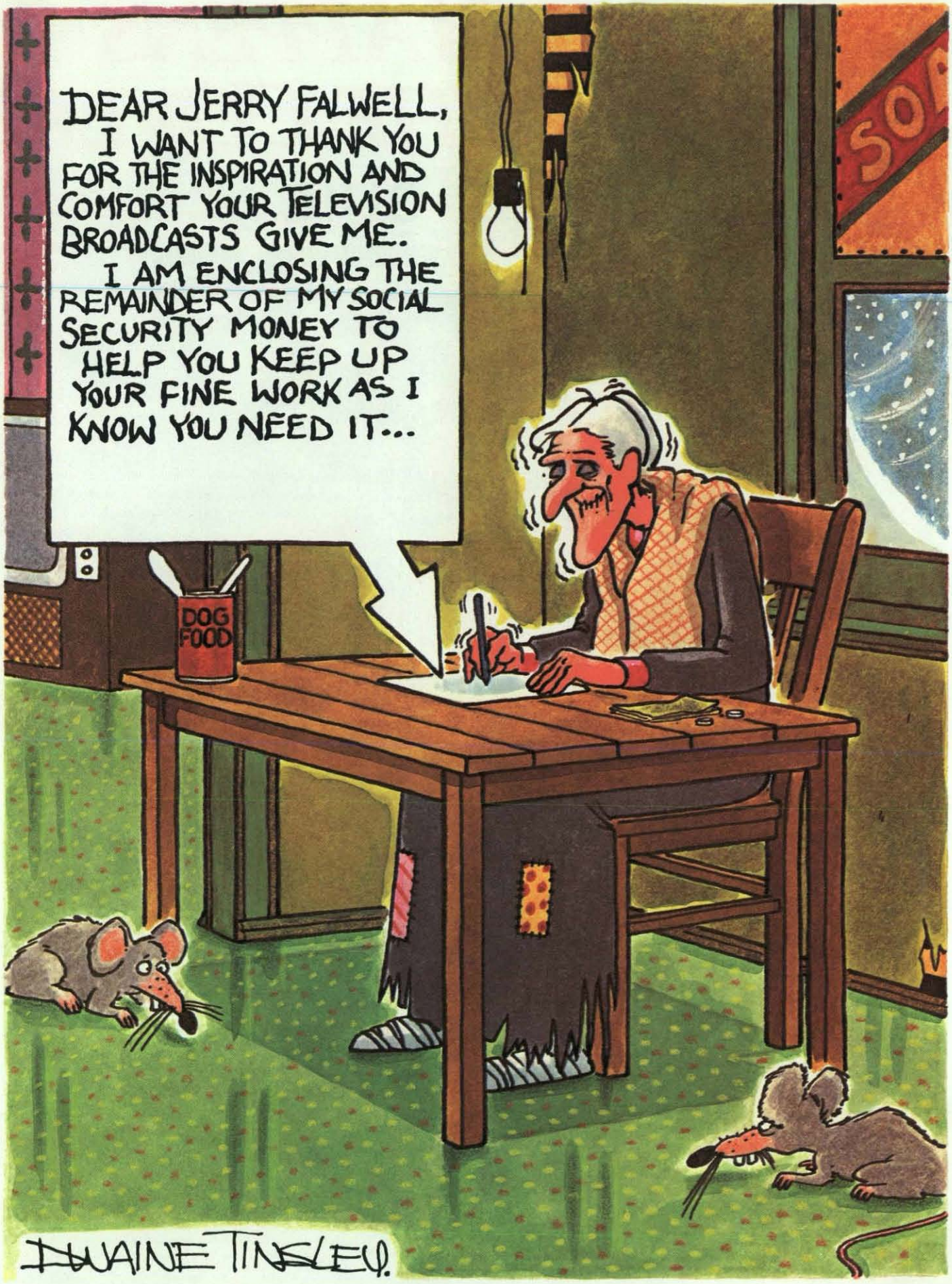
Menstrual Flood: I am a 22-year-old girl who really likes to make love when I'm having my period. This may sound nuts to you, but my cramps go away during sex and seem diminished for hours afterward. What worries me is that I really bleed a lot more right after fucking. Is this dangerous? —K. C.
Sarasota, Florida

Most likely you have nothing to worry about. Dr. Mary Jane Gray, adjunct professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of North Carolina School of Medicine, reports: "The heavier menstrual bleeding just after intercourse that many women note probably reflects in part the contractions during orgasm that push out any accumulated menstrual blood from the uterine cavity to the vagina. It is also possible that the vascular engorgement that occurs during intercourse might increase menstrual bleeding to a slight extent."

In other words, orgasms and other natural bodily processes that take place during sex can cause you to bleed more heavily. Also, you are not "nuts" in sensing that sexual activity can help to relieve menstrual cramps. Many women use sex as their favorite cure for this age-old problem.

Lubricant: What is the best lubricant to use during sex? A lot of my girlfriends recommend petroleum jelly, but my boyfriend says it isn't really good for women. Is this true? What should we use, as we'd like to lube up? —A. B.
Miami, Florida

The best lubricants to use during sex are the ones that are water-soluble. These can easily be washed out of the body. Even though it is a popular lubricant, petroleum jelly is not really the best choice. It is not water-soluble and can cling in the folds of the vagina, making it easier for infections to develop. Use K-Y Jelly or another lubricant that clearly states on the label that it can be washed away by water.


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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Glenn Hunter

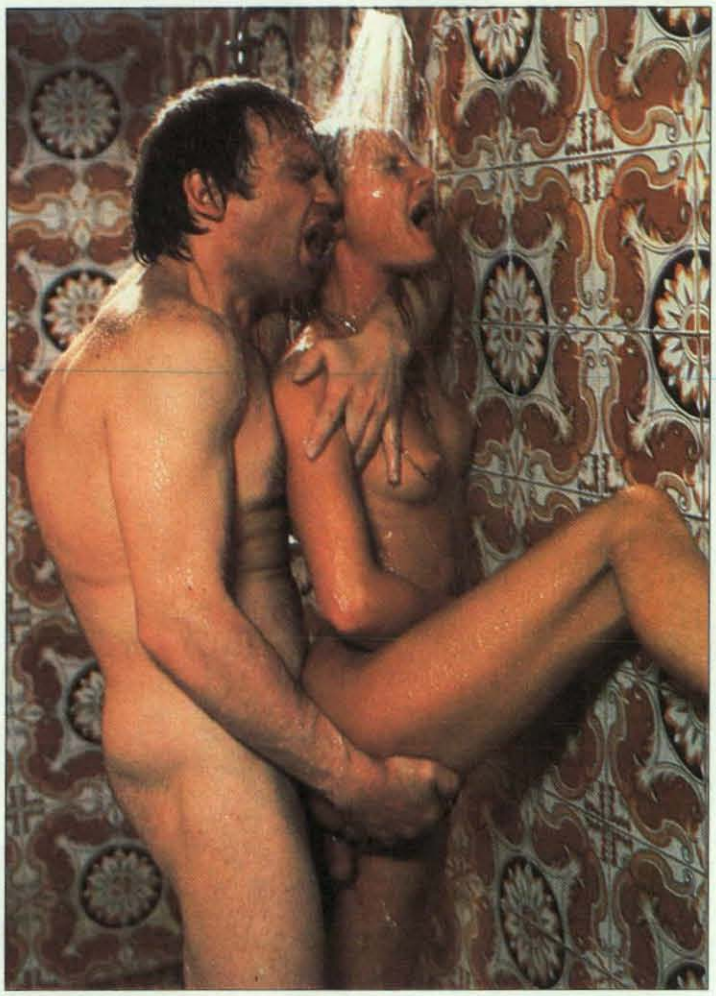
Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

The Tale of Tiffany Lust

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Andre Lispenard; directed by Gerard Kikoine; written by Jake Barnes; starring Arlene Manhatten, Veronica Hart, Vanessa Del Rio, Desiree Cousteau, Samantha Fox, Marianne Flowers, George Payne, Misty, Merle Michaels, Ron Jeremy, Dave Ruby, David Christopher, Paul Simone, Arnold Strangler, Jeanne Toller and Alex Flower.

If you're looking for a little afternoon delight, *The Tale of Tiffany Lust* is guaranteed to provide a rousing matinee. This sophisticated and sensual production tells the story of a beautiful young housewife (Arlene Manhatten) whose wealthy husband (George Payne) has provided her with all of life's comforts—except one. It seems that Payne, like many ambitious businessmen, spends more time screwing around with his financial interests than with his wife.

As *Tiffany Lust* gets under way, Manhatten and Payne are at the breakfast table in their elegant uptown condominium. She is futilely trying to get her husband's attention, but loses out to the *Wall Street Journal*. After he leaves, she writes a note telling him not to expect her home that night, since she's going out "with no panties on" for an afternoon encounter with another woman (Veronica Hart). Manhatten states she found Hart by answering a classified ad "in one of those newspapers where the ink comes off on your fingers."



Paul Simone helps Arlene Manhatten clean up her sex act in 'Tiffany.'

When the frustrated wife arrives at Hart's seedy digs in Greenwich Village, Veronica greets her with open arms—and legs. But she senses her guest is nervous about this first plunge into the world of infidelity. Rather than push the matter herself, Hart recommends that Manhatten go see Florence Nightingale (Vanessa Del Rio), the Radio Sex Therapist, and follow her advice no matter where it leads.

She does just that, and where Del Rio's advice leads is back to hubby—but not without several pit stops along the way. The first of these is a waterfront tavern, where Manhatten watches Desiree Cousteau take on the bartender, a couple of punks and a Heineken bottle. Manhatten's nervousness turns to genuine panic as she senses she's out of her element, and flees from the bar. At this point a handsome stranger (Paul Simone) pursues her, and the two wind up making it in the shower of a health club.

Eventually, though, Manhatten realizes she's not cut out to walk on the wild side, returns home, destroys the note and falls into the waiting arms of her husband.

The neglected-housewife premise for an adult film borders on triteness. Most often these flicks are resolved with so much saccharine morality, they're almost nauseating. Fortunately, the producers of *Tiffany Lust* have somewhat avoided this pitfall by balancing the melodrama of Manhatten's quest with the whimsy, humor and raw sexuality Vanessa Del Rio brings to her role as the hedonistic therapist. Regrettably, these two elements are never fully integrated. When Del Rio disappears from the screen, the film begins to drag.

Technically, *Tiffany Lust* is more than sound, featuring top-shelf cinematography and good production values. There's also some first-rate sex in this picture, and those who like elegant blondes should fall in lust with newcomer Arlene Manhatten. Though her acting is a bit stiff, we certainly hope to see more of her in the future.

—Jim Heinisch

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.

HALF ERECT
So-so. This may get you off, but it's limited in technique.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.

TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.

Outlaw Ladies

Fully Erect. Produced by Ron Sullivan and Eldon Byrd; directed and written by Henri Pachard; starring Marlene Willoughby, Jody Maxwell, Juliet Anderson, Samantha Fox, Veronica Hart, Merle Michaels, Richard Bolla, John Leslie, Bobby Astyr, Ron Hudd and Joey Sivera.

It's 4 p.m.—do you know where *your* wife is? Before you



In 'Tale of Tiffany Lust,' Simone develops a taste for Veronica Hart.

answer, be sure to see Henri Pachard's latest release, *Outlaw Ladies*. You may be scurrying home sooner than you planned.

Outlaw Ladies is a pistol-hot, technically brilliant production about a group of women who have the means and the resourcefulness to act out their erotic fantasies. They're also cagey enough to cover their tracks and keep up everyday appearances as traditional housewives and professional women. Most of the men in this film don't manage to fare nearly as well. In fact, by the end it's clear the guys are little more than playthings—objects used and discarded by the ladies for their sexual gratification.

Like Pachard's previous movies (*Babylon Pink* and *October Silk*), *Outlaw Ladies* is presented in vignette style. The first character we meet is a supposedly right-wing high-fashion model. Magnificently played by Marlene Willoughby, she's a member of the ultra-conservative Daughters of the American Revolution by day and a high-priced hooker by night. Willoughby tells her trick (Bobby Astyr) that she only fucks for pay in order to afford a maid. Astyr's socialite wife (Juliet Anderson) proves he's not the only one in the family who can fuck around. She has a penchant for young studs, and keeps herself occupied by balling guys from a local high school while sharing "afternoon tea" with her neighbor, Jody Maxwell.

Maxwell, meanwhile, seeks solace from the sexual ineptitude of her husband (Richard Bolla) by slumming with her wealthy friend, Samantha Fox. At the same time, Bolla is screwing his secretary (Merle Michaels), and his ambitious law partner (Veronica Hart) is talking on the phone with her husband—while an artist (John Leslie) is fucking Hart in the ass.

Two sequences are particularly outstanding. Willoughby captures the essence of the hypocritical Southern bitch in her portrayal of the daytime celebrity/nighttime whore. When she gives Astyr a blowjob and asks, "Did you want me to swallow that?," your sides will ache from laughing. And when Fox and Maxwell take on an "animal" played by Joey Sivera, you'll be left with another sort of ache. But that should be something you can handle.

If such a thing were possible, *Outlaw Ladies* would receive our highest rating and *then some*. Director Pachard is one of those types who won't settle for anything second-rate, and it shows. He's taken a thought-provoking idea and created a movie that is as dazzling, disturbing, provocative, amusing and erotic as they come.

Under Pachard's direction, every member of the cast turns in a superior performance; from the art direction to the title song, everything else is excellent too. Special credit goes to Larry Revene for his superior cinematography, and to Arlo Shiffin for his fine editing.

Don't miss *Outlaw Ladies*. It's probably one of the best adult films you'll see all year.

—*J. H.*

The Best of Gail Palmer

Fully Erect. Produced by Gail Palmer; directed and written by Gail Palmer, Bob Chinn, Elliot Lewis and Jeffrey Neal; starring Seka, Jesie St. James, Carol Connors, Georgina Spelvin, Sharon Kane, Lisa Sue Corey, Laurien Dominique, John Holmes, John Leslie, Paul Thomas, Dewey Alexander and others.

Gail Palmer's latest release, aptly entitled *The Best of Gail Palmer*, is a collection of highlights from her large portfolio of films. Though not all of the producer/director's flicks have been winners, each has contained at least a scene or two that shines. This package brings them together in an amusing, sex-packed feature spotlighting some of porn's biggest names in their steamiest performances.

In compiling *The Best of Gail Palmer*, she had a veritable gold mine of X-rated classics from which to choose. Such productions as *Prisoner of Paradise*, *California Gigolo* and *The Erotic Adventures of Candy* have established Palmer as the leading female adult-film maker in the country. After watching these well-edited clips starring more than 30 favorites—including the likes of John Leslie, Jesie St. James and Seka—you'll understand why.

All the excerpts we see are grouped in thematic sequence (locations, stars, fantasies, sexual feats), linked by Palmer's narration and punctuated by humor and porn trivia. For example: Do you know how many beds Georgina Spelvin has broken while filming masturbation scenes? The answer is four.

While some probably couldn't care less about that kind of information, those who like hot sex and energetic performances (and who doesn't?) are sure to love this production. Featured scenes include John Holmes and Seka from *Prisoner of Paradise*, Jesie St. James taking on three studs from *Fantasyworld*, Carol Connors fucking *everybody* as the air-headed her-



Marlene Willoughby models some panties for Bobby Astyr in 'Outlaw.'

oine of *Erotic Adventures of Candy* and *Candy Goes to Hollywood!*, and Paul Thomas and Sharon Kane in a romantically arousing segment from *Hot Legs*.

And there's more. There's so much more, in fact, that it would be impossible to list everything in this short space. Indeed, the only problem with *The Best of Gail Palmer* is its 105-minute running time—a bit too long for one theater sitting. For viewing on home video, however, this is the perfect party tape. It's got something for everyone, and you can pick up on the action at any point.

We hope this "Best of" format catches on with other porn producers whose foremost scenes deserve to be showcased in one package. As the promotional material states, *Gail Palmer* provides the viewer with "all of the wheat and none of the chaff"—making for a film that's not only entertaining, but genuinely fun as well. —*J. H.*



Jesie St. James gives Lisa Sue Corey a licking in 'Best of Gail Palmer.'

Hot Dallas Nights

Totally Limp. Produced by Julian Orynski and Vivian O'Dell; directed by Tony Kendrick; written by Robert Oakwood and Tony Kendrick; starring Hillary Summers, Raven Turner, Tara Flynn, Alexander Kingsford, R. J. Reynolds, Turk Lyon, Slim Grady and Greer Shapiro.

This film is a parody of the prime-time TV soap opera *Dallas*, and you'd think it would be nearly impossible to blow it with such a wealth of material to satirize. But the producers of *Hot Dallas Nights* have managed to do just that. In the process, they've created one of the silliest adult movies of the year.

Hot Dallas Nights tells the story of the Brewing family—owners of the world's biggest fertilizer company—and what happens when the oldest son (R. J. Reynolds) attempts to wipe out the competition. R. J.'s half-wit brother (Turk Lyon) assists him in this endeavor, and the two are successfully resisted by the ever-horny foreman, Duke (Alexander Kingsford).

Why is Duke so horny? His only city piece of ass prior to his ascension in the Brewing ranks was the family chicken. But once he foils R. J.'s evil scheme, the entire stable of Brewing fillies (Hillary Summers, Raven Turner and Tara Flynn) turns out to show Duke how fertilizer barons horse around.

Most adult films—even the worst ones—have some redeeming quality, like a hot sex scene, occasional bursts of decent acting, a bit of top-notch cinematography or the debut of some new talent. But *Hot Dallas Nights* scores a zero on all these counts. Even Summers' established turn-on value can't save this flick, despite her one great scene with a banana.

On the plus side, however, fans of TV's *Dallas* may enjoy how the lines try to capture the essence of the CBS blockbuster. For example, when R. J.'s wife (Tara Flynn) glares at him and states, "You drove me to drink," he retorts: "Yeah, but at least I had the class to do it in a Rolls."

In addition, Greer Shapiro and Slim Grady turn in amusing performances as Millie and Rock Brewing, the matriarch and patriarch of the clan. These two oldsters are genuinely funny—and also have the good sense to keep their clothes on.

Ten minutes into the film, though, everything takes a nose dive. The sex is boring, the shit jokes miss the target and hit the fan, and you'll find yourself wondering why you're watching this movie at all.

Take our advice: Don't.

—*J. H.*



'Dallas Nights' get hot when Tara Flynn (right) turns on Raven Turner.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

A Girl's Best Friend
A Scent of Heather
Amanda by Night
American Pie
Blonde Ambition
Champagne for Breakfast
Exposed
Extreme Close-up
Flash
Games Women Play
Justine: A Matter of Innocence
Kiss and Tell
Neon Nights
Pandora's Mirror
Prisoner of Paradise
Talk Dirty to Me
The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue
Wicked Sensations

Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game
Downstairs, Upstairs
Girls U.S.A.
High School Memories
Inside Seka
Same Time Every Year
Sex Boat
Taboo
This Lady Is a . . . Tramp
Young, Wild and Wonderful

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Blue Magic
Extremes
Manhattan Mistress
Small Town Girls
Sunny
Vista Valley P.T.A.
Woman in Love

One-Quarter Erect

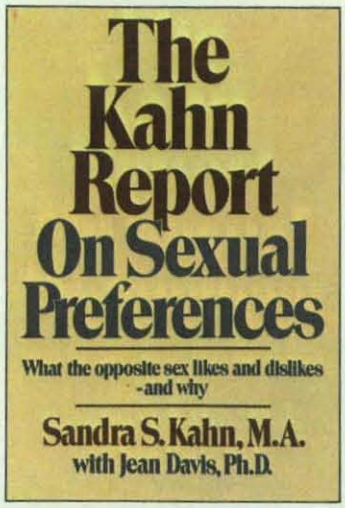
Silky
Sweet Cheeks
Tinseltown

Totally Limp

Honey Throat
Naughty Network
Starship Eros

BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon



The Kahn Report on Sexual Preferences

By Sandra S. Kahn with Jean Davis; St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010; $9.95.

"A nude man is seated on a chair. He is very muscular and well-built. He hears someone enter the room . . . a beautiful brunette dressed in a lace bra and sheer underpants. . . . She stands in front of him and begins to remove her bra. He is very excited, and looks down to see that he has an enormous hard-on, and the tip of his penis is oozing a honeylike liquid. She slowly takes off her pants. . . . She turns her back, moves toward him, straddles his legs with hers and puts his penis inside her."

This is not a scene from a novel, but an actual fantasy reported in a truly remarkable book. Here are pages of statistics on the kinds of sex that people like, along with dozens of brief "stories" that reflect the deep-seated urges of human sexual beings.

Hundreds of people aged 27 to 49 were interviewed to determine what turned them on sexually. An added part of the study was to establish what these same people "assumed" would turn on people of the opposite sex. The stories, like the one excerpted above, were used to discover what situations were the most arousing.

There are three stories for each of 19 categories, ranging from "Nude Male" to "Triad" (three-ways). In the latter category, two males and one female join together for "coitus and/or oral-genital activity."

The material in this book could make an interesting parlor game, with players trying to guess what sexual activities men and women secretly like.

Among the surprising revelations in this report is the fact that most men think women like "coitus, man on top" best of all. Yet, according to Kahn, women themselves report that of all the sexual possibilities, they most enjoy being eaten. Some people call it "yodeling in the valley," "hair pie" or the more traditional "cunnilingus."

That act used to be unmentionable. Now it's become downright fashionable.

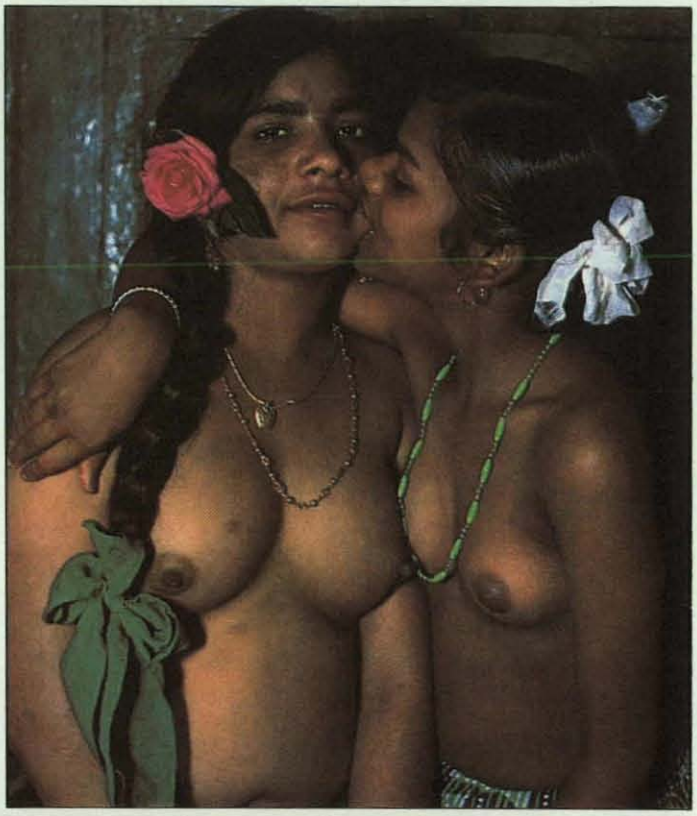
Falkland Road

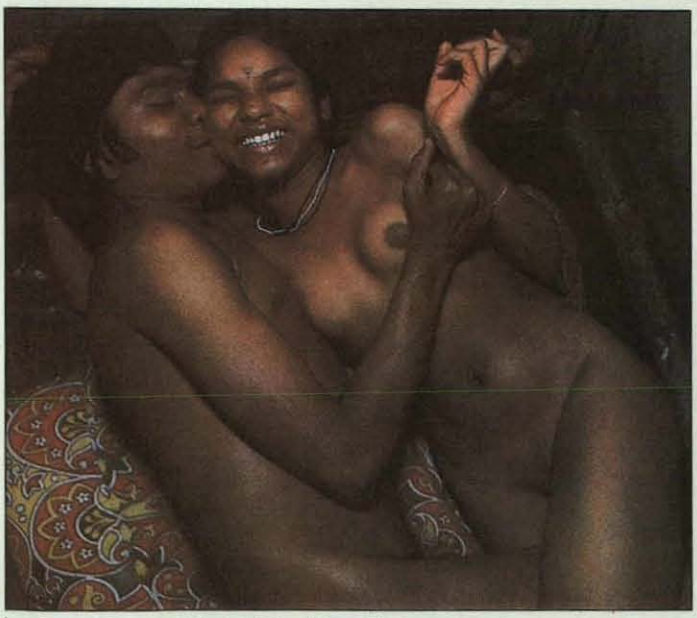
By Mary Ellen Mark; Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022; $12.95.

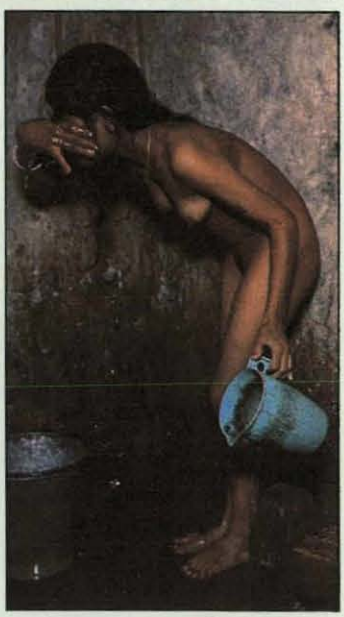
Falkland Road is a notorious street in Bombay, India, where the lower-cost hookers live and work. Mary Ellen Mark has done a number of remarkable things with this book. She has spent enough time on the scene to really get to know the people and to make friends with some of them. She has gained access to the whorehouses and taken dozens of high-quality color photos. These images vividly show what goes on behind the closed doors—not only when the girls are seeing customers, but while they're washing, eating, sleeping and dressing. Working alongside the women are a fair percentage of transvestites—men dressed as women and servicing men.

Ms. Mark's comments and explanations are compassionate and nonjudgmental. The stories of the girls and where they came from and why they work on Falkland Road are pretty sad. In the main, these are barely grown kids who were literally sold to the madams by families living in crushing poverty.

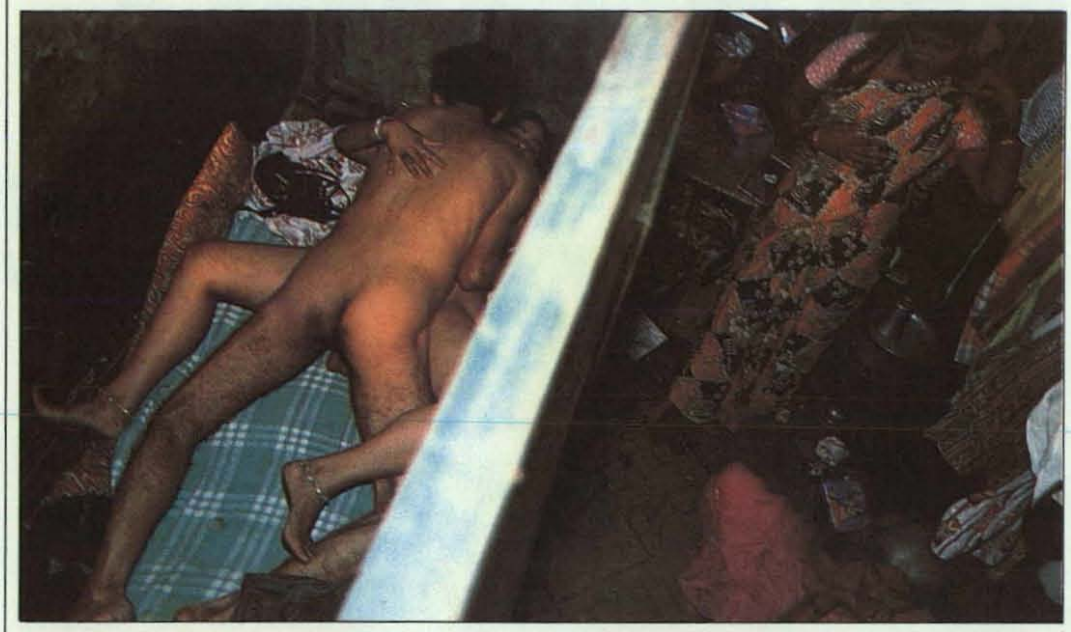
The production of this volume is just about flawless. You won't find photographs like these anywhere else. *Falkland Road: Prostitutes of Bombay* is most highly recommended.



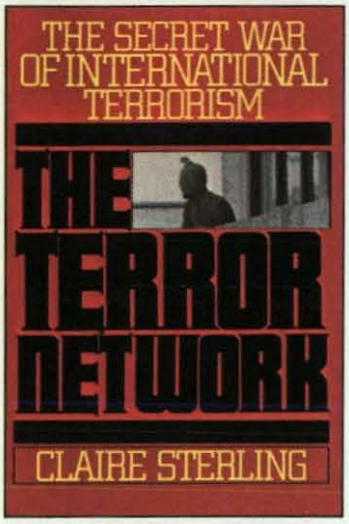




Mary Ellen Mark's 'Falkland Road' shows Bombay prostitution in a compassionate, nonjudgmental way.



'Falkland': A thin partition separates one girl dressing for the night from another entertaining a customer.



The Terror Network

By Claire Sterling; Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017; $13.95.

As long as you are not personally bombed, knifed, shot or otherwise mishandled, the tendency is to believe terrorism is something that happens to other people in other places, for reasons that don't seem to make much sense. It comes off as something done by wackos with farfetched ideas that really aren't worth understanding.

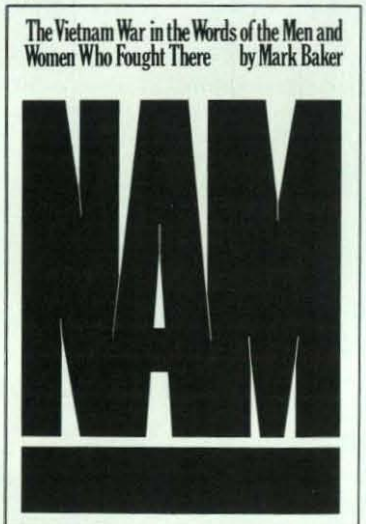
The fact is, terrorism can strike anywhere. The target can be anybody, because the terrorist makes his point by killing and maiming the innocent as well as those he considers the guilty. And, says Claire Sterling, a great deal of terrorism derives not from isolated groups or persons with a crazy idea, but from a worldwide network of cold-blooded professionals and angry zealots.

Further, Sterling contends, this network is controlled by a handful of people of very definite purposes. These purposes may be to separate the Basques from the rest of Spain, Quebec from the rest of Canada, Northern Ireland from Great Britain, Israel from planet Earth. Or terrorists may want buddies released from jails, or simply to announce to the world that they exist . . . and that the world had better look out.

Sterling's book deals with this "terror network" itself. As she explains, these people train on one another's turf, often collaborate in the terrorist act and then hide each other from the heat. The author has done an amazing amount of research to reveal these operations—who's behind them, how they operate and cooperate. Her beat is the whole world, and she goes back into recent history to discover who is behind the various terrorist groups, and what makes them tick. She names names and generally gives you a clear sense of her subjects, both personally and politically.

What makes terrorism such a problem, as well as such a . . . well, *terror*, is that the most dedicated operatives really don't care if they get killed. Once a man relinquishes his regard for personal survival, he becomes totally unpredictable. He will do anything—against any odds—and he can't be stopped by any threat to his life. He's already decided he doesn't care.

And because a terrorist isn't concerned that his act may wipe out a planeload of tourists or a busful of kids, you don't have to be a big shot to end up his victim. He'd just as soon kill *you* too.



Nam

By Mark Baker; William Morrow and Company, Inc.; 105 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; $12.95.

Anger and anguish. Nobody has to explain what anger is. Anguish, though, means a lot of things: regret, pain, guilt, helplessness. That's what this book is: a heavy load of anger and anguish.

That very anguish is felt by a soldier in his late teens who is shown a dead man and told to kick that dead man in the head until the brains come out. But it doesn't stop there. His comrades tell him he has to get used to it like they all have. They gather round him yelling "Kick! Kick!" until the kid manages to tap—and then thump—the corpse's head with his toe.

He pukes, but they all keep yelling. Finally, he lets fly with a field-goal boot, and the brains fly out of the other side. He begins to understand that death, blood and brains don't really signify anything; they're just *what is*. He gets the point—much sooner than you'd believe—and he's in the next crowd hollering "Kick!" Such things really happened in a place called Nam.

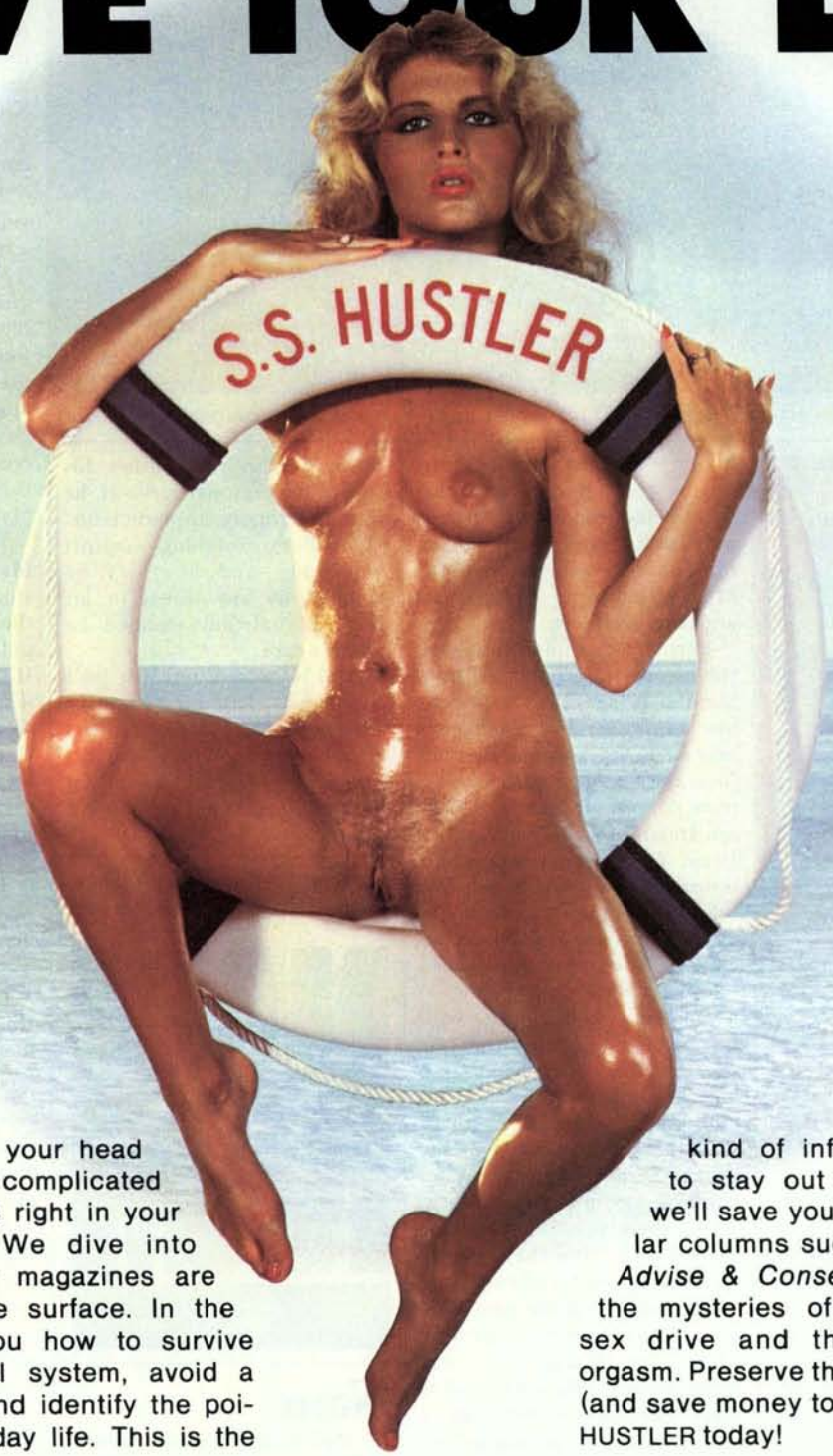
Former HUSTLER editor Mark Baker's *Nam* tells that story and many more. It's not the strategy and tactics and politics of the war in Vietnam. It analyzes nothing. Instead, it's the story—hundreds of stories—of the men and women who were there, told in their own language. There's no effort to make it all look better, and there's no way to make these truths look any worse.

Take, for example, the time when a Vietnam veteran brings his girl to the movies to see Michael Cimino's starkly real *The Deer Hunter*. Suddenly, the vet hallucinates that he's back in combat. If he'd had a weapon, he would have shot up the whole audience. The guy goes to the slammer.

When guys like him were in Nam, they would always think about what they would do when they got home. But when they finally returned, people were rioting over the war. It does something to vets when they're made to feel like criminals. They were guilty without a crime. The country had sentenced them to die. In other words, their anguish followed them home.

This book takes you to Nam, lets you live there awhile, then brings you back "home" to a world where everything has changed. It's a rough journey, and I dare you to take it.

HUSTLER WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE



How will you keep your head above water in the complicated '80s? The answer's right in your hands—HUSTLER. We dive into areas where other magazines are afraid to break the surface. In the past we've told you how to survive the American legal system, avoid a hospital calamity and identify the poisons in your everyday life. This is the kind of information *you need* to stay out of hot water. And we'll save your sex life too. Regular columns such as *Sex Play* and *Advise & Consent* have unraveled the mysteries of herpes, the male sex drive and the elusive vaginal orgasm. Preserve the life you love to live (and save money too) by subscribing to HUSTLER today!

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Many sexual pleasures remain hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. HUSTLER's belief is that the repression of natural urges is physically and emotionally damaging; thus, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, lessen your inhibitions and make you a much better lover.



SEX THERAPY IN THE BEDROOM

by Patti Howard

Most women, at some time in their lives, look at themselves in a mirror and ask, "I wonder how much a man would pay to spend an hour with me?" I know. My services cost from $40 to $75 a session. Along with more than 100 other respectable, professional women, I am a sex surrogate.

There are still a number of misconceptions about what a surrogate is and does. Perhaps the most common is the inevitable comparison of surrogacy to prostitution. To some people, providing any form of sex in exchange for money is the same thing as whoring. The whole notion is not only insulting to us—it's dead wrong.

Whereas a prostitute is primarily concerned with immediately gratifying a man, a surrogate is part of a therapy program. Prostitutes are paid to do whatever the customer wants, thus reinforcing his sexual habits. A surrogate's objective is to *change* sexual behavior by enhancing a client's confidence with regard to sexual functioning.

I am an ordinary woman, and I wasn't always comfortable with my sexuality or with my ability to express it. Following a personal struggle, I trained to become a paid sex surrogate in order to help others. I learned the many ways to express care for a man, whether he is a client or a partner in my private life.

My most important advice to any man who wants a satisfying and sensuous relationship with a woman is this: Your "tool" is not your only tool.

Three years ago I trained in the first classes conducted by the Los Angeles-based International Professional Surrogates Association. IPSA was founded in 1973 by a small group of surrogates who felt the need for mutual support in a new field of sex therapy that was misunderstood by many.

The average course of surrogate-partner therapy consists of about 15 weekly sessions, covering the "sensate focus" exercises introduced by Masters and Johnson. These are a series of progressively intimate meetings, lasting one to two hours, during which each partner takes turns touching the other in a pre-agreed-upon manner. They focus only on the sense of touch and its pleasures, both in giving and taking.

After receiving my credentials, I (like all professional surrogates) began working under the supervision of a licensed therapist. Before and after each of my sessions with a client, the therapist and I confer, planning and sharing insights.

Many of the principles of surrogate therapy were illustrated in my get-togethers with Chuck, who was having impotency problems.

To rule out any physical disorders, Chuck's therapist asked him to see a physician. He also asked whether he was taking any medication that might be hampering his ability to have erections. The patient was found to be in top physical condition. When I met him in the therapist's office, I had to agree.

He had the broad shoulders and rich suntan of a man who spends his time outdoors. Actually, he was a shipping clerk, but he stayed fit by working weekends on some land he owned.

Chuck and I began to explore each other as individuals and as a growing "partnership." Our sessions took place in one of the therapist's offices, which had been converted into a comfortable living room. The only difference was a foam mat, rolled up in the corner, to be used for future sessions when we needed to "stretch out." It could just as easily have been a bed.

We sat beside each other on the couch, eyes closed, not speaking. First, Chuck relaxed as I touched every part of his hands with every part of mine. Then I became the passive partner as he slowly touched *my* hands.

During our first feedback session with the therapist, I talked about the sensuous way Chuck had stroked my hands. "When he was touching the inside of my wrist," I admitted, "I could feel my vaginal muscles tingling."

Chuck was surprised. "You mean, you got all hot and bothered just from my touching your wrist?"

I nodded. "I've had a lot of practice. In my surrogate training we learned how to come to a lovemaking session. We're well-rested. We do some deep breathing and imagine our worries of the day leaving our body each time we exhale. Personally, I want to be as fresh as I can be."

The mutual trust that Chuck and I

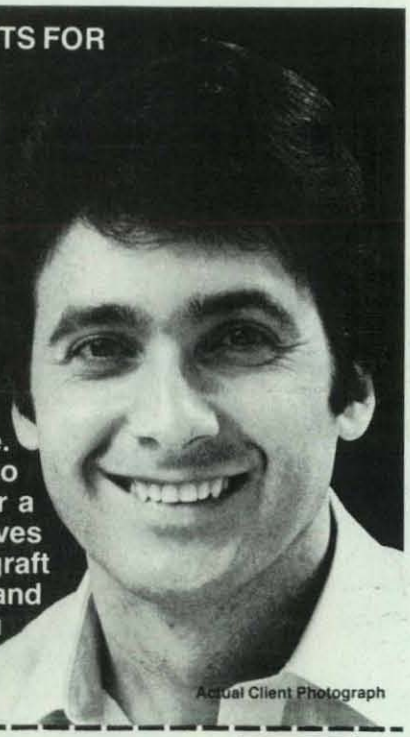
Illustration by Pat Dunn

COSMETIC SURGERY. SKIN GRAFTS FOR

HAIR

BOB RYAN HAS A DEMANDING JOB, A GREAT FUTURE, AND ONE OTHER THING . . .

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developed continued to grow as we proceeded through the face caress, the footbath, the back caress and the sensual shower. He had been a willing and eager client. When we were together, we had learned to communicate many of our feelings and to negotiate if one of us was uncomfortable.

Chuck understood that during our sensual shower we were to lather and rinse each other and play around as we wished, with no more attention to the genitals than to an elbow or an earlobe. He had a partial erection as we slithered our soapy bodies against each other, giggling over what our gossip-minded neighbors might have said about our 45-minute shower.

Chuck's erection came up naturally. It felt good pressed against my ass as he stood behind me and reached around to soap my breasts and belly. And it went away just as naturally when we stepped back under the cold water to rinse off.

I was happy Chuck was no longer concentrating so much on getting hard, and was focusing instead on the fun and pleasure of skin-against-skin. But when it came time for the front caress, his anxieties returned. He was upset that I was going to sit beside him and touch him all over—that he was not to "do anything" until it was time to reverse roles.

"Suppose I get hard?" he asked. "Oh, shit, suppose I *don't!*"

"Right now we're not interested in whether or not you get hard," I explained. "I want you to think of your body as your 'tool.' Imagine feeling the pleasure in your penis being spread out through your body. Our goal for this session is for you to have as much pleasure as possible, not just limited to a few inches between your thighs."

Chuck undressed and stretched out on the mat, hands folded behind his head and a defiant look on his face. After taking off my clothes, I sat beside him and began to lightly touch his chest, examining every hair with my fingers. I traced the curve of his arms, the baby fuzz on his outer hips, the smoothness of his inner thighs. I was stroking him because I loved the feel of his skin, not because I wanted to get a certain reaction from him. I hoped he was enjoying the session as much as I was.

The part of me that functions as a professional surrogate was brought to attention when Chuck began to breathe faster. I saw him becoming erect. I continued slowly caressing his body, teasing at him with the tips of my fingernails, brushing my hand over his now-solid penis. He squirmed with pleasure, then began to frown. Finally, he demanded, "Aren't you going to do anything about my hard-on?!"

"That's not what we're here for today. If it feels nice to you, and it feels nice in my hand, let's just enjoy it the way it is."

Chuck became angrier. "Dammit, I'm in therapy because I can't get hard! Now you got me hard, and you're not going to do anything about it."

"No, *I* didn't get you hard—*you* got you hard," I answered. "You relaxed, and you paid attention to the nice feeling coming in through your skin, and you stopped trying to force your body to do something. So now your body is doing what is natural, which in this case is to have an erection." As we talked, his cock began to go limp. But I reminded him that for every hard-on he lost, he was that much closer to the next one.

With further sessions, Chuck became more and more comfortable with his own body and its messages. Soon he no longer feared the loss of an erection—he knew another would eventually come along. The less he feared, the more relaxed he became. And when the time finally came for us to have a session with full insertion and thrusting, it was joyous and satisfying for us both.

As part of his therapy program, Chuck was encouraged to expand his social life. One positive sign was his new friendship with a girl who rode the same bus he did every morning. The relationship was building slowly and carefully, just as ours had.

When things are going well, there are two "clicks" in the surrogate-client relationship. The first is near the start. At this point the client forgets he's paying me for my time and training, and I become simply a woman who likes and cares about him. The second occurs near the end of therapy, when he realizes: "Hey, I came into therapy to get on with my life. It's time to do it."

This planned parting gives the client experience in conducting a relationship without fear of how it might end. He learns to say good-bye, to value what was gained and to go on.

I was delighted with Chuck's reports of sitting next to the girl on the bus. "I feel like a teenager again," he said one day. "When our arms brush against each other, I get warm and tingly all over. She's real quiet and shy, but I think I might ask her to go out pretty soon.

"She doesn't have much experience with men," he continued, "so I'm looking forward to teaching her all the things I've learned in therapy. It'll be great to share what I've learned about trust and respect for others, and how much pleasure I can give and receive with my whole body, not just between my legs."

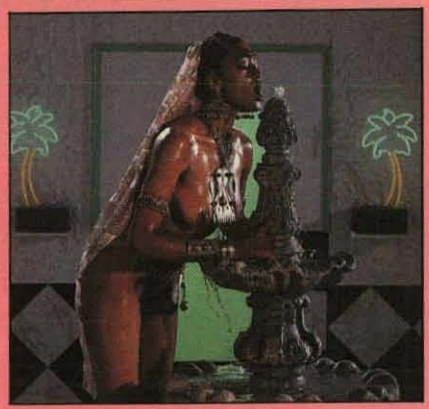
"I know," I told him, smiling. "I know."



THIS MONTH IN CHIC®

NOVEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW







LA EME — The Mexican Mafia started within the walls of California's Deuel Vocational Institution when 13 Chicano inmates banded together to protect themselves against other prisoners. Now it is an insidious crime syndicate that hauls in millions of dollars by controlling narcotics, prostitution, robbery and murder in much of the western United States. *La Eme* has become infamous for its brutal methods of dealing with informers and turncoats—as well as for its huge success in illegal mob activities. In this startling article, Matthew Decker uncovers the ugly truths behind America's newest—and perhaps most malicious—ethnic crime organization.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE — Government operative Harry Colmus has just settled in at a West Indies wonderland for a much-needed vacation. But the island's sun, sand and beautiful women will have to wait, because The Company needs him. His latest assignment is not without its compensations, however: Harry is teamed with a sensuous thrill-seeker whose sole purpose in life is to explore the wild side. P. E. Halycon's most recent Harry Colmus story is a sizzling, fast-paced thriller that is not to be missed.

PROFILE: THE PEOPLE WHO SHOOT PRESIDENTS — They are loners. They wander from place to place, loveless and unknown. But their seeming harmlessness is only an illusion. From the time of Andrew Jackson to the present, there has been a mold of men whose psychological and social profiles fit a murderous pattern. Their names might be Oswald or Hinckley, and their motives might be political or personal, but the driving force behind these assassins is the same: madness. Robert J. Donovan looks at our country's President-killers and draws some startling conclusions in this spell-binding and insightful examination.

PLUS — A brash contingent of weird people, places and things in ODDS & ENDS; mini-profiles of a superintelligent porn queen and one of rock's freshest sensations in CLOSE-UP; the colorful cravings of people around the country in CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS; and a heaping helping of the most scintillating girls in the world.

Abuse of the Elderly

HOW CHILDREN BRUTALIZE THEIR PARENTS

After her daughter died of cancer, the 78-year-old woman lived alone in a small New York City apartment. Because the right side of her body was paralyzed from a stroke, she spent long, lonely days confined to a bed and wheelchair. Apart from a concerned neighbor and a friendly policeman who occasionally checked up on her, the only visitor she could count on was her 36-year-old grandson.

For nearly two years, around the first of every month, he broke into the locked apartment and proceeded to slap around, strip and then sexually assault his crippled grandmother. Often he beat her with the leg rest from her wheelchair. Finally, he would ransack the apartment until he found her latest Social Security check and any other money the old lady failed to conceal.

One day, following up on neighbors' reports, the friendly policeman found the woman lying naked in her bed, on blood-soaked sheets, crying in pain. He rushed her to a nearby hospital, where it was discovered that this latest battering had fractured her hips. Still, she stubbornly refused to sign a complaint against her grandson.

The police later interviewed several tenants who heard the beating, and they were able to identify the assailant—sufficient cause for arrest. He was subsequently convicted, and received a prison sentence of three to seven years.

This flagrant case of parent abuse is not

Article by Bruce Henderson

Photo by Ladi von Jansky



unusual. Yet the vast majority of an estimated 1 million to 2 million cases each year go unreported and unpunished. Most victims are frightened by the prospect of further retaliation or of being institutionalized, while others are torn by family loyalty. So again and again these helpless people absorb mistreatment, suffering in silence. Each year 2,000 of them die.

Their stories may make you curse or cry in sympathy or feel physically sickened. Hopefully, they will also alert you to a growing national epidemic happening everywhere, perhaps next door or even in your own family.

• • •

Loathsome acts of pummeling, torturing and killing our elders represent some of the most tragic consequences of America's disintegrating family life. In long-established Eastern nations such as China and Japan, as well as in primitive cultures all over the world, elders are revered. But in the United States, where people abuse one out of every 25 aged relatives, cruel and sometimes-fatal injuries are inflicted on dependent loved ones who ask only for minimal care and affection.

A decade ago most Americans first became acquainted with a similarly brutal trend in domestic life. Millions of children were being abused, and there were photographs and case histories to prove it. Thanks to the efforts of social workers, legislators and professional administrators, significant gains have been made in dealing with this problem. Government agencies and the courts have learned how to properly react to—and in some cases even prevent—child-battering. Articles like HUSTLER's landmark report on child abuse in America (October 1977) contributed to increased public awareness.

Today some of the same experts who led the fight against child abuse have become just as concerned with the alarming abuse of our elders. This new and little-known American tragedy both undermines family units and victimizes parents and grandparents who are all too often unable to defend themselves.

Congressman Mario Biaggi (Dem.-New York), chairman of the House subcommittee on human services, initiated the first governmental review of this phenomenon with a series of public hearings in April 1980. A former New York City cop, Biaggi sought the testimony of victims as well as of social-services experts and police officials. He cited statistics showing that in 1978 only about 5% of the 24 million Americans aged 65 or over were being cared for in nursing homes. Thus, a great percentage of elderly people depend on their grown children.

"A large number of these older Americans are as vulnerable to physical harm and abuse by members of their own families as they are to criminal acts committed in the streets by strangers," Biaggi states. "Government and university studies show anywhere from 500,000 to 1 million incidents each year involving people 65 years or over. The typical case is age 75, a woman and frail. The unfortunate part of all this is that they are reluctant to protect themselves."

What further unfolded during year-long public hearings was a series of sordid, sickening case histories. The 16 elected representatives hearing testimony frequently shook their heads in collective disbelief.

Take the case of a 52-year-old blind woman who was unable to cash checks, shop or cook for herself. Her only known relative was a drug-addict son who cashed her Social Security checks and let her nearly starve on a few cans of soup and loaves of week-old bread. He hit her, beat her, and burned her with cigarettes. But because of her love for him, she refused to press charges or accept relocation in a protective setting.

By no means was this an isolated incident. Consider the following victims of psychological and physical mistreatment, whose actual names were concealed in Congressional testimony:

□ Mrs. J., age 88, failed to receive her Social Security checks for more than three months. When she confronted the son who resided with her, he broke her right arm.

□ Mrs. S., age 74, was kept locked in a basement and beaten by her family whenever she tried to come out.

□ Mrs. P., an 84-year-old Bronx resident, reported that her nephew from Florida removed $30,000 of her savings from the bank. There is no way she can ever retrieve the money.

□ Mrs. H., age 67, was so severely beaten with a metal pitcher by her stepson that she required hospitalization.

□ Mrs. C., age 73, reported being beaten and threatened by an alcoholic nephew residing in her home. She could not get him to leave and was afraid to report him to authorities.

□ An 80-year-old paraplegic living in Washington was sexually abused for six years by her son-in-law, who beat her with a hammer when she refused his advances.

"We can no longer consider the issue a 'private' matter," Congressman Biaggi





"Hey, lady, squeeze this boil for me, will ya? It's driving me nuts."

declares. "It is a public-policy issue of great concern, and we should pledge our most determined effort to end the scourge of domestic violence against the elderly."

All sectors of the population—rich and poor, white and black, Northern and Southern, college-educated and blue-collar—are part of this appalling national scandal. Ironically, the elders who are being mistreated in some cases have themselves been abusive parents. Grown-up offspring who were beaten in the past are now exacting a horrible revenge. They are giving mothers and fathers a taste of their own painful medicine.

"If you can't think of another single reason for not beating a child, this is an excellent one," advises one California family specialist. "The child you beat might grow up to retaliate when you're old, sick and defenseless."

Lou Glasse, director of New York State's Office for the Aging, is one of many experts expressing dismay. "According to studies, the group most frequently abused in the home is the frail elderly, those 70 years of age and older," he says. "For an elderly person, even a push or a slap may result in bruises, fractures or worse."

Besides incidents of actual physical and sexual abuse, an incredible 20%—more than 4 million—of our aged population are victims of theft, verbal abuse and drug overdosing by their own families.

"These other more-subtle forms of intimidation are also serious," Glasse warns. "Verbal abuse, psychological abuse, the abuse of neglect and overmedication are all acts that result in serious infringements on the basic human rights of the elderly."

What has been the federal government's response to this tragic situation? "At best I could describe it as inadequate, and at worst I would say that it is nonexistent," Congressman Biaggi says. "In fact, certain federal policies today are contributing to those factors that lead to domestic violence against the elderly. A prime example is the absence of any program to provide tax credits for families who care for a relative over the age of 65."

(Such legislation has recently been proposed by Congress.)

"Further," he continues, "existing Medicaid laws exhibit a pronounced bias against providing funds for home health care. This contributes not only to financial strain on family budgets, but it can also lead to the inadequate provision of necessary care for an older person in the home."



Meanwhile, as only a few enlightened elected officials struggle to have needed legislation passed at a time when social-services programs are being *cut* rather than *augmented*, public hearings have revealed even-more-stunning examples of senior-citizen persecution:

□ Mr. and Mrs. B. of Philadelphia, elderly parents of a college-student son, were shoved down a flight of stairs following a dispute over money. The mother's arm was broken, while the father suffered a skull fracture.

□ In Chicago a 19-year-old woman beat her 81-year-old father with a hammer and then chained him to a toilet for seven days. "I worked him over real good with [the hammer]," she told authorities. "Then I watched television for a while."

□ Also in Chicago a 69-year-old father was charged with involuntary manslaughter after his son died during a scuffle. "I just knew I couldn't stand for him to beat on me anymore," said the elderly man. Chicago homicide investigator Victor Tosello says cases involving a grown child battering parents "happen all the time. It's not at all unusual for these kids to beat up on their elderly, who are at a disadvantage. These parents are terrified of their children."

□ Mr. J., a senior citizen, was punished for not behaving as his son wished by having embalming fluid put into his food. The father was so scared that he stopped eating entirely and almost starved to death.

□ Elderly Mrs. R. was tied to her bed and given a loaf of bread for the weekend while her granddaughter's family went camping. For no discernible reason, her great-grandchildren had previously cut off all of her hair.

□ In California an alcoholic son sexually attacked his 65-year-old mother, broke her wrist over a bathtub and repeatedly kicked her in the ribs while keeping the woman prisoner in her own home.

These capsule case summations, together with columns of national statistics and repeated warnings from experts, underscore the widespread nature of the problem. But they reveal little about the gut-wrenching human misery associated with abuse of the elderly. A close look at a typical victim and her family shows all too well a portrait of suffering, anger and frustration. At the request of the family and police officials, their real names are not used.

Violet Dean, 78, owned an old house

(continued on page 50)

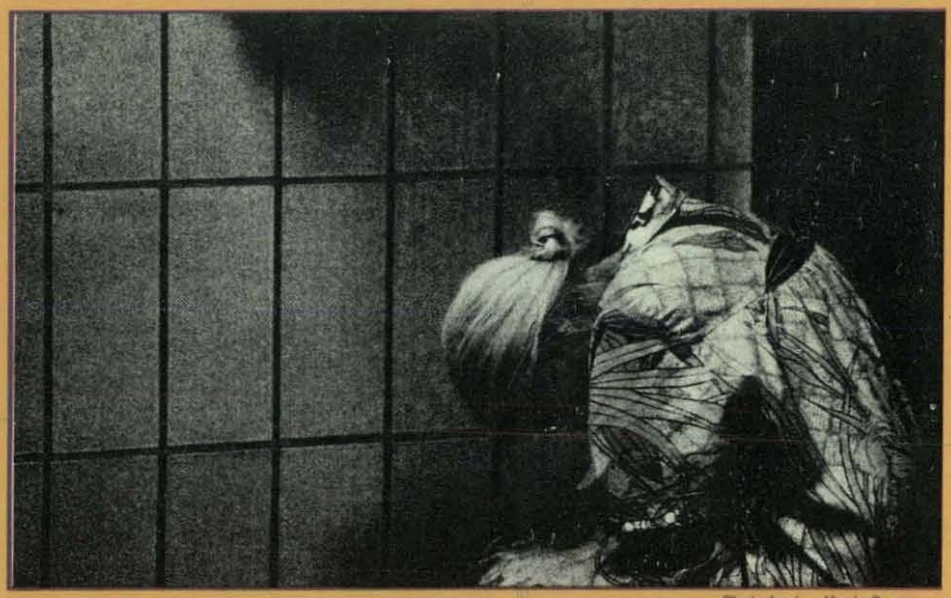


Photo by Ann Marie Rousseau

Special Report: Agony of the Aged

Almost as devastating and certainly more widespread than physical abuse is the economic battering America's elderly face. Skyrocketing housing, transportation and food costs are obstacles encountered by all of us. Yet for the older American trying to exist on a fixed income--often below the government's official poverty level--survival is virtually impossible. And with the Reagan Administration advocating slashes in Social Security and Medicare spending, the battle for survival looks like it may soon be lost. In an effort to understand the depth of their personal tragedy, HUSTLER spoke to several senior citizens (whose names have been changed at their request).

Margaret W. recently celebrated her 64th birthday. She used to work full-time in a federally sponsored program. But ever since Ronald Reagan took office, funds for her job have just about vanished. Today Margaret works part-time and earns only $319 a month. Her monthly rent is $315. She survives, barely, by dipping into her almost-depleted savings and by stealing food.

"I take more than I pay for," Margaret admitted, describing her supermarket exploits. "I bring a large tote bag, and for every item I put in the grocery cart, I put three in my bag. If I didn't take food, I wouldn't be able to eat."

Countless old people are forced to steal food simply because they can't afford it. An elderly gentleman who was interviewed by HUSTLER said many of his friends were grocery shoplifters too. When questioned about the dangers of getting caught, the man replied, "Well, at least you get fed in prison."

Not everyone has the nerve to take groceries. Yet, if they can't afford to buy food, what's their alternative? Andrew T. told HUSTLER about the time he was buying food for his cat. "I saw a lady stacking these cans of cat food in her cart. It wasn't a brand I was familiar with, but it was on sale; so I asked if her cat enjoyed that brand. She smiled uneasily and said, 'I don't have a cat. I eat the stuff myself.' I never felt so bad in my life. Since that time, I've heard about many old people having to eat pet food."

Another problem faced by old people is America's rising crime rate. They make inviting targets for muggers, thieves and thrill-seeking youngsters. Many elderly folks come home to find their mailboxes broken open and their Social Security checks gone. Jacob P. emigrated to the United States from Eastern Europe 70 years ago. "In my youth," he remarked, "all I saw were revolutions and killings. I always managed to avoid the bullets and knives. Now I can't run so fast, and I'm terrified."

Benjamin J., a 70-year-old retired shop owner, lives in constant fear and bitterness. "Who ever thought it would come to this?" he asks from his usual perch on a bench amid the La Brea Tar Pits in Los Angeles. Like the prehistoric animals that once freely roamed the area until they fell into a pool of tar and drowned, Ben feels he and his contemporaries are sinking fast.

With seemingly no one to turn to for help, least of all the government, he ponders his future. "My apartment building has just been sold and is going to be converted into condominiums," he shrugs. "I sure as hell can't afford to buy one. So my dog Winnie and I are going to have to find someplace to live. Since I only get $450 a month from Social Security, I just don't know where we can go. Most places won't take pets, and I won't give up Winnie. She's the only thing I've got left."

Shortly, Ben is joined by his three buddies, all retired and living on fixed incomes. The four men come to the park every day and sit. Fred is 73 and a retired clothing-store owner. He's worried because he needs orthopedic shoes, which will cost about one-third of his monthly income from Social Security.

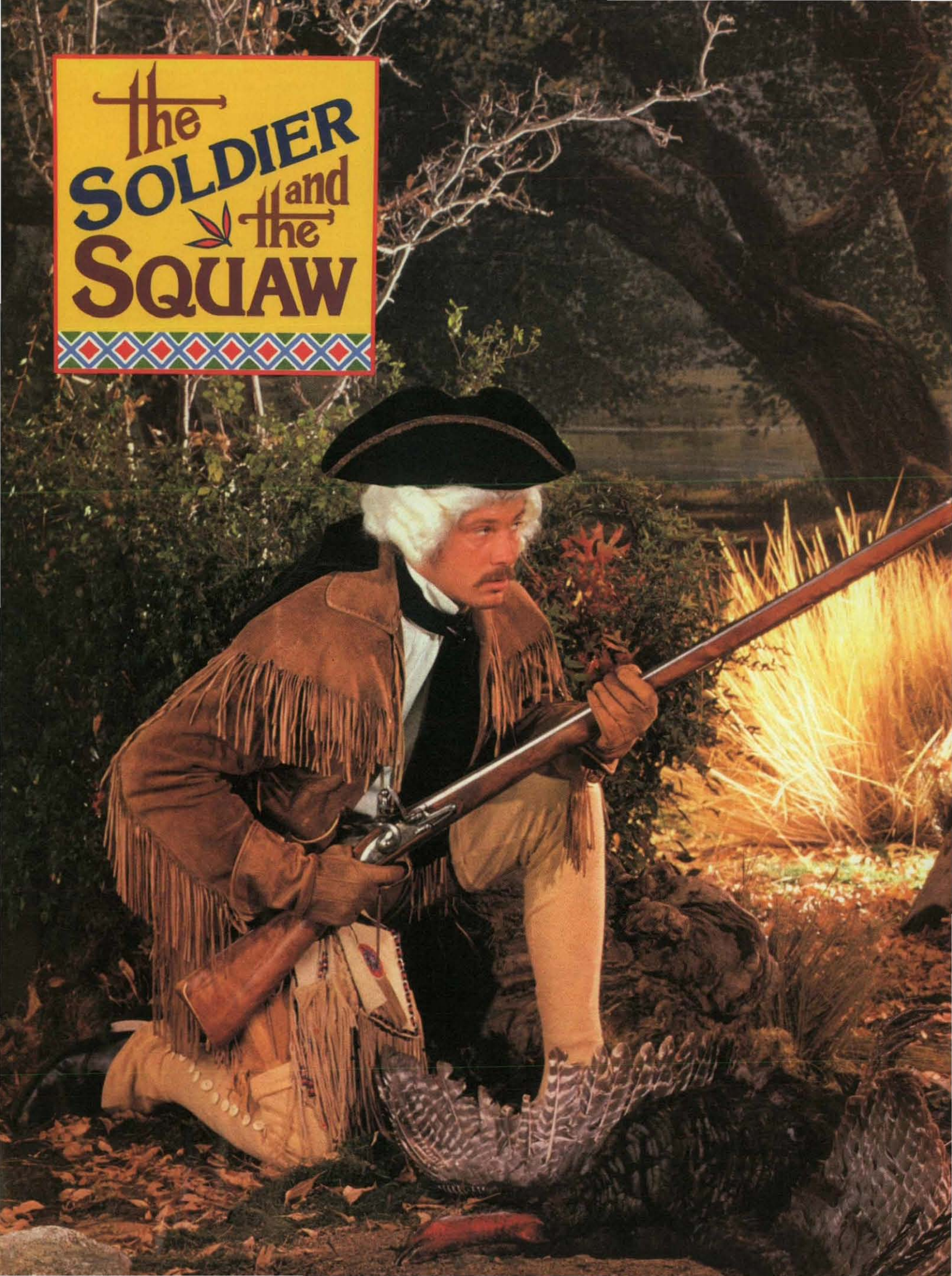
The men are bitter, mostly against the government. "With Reagan in office, it looks like the rich will get richer, and the poor will get nothing," says Oscar, a 75-year-old former businessman.

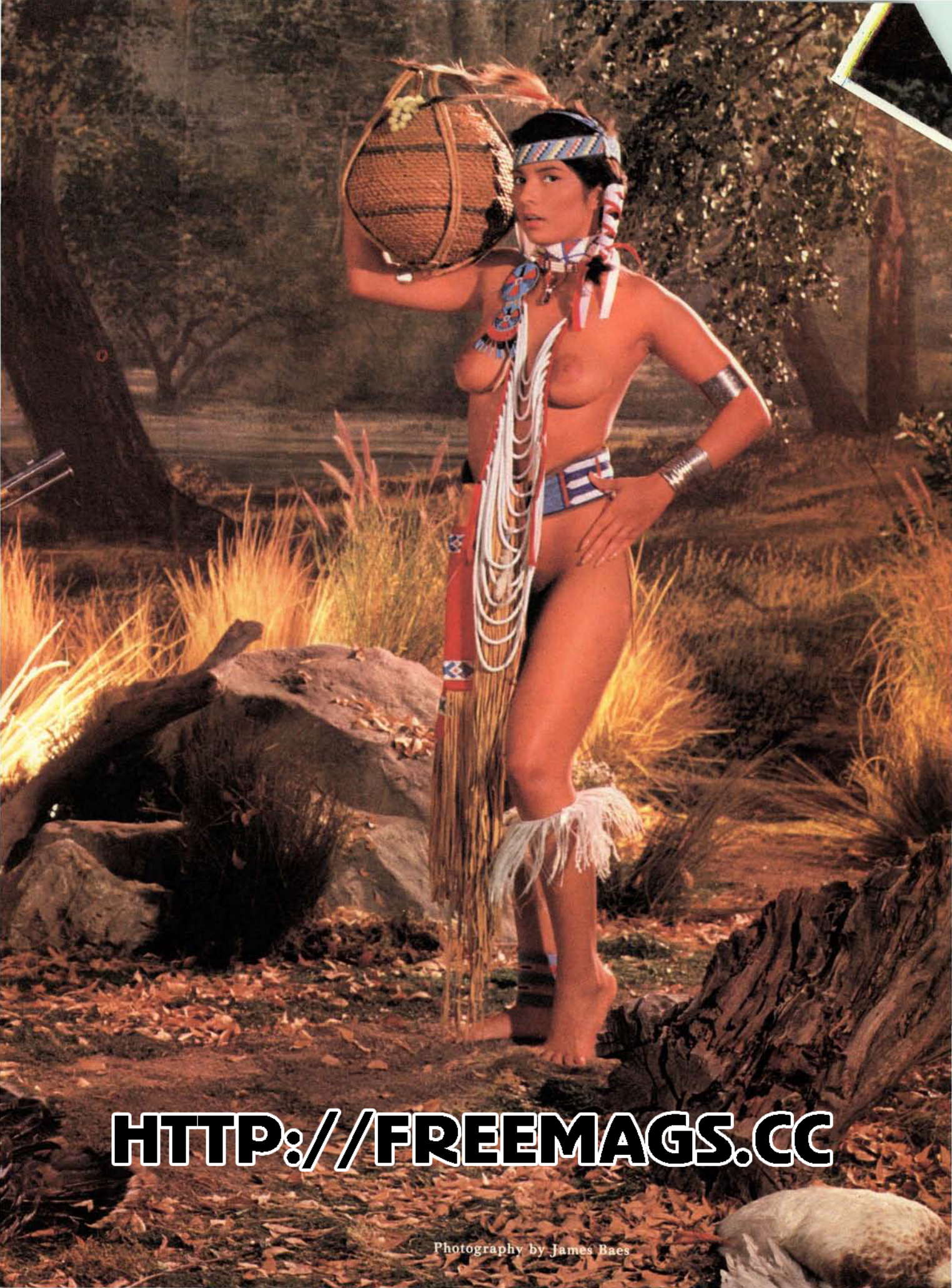
Benjamin adds, "Our spirit has become so eroded, we accept these conditions. We're existing, not living. We can't afford to get sick, and we can't afford to eat good food to keep us healthy.

"We all worked hard," Ben continues, "and what do we get? Ronald Reagan--he's sure not the poor man's friend. If I ever get to the point where I have to eat dog food, I'll find a good home for Winnie, and then I'll take the old gas pipe (commit suicide). You know, when you live like this, death is not so frightening."

Benjamin and his peers live daily with the grim reality of old age and little money. Today more than 25 million Americans are 65 or older. By the year 2020, it is estimated, there will be more than 82 million senior citizens in the United States. Whose responsibility will it be to take care of them? Benjamin W. thinks he has the answer: "What's the primary concern of a country if not its people?"

--RIEVA LESONSKY


the SOLDIER and the SQUAW



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Photography by James Baes



Seth watches intently as the Indian maiden nears. He has been without a woman for months, and the fever is building in his loins, ready to erupt. He approaches her and runs his hands across her berry-brown skin, touching the ripening fragrance of her womanhood, and smiling as she twitches like an animal in heat. Answering to primeval passions, their two bodies rock and flow, mouth against mouth, white flesh pressing against red, until at last, Seth explodes like a cannon. It is then that he recognizes he cannot let his prisoner return to her people. They have forged a new bond; one stronger than those imposed by her tribe.











(continued from page 40)

in the Silver Lake area of Los Angeles. Sharp of mind and frail of body, she had broken her hip in a fall and was recovering at a convalescent home. Meanwhile, her 49-year-old son, Jack, an unemployed butcher, moved into the empty house. When Violet returned home six months later, the elderly woman still had difficulty moving around with a walker and needed someone to assist her. She could not afford a live-in helper; so Jack stayed on.

For the first few weeks he did the grocery-shopping, cooked most of the meals and kept the house and yard in order. During this time he often brought his mother fresh-cut flowers from a florist where he worked part-time as a deliveryman.

Then things started going wrong. His crippled mother's needs soon became too much for Jack to deal with. He realized she was not getting any better and probably never would fully recover from her injury. Experiencing a great deal of pain most of the time, the once-cheery woman became short-tempered and difficult to be around.

Her son had problems of his own. Disappointed with his life, he began drinking heavily and spending his nights at local bars. Violet scolded him after he came home drunk one night, and Jack slapped her viciously across the face. Her shrieks of fear and pain only prompted him to pummel her until she lay whimpering on the floor, unable to move. Suddenly sickened by what he had done, he vomited on the old woman's prone body and then slammed his fists into a wall.

Violet and Jack stayed out of each other's way for the following week, ashamed to tell anyone about what had happened. He beat her three more times after that. Still they kept quiet about the situation.

The day Jack nearly killed his mother began peacefully enough. Over lunch, Violet said she was pleased he was drinking less. He seemed happy too as he talked about a full-time meatcutter's job scheduled to begin the next Monday. A telephone call interrupted the luncheon. Apparently, economic conditions had forced a staff cutback at the meat market, terminating Jack's job opportunity.

He threw the phone down and rushed out of the house into his garage workshop, where he had hidden a nearly full bottle of vodka. Cursing both his fate and life in general, Jack stayed in the garage for two hours, finishing off the bottle. Then he staggered into the house, pulling pots and pans out of a cabinet until he found another bottle of booze. The sound of him bumping into the kitchen table and sending dishes crashing to the floor brought Violet thumping into the room, holding onto her ever-present walker.

"Jack, what are you doing?!" she screamed.

Instead of replying, he struck out at her, unintentionally knocking the liquor bottle out of his hand. It broke into pieces.

In a fury, Jack picked up the neck of the bottle and crashed it into the side of his mother's head, splitting open her skull just above the ear. Violet staggered from her walker. When she hit the floor, a bone in her injured hip snapped. She awakened hours later in a hospital bed.

"The first I knew about Jack's beating her was when the police called to tell me she was in the hospital," said Helen Dean, Violet's daughter, who lived in Chicago. "I flew out immediately and went to see her. At first, they didn't hold out much hope. They had Jack in custody, and when I went to see him, he broke down and cried like a baby. He was so sorry."

(His self-serving reaction is typical of parent-abusers. It's often hard to detect whether their remorse is real or simply a desperate attempt to dissuade victims from turning them in.)

Violet eventually recovered from the head injury and now lives in a convalescent home. Jack was placed on probation and is currently undergoing psychiatric care.

"The guilt is still with me," Helen Dean admitted. "I should have brought Mother to my house or stayed with her in her home. I should have known what was happening. But how could I? Mother didn't tell anyone, because she was afraid we would put her back in the rest home. I never thought anything like this could happen in our family."

* * *

Specialists in the field have isolated four broad categories of families tormenting and neglecting the elderly. The mind-boggling array includes:

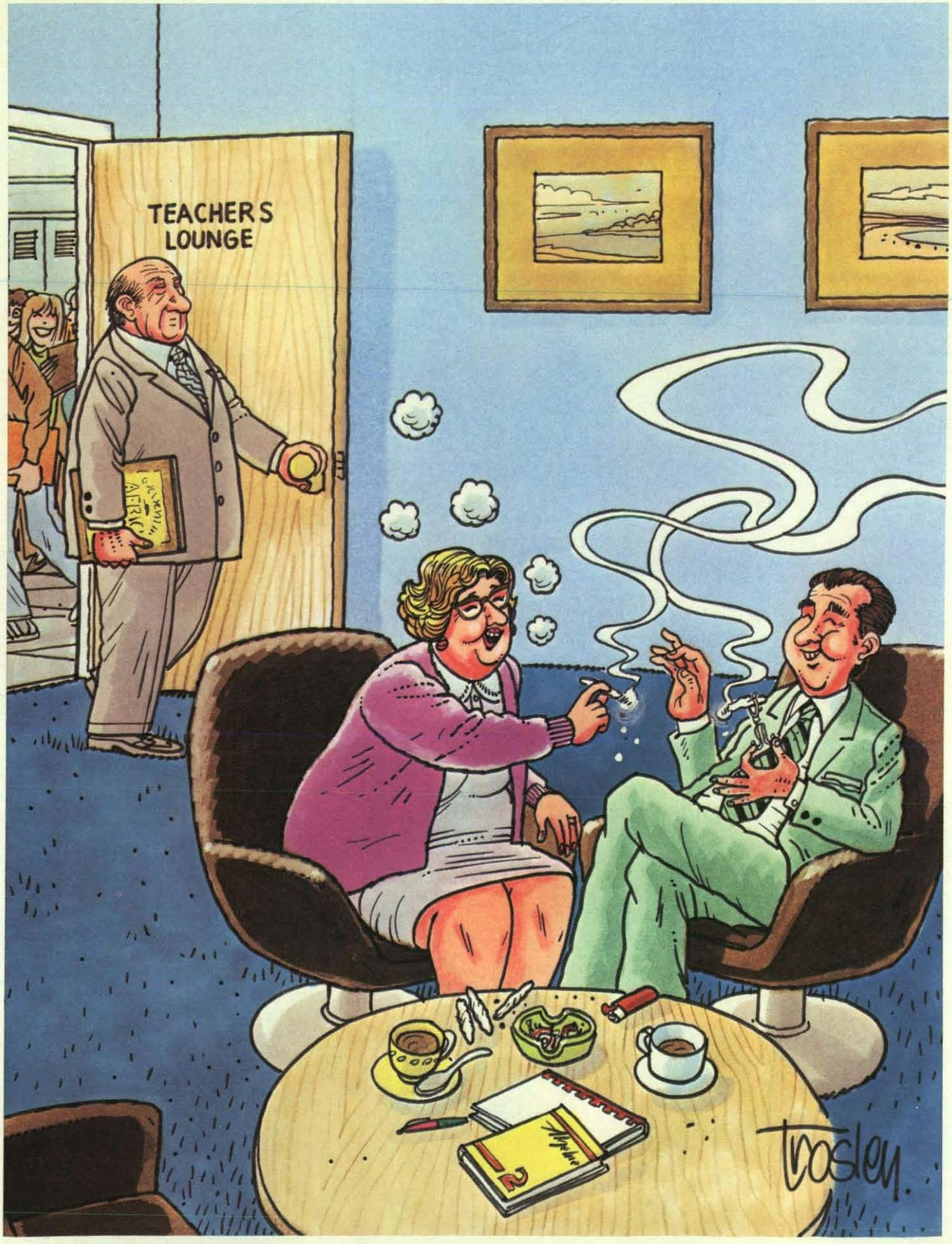
*Physical mayhem: hitting, punching, beating, stabbing, kicking, slapping, sexual abuse, burning, oversedation and the denial of adequate personal or medical care.

*Financial abuse: theft, misuse or mismanagement of money or property.

*Psychological warfare: threatening



"A simple no-thank-you would suffice, madam."



"Not bad, not bad. Here, try some of this Colombian that I confiscated third period from Billy Paulson."

to withhold food; making someone eat off the floor like an animal; verbal persecution; enforced isolation in closets, bedrooms or the home itself; forbidding individuals to use bathroom facilities; and again, sexual abuse.

*Relocation: deliberate and continual harassment that forces older people to abandon their homes.

A recent survey conducted by an organization serving the ill and frail elderly notes physical mistreatment of the aged was present in 74% of the cases studied. Psychological abuse occurred in 51% of the cases; financial abuse, 31%; and actions that forced people out of their homes, 18%. In most cases, mistreatment stemmed from the added financial and emotional strain of having to care for dependent elders.

Dr. Richard J. Gelles, a University of Rhode Island sociologist, recently completed an exhaustive study of more than 2,000 abused parents. "The elderly, sickly and disabled are more vulnerable because they create stresses that their children aren't [always] able to meet socially, economically or psychologically," he concluded. "We place an unrealistic burden on American families. We don't have a day-care system for the elderly that can meet the needs of the hundreds of thousands of abused people.

"We need better access to nutritional care, housing and more-humane institutional facilities. Some people are afraid to put the elderly in nursing homes, afraid they'll be abused. That's the paradox. They're more tolerant of family abuse than [of] abuse by a stranger."

"The extended family no longer exists," adds Dr. Vincent Fontana, medical director of New York City's Foundling Hospital. "Grandparents, aunts and uncles have disappeared from the neighborhood. This loss of kinship, relationship or network puts the elderly into a situation with little or no human support. They therefore become the victims of many misbehaviors on the part of families and our public institutions. It is a sad commentary on our society."

Sometimes abuse erupts from the best intentions. Adult offspring really do want to look after a helpless or infirm parent. But all too often the unexpected responsibilities that accompany the care of the elderly can be overpowering.

"We get calls all the time from people who are at the end of their line," says Maggie Kuhn, founder of a formidable senior-citizens' group, the Gray Panthers. "They say, 'Help me. My mother's home. She's had a stroke. We can't leave her alone.' They feel guilt, rage, frustration and the enormous fatigue of caring for a person through the night and then having to go to work the next morning. That can make people very angry, very frustrated and even violent."

Families should be certain they can handle an elderly parent living on the premises before they initiate such an arrangement. Marilyn R. Block, director of the University of Maryland's Project on the Battered Elderly, has studied and isolated several types of possible conflict that may arise when a parent moves in with a child.

"A hastily made decision to have the aging parent come to live in the adult child's home may create the setting for eventual abuse," Block cautions. "The increasing disability of the aging parent may interfere with what has been a happy relationship among other family members. The family may have felt forced into taking in the older parent. The aging parent may drain financial and emotional resources. Power conflicts may develop between the older person and other family members."

Further causes of stress that can lead to abuse may be as simple as space limitations in the home. Younger grandchildren may resent having to double up in one bedroom or bed. There may be additional sexual stress from grown offspring now married and parents themselves, feeling angry at having lost their sexual privacy.

• • •

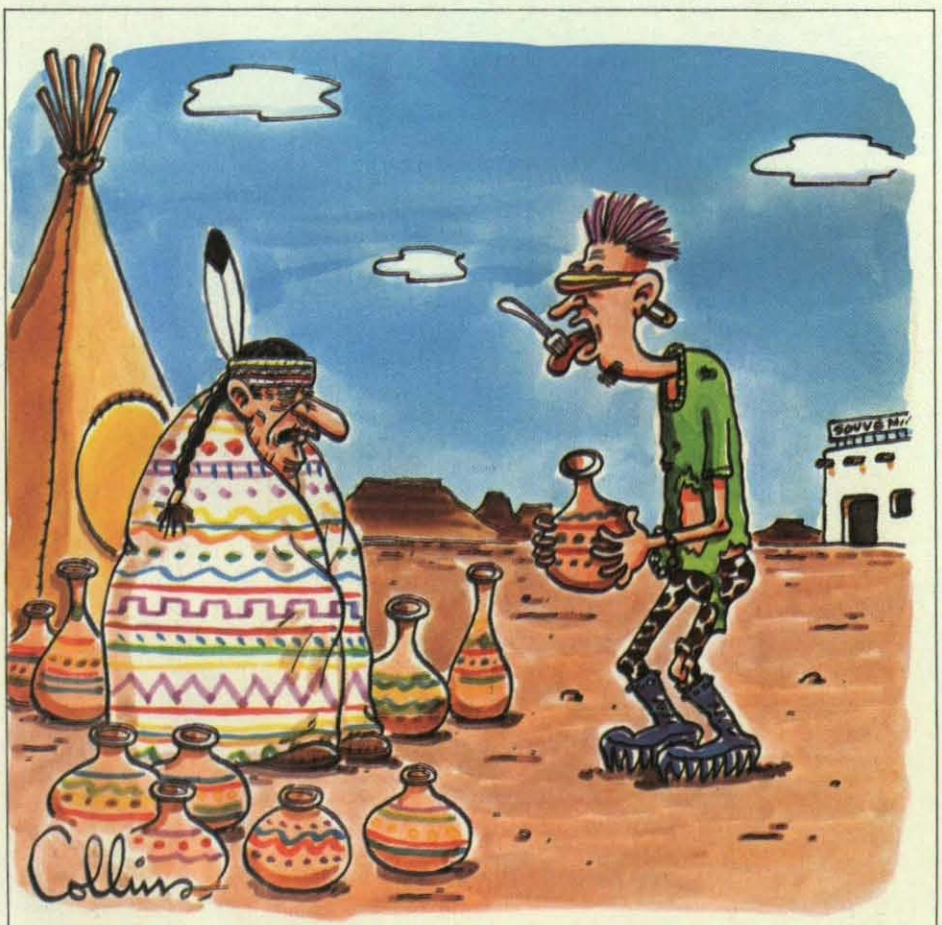
What can be done to end the national disgrace of parent abuse?

James A. Bergman, regional director of Legal Research and Services for the Elderly in Boston, believes many of the remedies for elderly-abuse cases must originate with state and local action. He points out that only about a dozen states have laws requiring doctors, nurses, social workers and police to report such cases and to provide support services such as counseling, legal assistance and emergency financial aid to the victims.

"If we don't get laws passed similar to child-abuse-reporting laws, [public] agencies will continue to be severely limited in their ability to help victims," Bergman warns. "There are any number of reasons why elders don't come forward: shame at being an abused victim; fear of retaliation by the abuser; belief by the victim that he or she is the major cause of the abuse and, therefore, deserving of it."

It is widely believed that many non-

(continued on page 56)



"White punk speak with forked tongue."

★CELEBRITY GARBAGE★

Who knows what evil lurks in the garbage of the famous? HUSTLER knows. At least, we *think* we do. Public figures hide their trash better than dogs hide bones. So here's what we *thought* a person might find in poking through these notables' disposables. Of course, any similarity between this garbage and real garbage is purely coincidental.



J.R. EWING

Digging up *Dallas'* dirt could be a pretty messy job. This popular villain's trash would reveal more than TV could tell.

SUPERMAN



Superman II gave us the lowdown on this hero's sex life, but his junk could *really* show us the man beneath the costume.

MISS PIGGY



Pigs and garbage go together like puppets and hands. And America's raciest porker has the trashy background to prove it.



RICHARD NIXON

Even in retirement, Tricky Dick is a good prospect for interesting rubbish. We wondered where that missing tape was!

NANCY REAGAN



The First Lady keeps to herself a lot. But what she doesn't keep could help us understand her better . . . *litter*-ally.

ABUSE OF THE ELDERLY

(continued from page 52)

family members who suspect abuse of an elderly person are reluctant to report episodes of misbehavior. They fear becoming involved in a sticky family dispute and possibly being sued if they are mistaken. This reluctance often spreads to professionals and public agencies, accounting for the current push toward mandatory reporting laws that would require closer scrutiny of possible problems, and immunity from civil suits.

However well-meaning, such legislation smacks of Big Brotherism—posing the potential of infringement on individual liberties. Mandatory reporting, though, would allow officials to determine whether there has been abuse or neglect and, if so, would give them authorization to remove an elderly victim from the hostile environment.

One case recently phoned into a New York City hotline illustrates some of the existing problems public agencies encounter when trying to deal with reported cases of parent abuse.

The caller was the granddaughter of an 82-year-old woman who was being mistreated by the 56-year-old son with whom she lived. He failed to feed or clothe the old woman properly, left her alone in the apartment for long periods of time even though she was physically unable to care for herself, and threatened to commit her to a nursing home. He cashed her monthly Social Security checks, but apparently used little of the money for her care.

"So far the hotline worker has been stymied in her efforts to intervene in this case," Lucy N. Friedman, executive director of New York's Victim Services Agency, later explained. "The abuser refuses to accept social-services assistance and has convinced a Family Court judge that he does not mistreat or abuse the victim.

"Protective Services, however, was reluctant to intervene without a court order," Friedman continued. "The police submitted a report alleging abuse, but no action has been taken. Moreover, none of the victim's immediate relatives wish to assume responsibility for addressing this situation of abuse, and the granddaughter is too young to do so."

Case histories frequently show that the parent-abuser refuses to admit he or she has been mistreating the elderly victim or even that there is undue stress in the home situation. This denial results in their refusing social-services assistance and, sometimes, in the abuser's moving the victim to another location, out of reach of the concerned third party and public agency. Unless severe physical harm has been done, most experts favor counseling as an alternative to filing criminal charges, even in the rare instances that a victim is willing to press them.

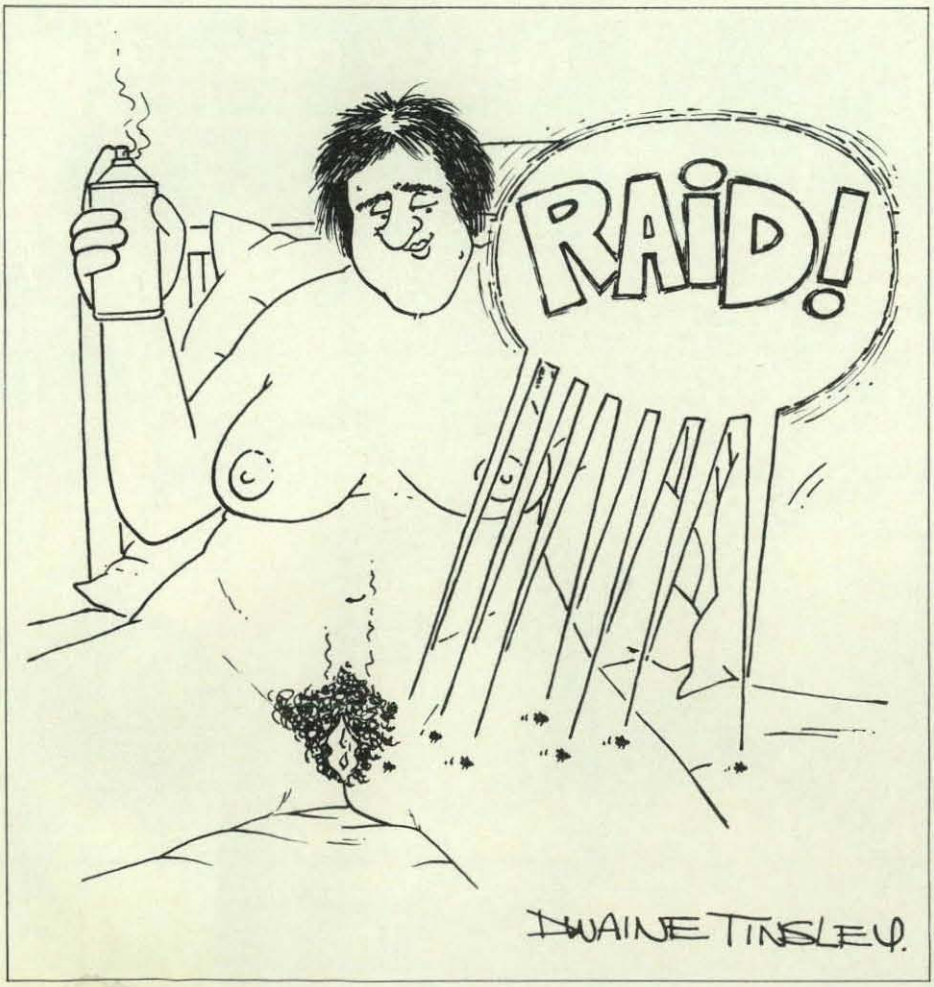
"What happens if the victim goes to court and there's a conviction?" asks James Bergman of Boston's Legal Research and Services for the Elderly. "Odds are the convicted person will be put on probation, and the victim will go right back to the same home. He will be living in the same setting with the very person he testified against." In many cases the family residence is the victim's only alternative to a nursing home or other dreaded institution.

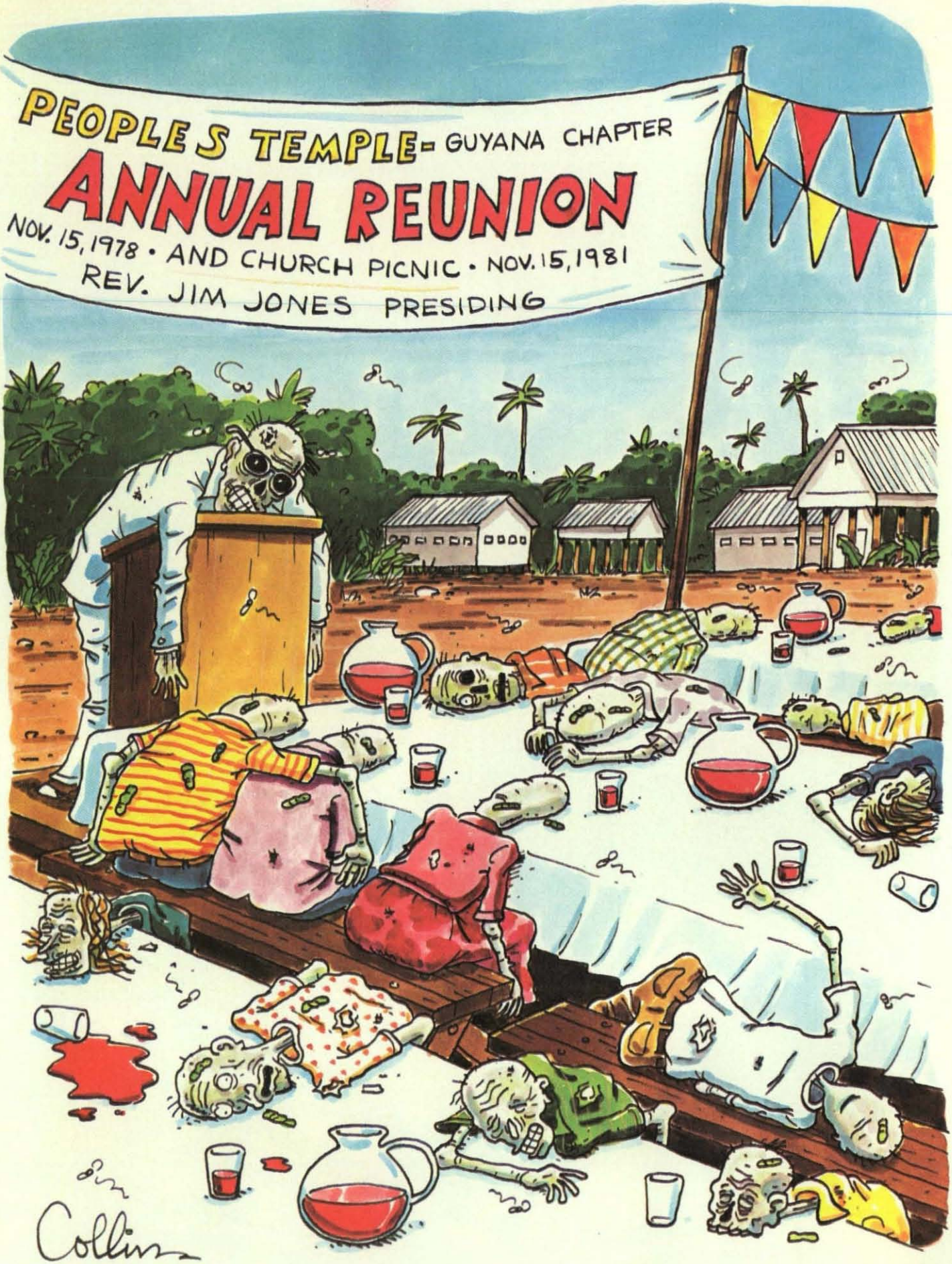
Despite the apparent bleakness of the situation, some solutions—even small steps in the right direction—are possible. These include the creation of temporary shelters, where the elderly could find refuge from domestic abuse, as well as establishment of emergency hotlines. Direct support services, such as homemakers and visiting nurses, could also assist families with their live-in elderly. Considering the "classless" nature of parent abuse, most agree these services should be provided to all families, not just verifiably low-income households.

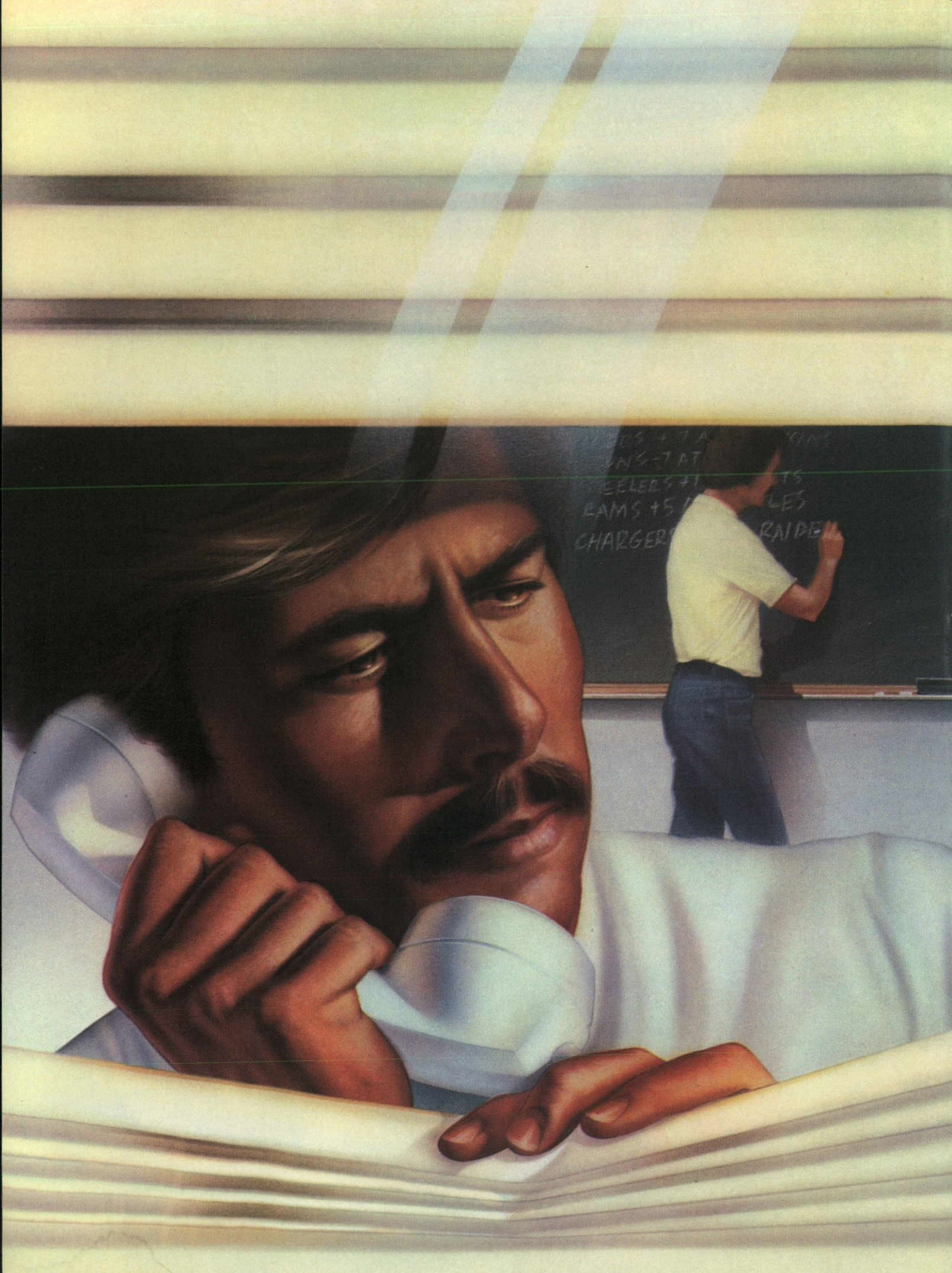
Day centers and other facilities could be used to offer families periodic respite from their custodial duties. In the absence of a national agency to help parent-abusers, local programs should be set up to deal with such problems as alcoholism, emotional instability and unemployment before they become rampant and affect treatment of the elderly in the home.

"All this has to be done in stages," suggests Foundling Hospital's Dr. Vincent Fontana. "Stage one is public awareness. Stage two is to develop programs. Stage three is to get the government to recognize that this problem is indeed severe, that it does kill the elderly just as it kills children—psychologically as well as physically."

With the increasing lifespan in America—the average age at death is now 70—even more people will eventually find themselves in the same vulnerable position currently faced by so many of our elderly. It makes sense, therefore, that all of us become concerned and outspoken about the national scandal of parent abuse while helping to seek a swift and painless solution. For surely, a society that tortures, maims and kills its aged cannot call itself civilized.




PEOPLES TEMPLE- GUYANA CHAPTER
ANNUAL REUNION
NOV. 15, 1978 • AND CHURCH PICNIC • NOV. 15, 1981
REV. JIM JONES PRESIDING
Collins



The Life and Times of a BIG-CITY BOOKIE

On a sleepy Sunday morning in West Los Angeles, J. D. Clovis climbs the stairs of a two-story stucco building and unlocks a frosted-glass door bearing the words "CLOVIS ADVERTISING AGENCY." Hazy sunshine streams through half-opened venetian blinds, casting slitted shadows on the carpeted, sparsely furnished office. Dummy layouts, sketches, artists' tools and copies of *Advertising Age* and *Fortune* magazines litter four gray-metal desks in the center of the room. Slogans for a lingerie ad campaign are scrib-

Profile by Roger Dionne



Illustration by Roger Bergendorff

bled on an 8' X 5' chalkboard dominating the back wall.

It is shortly after 8 a.m. when Clovis, a tall, tanned, 29-year-old bachelor, turns on a coffeemaker and begins a routine he follows religiously every Saturday and Sunday during the football season, as well as six days a week the rest of the year. The contents of the desk tops are immediately replaced by yellow legal pads, carbon paper, sharpened pencils and football schedules. A Sony portable television set is removed from the wall cabinet next to the door and placed on a corner table.

Clovis then unveils a 25-inch Hitachi TV and a Zenith shortwave radio concealed on a low bench beneath the windows. The chalked blackboard slogans are erased and replaced with betting lines for the day's 13 National Football League games. Finally, he produces five Panasonic portable tape recorders and attaches their suction-cup pickups to a battery of push-button phone receivers.

In a frenzied scene reminiscent of *The Sting*, the innocent-looking Clovis Advertising Agency—actually a front—has been magically transformed into a full-fledged bookmaking operation. By the end of this November day Clovis and his three ticket-writing assistants will log between $250,000 and $300,000 in illegal football wagers. His annual take from football and other major sports betting averages between $35 million and $40 million. He personally nets about $500,000 a year.

(Because of the illegal nature of the bookmaking business. J. D. Clovis and Clovis Advertising Agency are fictitious names. Other than the identities of the people involved in this article, all other facts are true.)

While Clovis' gross income may seem like a staggering sum, it's just a drop in the bucket compared to the national expenditure on football betting. An estimated 40 million Americans wager between $12 billion and $30 billion each season on college and pro games. More than 50 million citizens regularly gamble on sports—in office pools, at the barbershop and corner newsstand, and on the phone with anonymous voices that sound just a shade disreputable.

J. D. Clovis, however, is one of the new breed of bookie—a solid citizen who could readily pass as a jogger, or a parent at a PTA meeting. He wears neither a wide-brimmed hat, nor an oversized diamond ring on his pinkie, nor a double-breasted suit with an ominous bulge beneath the shoulder. His standard attire consists, as it does this morning, of tattered Levi's, a Smokey Robinson T-shirt and well-worn Nike running shoes. An astute businessman, he covers his ass by faithfully paying the taxes on his six-figure income—claiming it's the result of lucky trips to Las Vegas—rather than risk potential tax-evasion charges.

For a long time Clovis planned to be a lawyer or an accountant. Today he judges his profession to be no different from that of a stockbroker.

"People who condone market speculation yet condemn handicappers and bookmakers are hypocrites," he says, pausing from his scrutiny of the day's schedule. "The police who enforce the gambling laws place bets themselves. The lawyers and judges who prosecute also gamble."

His profession, nevertheless, is still considered unlawful in 49 states. (In Nevada only licensed bookmakers are legal.) And Clovis is constantly aware that, with a hefty betting handle, "pukes"—people out to stiff him, rob him or arrest him—are likely to show up anywhere. Even after six years in the business without once being arrested, he still admits to a fear of being apprehended. So naturally he takes a number of precautions to ensure his well-being.

Despite the inconvenience, J. D. parks his maroon Jaguar two blocks from the office and, after locking the doors, makes certain nobody has observed him. He moves his office and changes his telephone numbers several times a year.

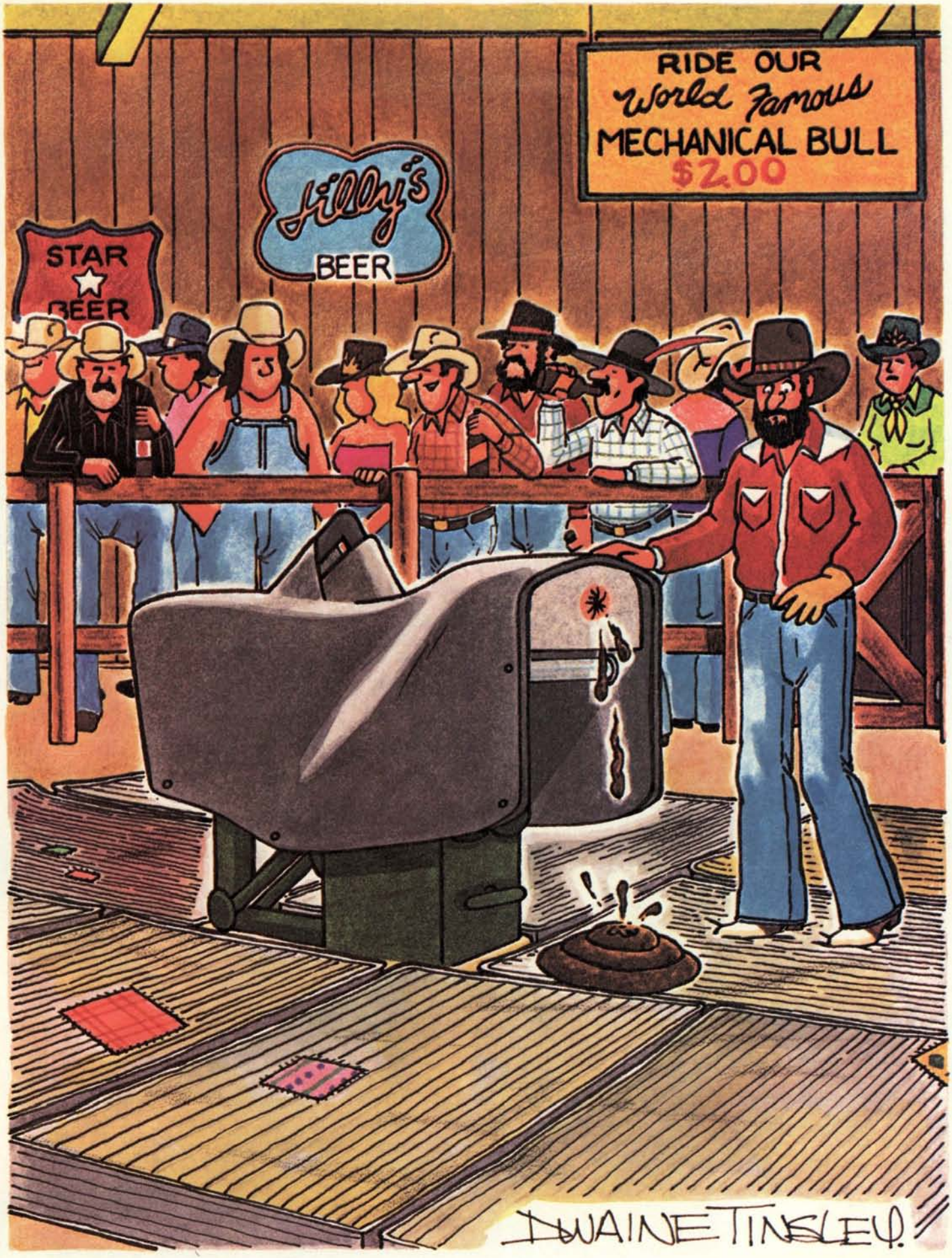
If the FBI decided to tap his phones, evidence of Clovis' accepting a wager across state lines could result in a $10,000 fine, two years in prison, or both. Operating an illegal gambling business, as defined in the Organized Crime Control Act, could get him up to five years in prison. To avoid potential prosecution under federal gambling-conspiracy laws, he takes no interstate betting action and never employs more than three assistants.

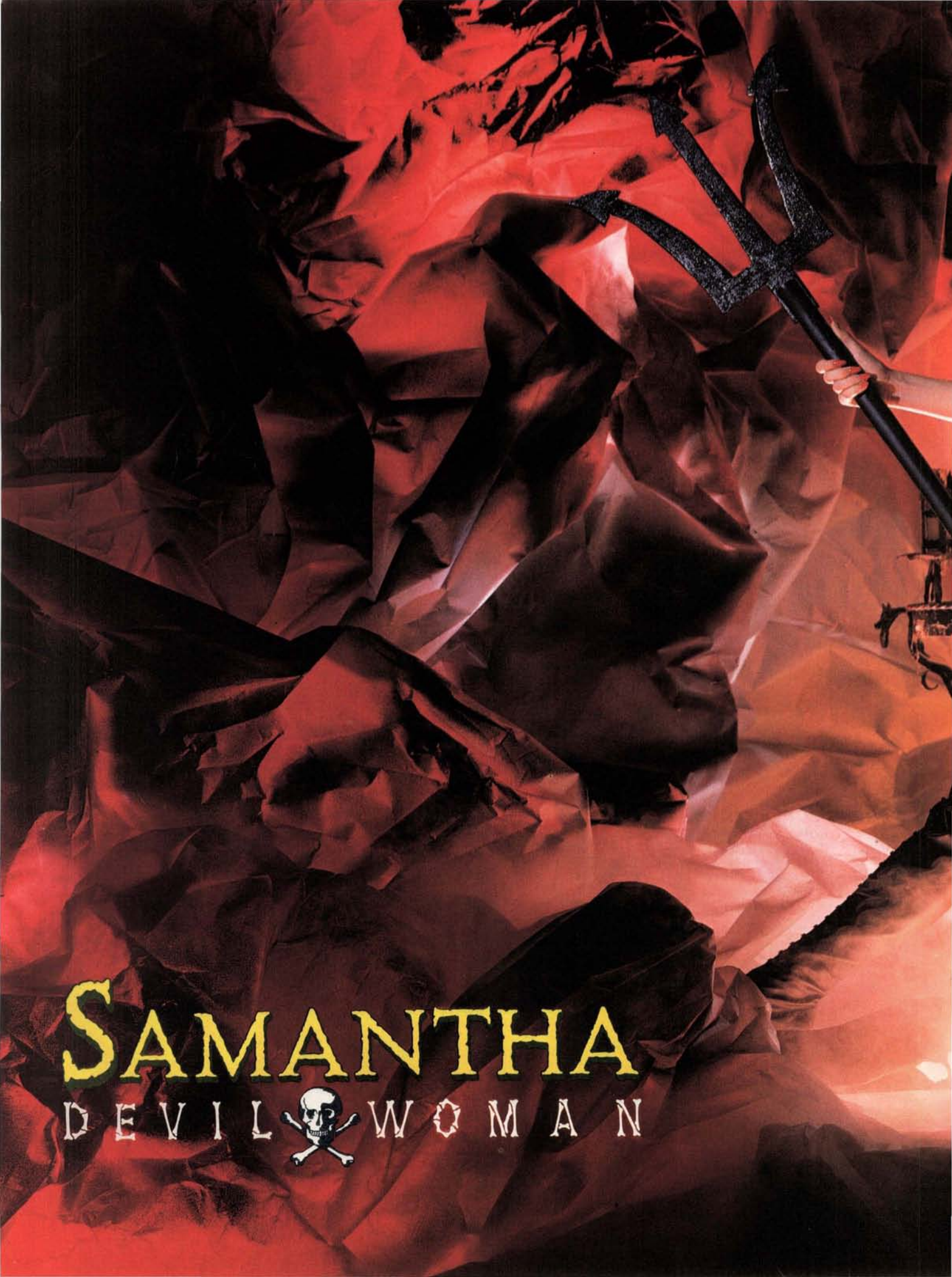
"I've pursued gambling because I enjoy it," he tells HUSTLER while jotting down his current point spreads and projected point totals for the day's games. "It's fun and—I won't be hypocritical—it's been profitable. But the one thing I don't like is that it's legislated to be illegal. I'm a criminal by definition. I don't like living undercover. I like people, I like to be out front, and I certainly consider myself more ethical than most people out there—like lawyers, policemen and politicians—who pursue so-called 'legitimate' careers."

Unlike racetrack gambling, where customers buy betting tickets in advance, cash transactions do not immediately transpire in Clovis' bookmaking business. Throughout the day he and his assistants take bets over the telephone, writing down pertinent information on

(continued on page 74)




RIDE OUR
World Famous
MECHANICAL BULL
$2.00
Lilly's
BEER
STAR
BEER
DWAINE TINSLEY


SAMANTHA
DEVIL WOMAN



Photography by Matti Klatt



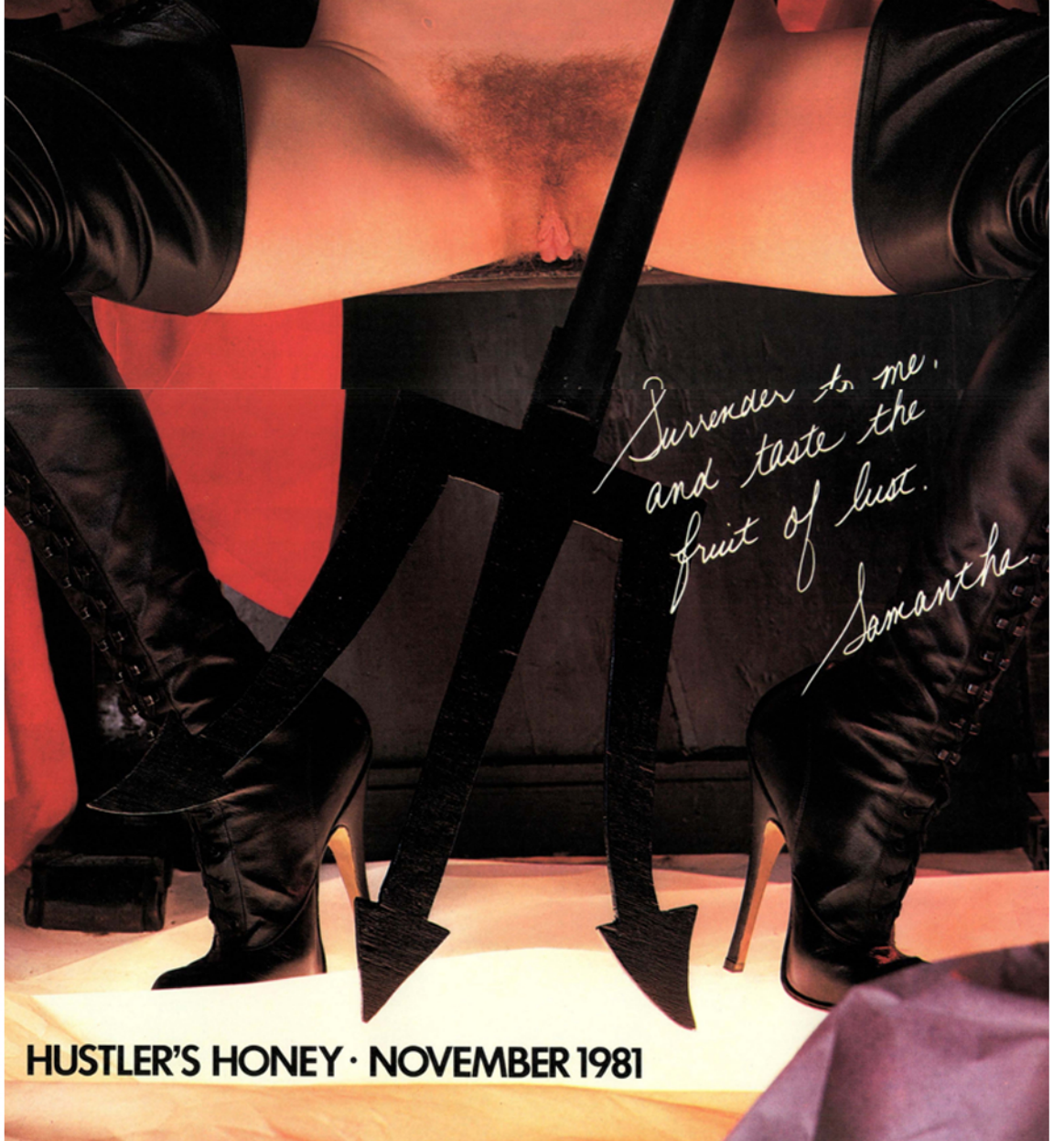
Deep in the heart of darkness, Samantha rules the world of passions. Scarcely a soul has escaped the soft but unyielding chains of her control. Once she lures you into her domain, she commands you to touch her bare flesh, which tingles with an eerie coolness. She opens her body for your pleasure while you give yourself over—body and soul—to her exotic fragrance and texture. When the seeds of your passion spill, you'll become another one of her victims. Once you have entered Samantha's world of sensual, unearthly delights, your own world will never be the same.





Boots from Custom Shoe Company, Garden Grove, California




Surrender to me,
and taste the
fruit of lust.
Samantha
HUSTLER'S HONEY · NOVEMBER 1981



An Indian, a Mexican and a Polack were stranded on a desert island after their ship sank in a storm. A few weeks had passed when a strange bottle washed ashore. The Indian picked it up and rubbed the sand off its surface. Suddenly, there was a flash, and a large genie appeared before them. The genie granted each man one wish.

"Oh, please," said the Indian, "I want to go home to New Delhi!" In an instant he was gone.

"I want to go back to Mexico City!" the Mexican pleaded. In a flash he too disappeared.

There stood the Polack, along with the genie. "Gosh, it sure is lonely around here," the Polack said. "I wish I had my two friends back!"

A small boy dressed as the Lone Ranger entered a candy store, where the woman owner recognized him at once. She decided to play along while he pretended to hold her up. When he pointed his toy gun at her, she flung her hands up in the air and said, "Please don't shoot me. I'll make you a sundae. Would you like strawberry?"

"Yeah, strawberry."

"Would you like some whipped cream?"

"Yeah, some whipped cream."

"Would you like a cherry on it?"

"Yeah, a cherry."

"And would you like crushed nuts?" the storeowner asked.

"Hey, would *you* like your tits shot off?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *gross* as: biting into a hot dog and finding a vein.

Two men were sitting at a bar, getting drunk, when one let a long, stinky fart. "Wooo-ee!" the other exclaimed. "I think you shit your pants!"

"I think I did too!"

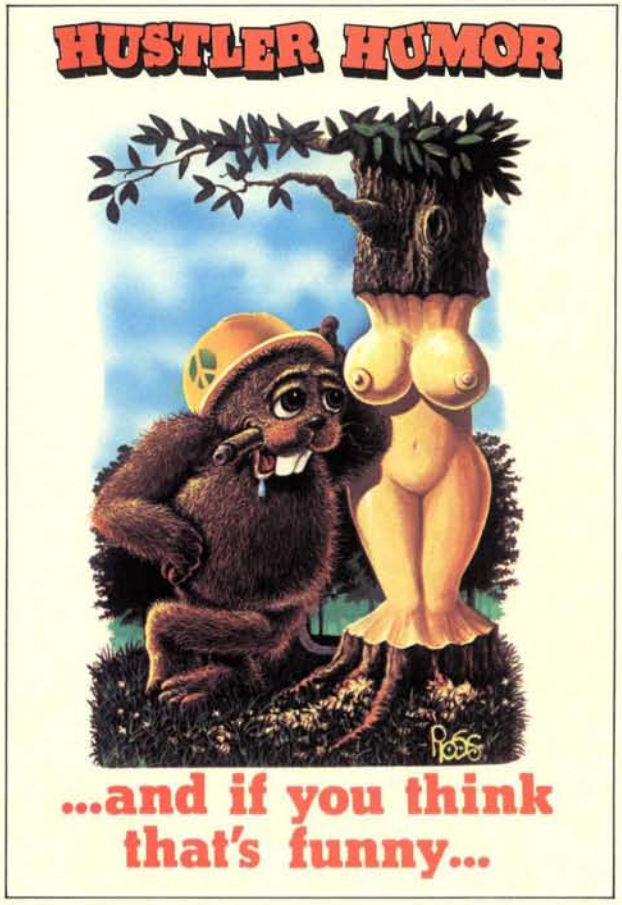
"Well, why don't you wipe your filthy ass?"

The first man paused a moment and said, "Cuz I ain't through."

After several dates, much begging and repeated promises that he'd still respect her, the young man finally got his girlfriend to suck him off. When he shot his load, she didn't know whether to swallow or spit; so she asked, "Whaa am ah sposs ta do wif is stuff?"

"How should I know?" replied the satisfied young man. "You're the cocksucker."

Question: What's invisible and smells like worms?
Answer: A bird fart.



While the young girl sat on the witness stand, the defense attorney badgered her. "And so, miss, did you yell for help while you were being raped?!"

"Yes," she replied, "of course I did!"

"Oh, really?" the lawyer continued. "And did anybody come?"

The woman paused and then testified, "Yes. First I did, and then the defendant did."

Question: Why is it so difficult for Puerto Ricans to get checking accounts?
Answer: They can't write checks with spray paint.

Two gay guys were talking over breakfast. Brian turned to Chuck and said, "I don't think my present shrink is helping me overcome my homosexuality."

"Golly, Brian, what's the problem?"

"Well, yesterday, during my session, I was overcome with passion and asked my doctor to kiss me!"

"No kidding!" Chuck exclaimed. "What happened then?"

"He said, 'Kiss you?! I shouldn't even be lying on this couch with you!' "

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Ku Klux Klan* as: a bunch of sheetheads.

One night an 80-year-old man was in a bar. He walked up to a very sexy-looking young woman and asked her if she'd like to go to his motel room with him. She quickly complied, just so she could see what the old geezer had left in him. When they got to the room and were undressing, the man asked the woman to get his condoms from the bureau.

After doing so, she turned around to find the old guy sticking cotton balls up his nose and in his ears. "What the hell are you doing?!" she asked.

The geezer replied, "If there's two things I can't stand, it's screaming women and burning rubber!"

Two hookers were standing on their favorite corner. Suddenly, one turned to the other and exclaimed, "I know this sounds crazy, but I smell cock!"

"Take it easy," her friend answered calmly. "I just burped."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your joke on a 3" X 5" card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you $50. Sorry, but we cannot return your submissions.

BUSTER & JIGGY



(continued from page 60)

slips of paper. Tape cassettes preserve documentation of all bets to settle possible future disputes. Payoffs to the winners—and collections from the losers—are made several days later. Above all, Clovis tries to cater to the preferences of each of his 168 customers—some of them, ironically, attorneys and law-enforcement officials.

Besides wagering on a particular football team to win or lose by a certain number of points, clients can bet whether the total points scored in a game will fall over or under a fixed number. J. D. also takes parlays (picking winners of two or more games) and virtually any other exotic wager. For one customer he even puts out a fumbles line; the player can bet over or under the total number of fumbles made by both teams.

The gambling business is a game of edges, and bookmakers like Clovis have significant leverage going in. His football bettors must risk $11 to win $10, assuring him a 10% commission—an advantage known as "vigorish." An 11-10 edge may not seem like much, but over thousands of plays during the course of a season it becomes enormous.

Clovis' major responsibility is to put out a knowledgeable point spread, usually obtained from a Las Vegas service, theoretically making each game a coin flip. Whereas a racetrack pays off at specific odds, such as 3-1 or 5-2, football betting centers around the point spread. The ideal situation for a bookie is to have equal amounts wagered on each team. That way, no matter which one wins by the spread, he earns his vigorish.

On this day, for example, Clovis' spread on the Chicago Bears-Detroit Lions game is 7 points, noted on the blackboard as Chicago −7, Detroit +7. Seven points will either be subtracted from Chicago's final score or added to Detroit's total. The favored Bears have to win by 8 points for players who bet on them to collect, while the underdog Lions can win outright or lose by as many as 6 points for players who bet on them to collect. If the Bears win by exactly 7 points, the game is a "push"—or a tie. All bets are off—not to mention Clovis' 10% profit on each losing wager. That's why bookmakers hate betting ties even more than gamblers who play into them.

However, it's rare for Clovis to get equal action on both sides. He might find himself with, say, $13,000 bet on the Bears −7 (the public is notorious for betting favorites) and only $9,000 on the Lions +7. Clearly, he'd be a big loser should the Bears win by the spread. So he may have to move his line to 7½ or 8 to attract bets on the Lions and discourage bets on the Bears.

He is usually very cautious about moving his line more than a point—to 8½ or 9—because that would place him in danger of being "sided" (where one side wins and the other ties) or, worse yet, of being "middled." If, for example, the bookmaker moves his line to 8½ and the Bears win by precisely 8 points, then all the players who bet the Bears −7 would win, as would all the players who bet the Lions +8½. The big loser would be the bookmaker. Obviously, the more the bookie moves his line, the greater the chance of his being middled.

As an alternative, nearly all bookies make special arrangements to protect themselves against the possibility of a major loss. If a bookmaker finds his customers have bet $5,000 more on one team, he may bet that amount (known as a "hedge" or a "layoff") with a larger gambling operation. By so doing, they keep their books balanced.

During his first season in business, J. D. had two bookmakers with whom he could lay off bets—up to $500 a game with one and up to $1,000 a game with the other. He finished that season with a modest $12,000 profit. After discovering he had won $21,000 from his own customers while losing $9,000 of it laying off with other bookmakers, Clovis figured the insurance wasn't worth the lost revenue; he decided never to lay off again.

* * *

At 8:25 a.m. Bobby Willard, a computer programmer who moonlights as one of J. D.'s assistants, bursts into the office, carrying the *Los Angeles Times* sports section. "I can't believe we got beat in that Penn State game yesterday," he complains. "What's going on with Brentwood Bennie? He personally cost me $100."

"Gambling's no cakewalk," Clovis tells him. "You want a cakewalk, work for a bakery."

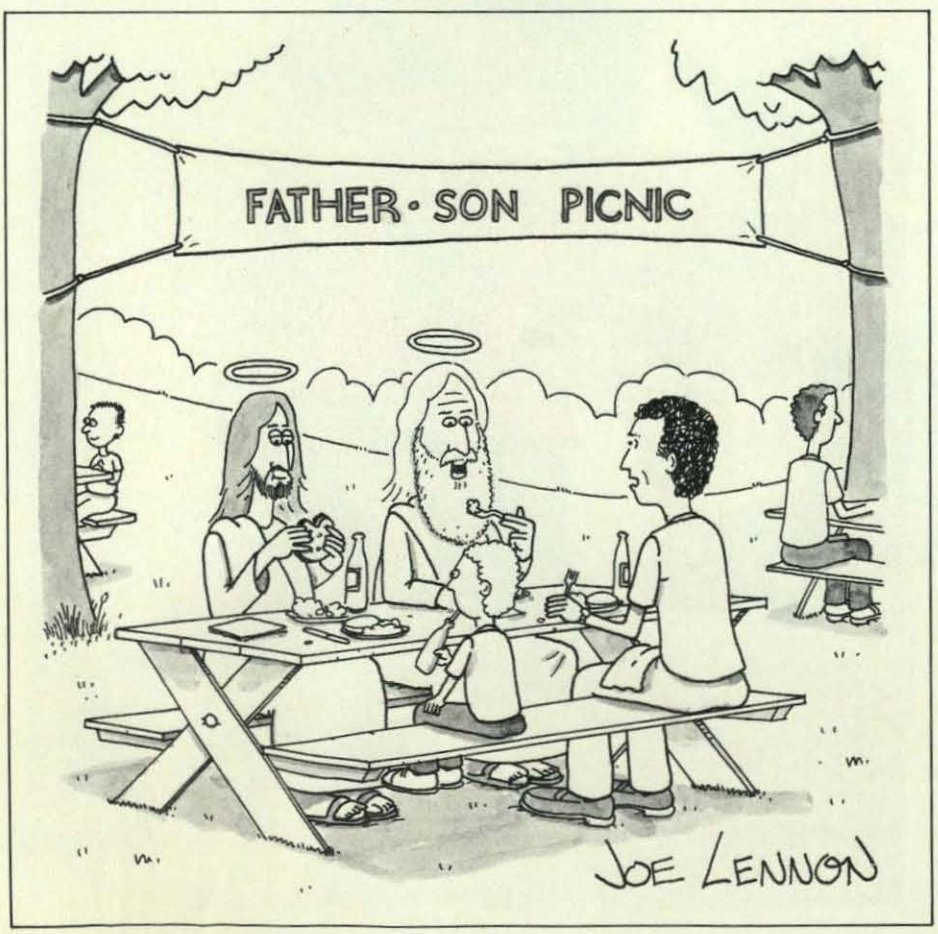
"Where do we stand?" Willard asks.

"I'm stuck about 30 grand this morning," J. D. replies.

Willard whistles his surprise. "How'd that happen?"

"What can I say? I went with Brentwood Bennie's lines, and they weren't too good yesterday. So the suckers got me. I'll win it back today."

In his first season booking football, in 1975, Clovis developed an ulcer worrying about losing $1,000 bets. Once, he lost a staggering $190,000 in a single weekend. "Dinner didn't taste so good on Sunday night," he remembers. But over the years, he has learned to get less upset about the losses and less excited about the wins.





"Can you call me back later, Mom? . . . I'm cramming."

J. D. knows there will be some weeks when he makes greater sums than he does at other times. But he also risks losing a lot of money whenever the side his customers bet most heavily wins. That explains why he is $30,000 in the red on this particular Sunday morning. In too many of Saturday's college games his clients' teams won.

At 8:30 a.m., 30 minutes before customers are supposed to call, Matt Gibson and Linda Hemmings, J. D.'s two other assistants, stumble sleepily into the office. "Have some coffee," Clovis offers.

Gibson is a former high-school linebacker who spends weekdays losing much of his salary playing the horses. When Clovis first met Linda at a West L.A. disco, she knew little about sports or betting.

At 8:45 a review of the morning lines with his three assistants is interrupted by the persistent ring of a telephone. J. D. impulsively grabs the receiver. "We open at nine," he snaps.

"Who *is* this?" a woman's voice demands. "What business is this?"

"We're an advertising agency, m'am," Clovis politely replies, recovering his poise.

"Oh—no—you're—not!"

"Yes, m'am, this is an advertising agency."

"Listen, mister, your number is on my phone bill 23 times. Is this a whorehouse? Do you run prostitutes out of there?"

"We're not a whorehouse," he assures her in his most conciliatory voice, finally persuading the woman to discuss the matter with her husband.

By 9 a.m. all five phones in the office are ringing simultaneously.

"Here we go," J. D. sighs. He answers the two phones on his desk, putting one caller on hold. For the next hour, until the early games kick off at 10 a.m. (PST), the Clovis Advertising Agency becomes a clamor of bells and a jumble of voices reciting a litany of pro-football teams and numbers. Four left arms turn into mechanical, phone-answering levers, while cramped right hands note in duplicate every wager.

"Pittsburgh —12!" J. D. shouts to his ticket-writers. "Make Pittsburgh —12!" Up on the chalkboard he changes a number, moving the line from 11½ to 12. In much the same way racetrack odds adjust to betting fluctuations, he is encouraging bettors to take the Steelers' opponent, the Washington Redskins.

"Hello," Clovis says, grabbing a phone while sliding into the chair behind his desk. "Yeah, 108. How's it going? . . ." The player's code number protects him from any unwanted exposure in the event the office is raided by the police.

"Okay, here they go. You ready? . . . I got Baltimore 2½, Chicago 7, Dallas 6½, Denver 6½, Pittsburgh 12, Oakland 10½. . . ."

Player 108 bets $330 on Dallas —6½ to win $300; $550 on the Redskins +12 to win $500; and $330 on the Cleveland Browns +3 to win $300. For him to win all three bets, favored Dallas has to defeat the New York Giants by at least 7 points while the underdog Redskins can either win, or not lose to the Steelers by more than 11 points. Cleveland must defeat the Philadelphia Eagles, or not lose by more than 2 points.

(Since Cleveland eventually wins, and Washington and Dallas lose by the point spread, 108 owes $880 in losses less $300 for his Browns victory, or $580.)

A bookmaker's bookkeeping is a relatively simple matter. But paying and collecting from some 168 gamblers is a grueling, four-day road race. It will begin at 6:30 the following Tuesday morning in a small Culver City restaurant, where J. D. has breakfast with a few of his players. The winners are always easy to find. A lot of big losers seem to have the habit of suddenly being called out of town; or they're out of their office sick; or they're in eight-hour conferences and cannot be disturbed.

"I get headaches from people who put me on stall," Clovis complains. "I have to put in a lot of extra hours. It ruins my day. People have little regard for bookmakers."

The previous week his major headache was an insurance agent who had lost $8,000 on pro and college games. J. D. left messages with the man's secretary twice on Tuesday, three times on Wednesday and four times on Thursday. Finally, on Friday, the insurance agent phoned back.

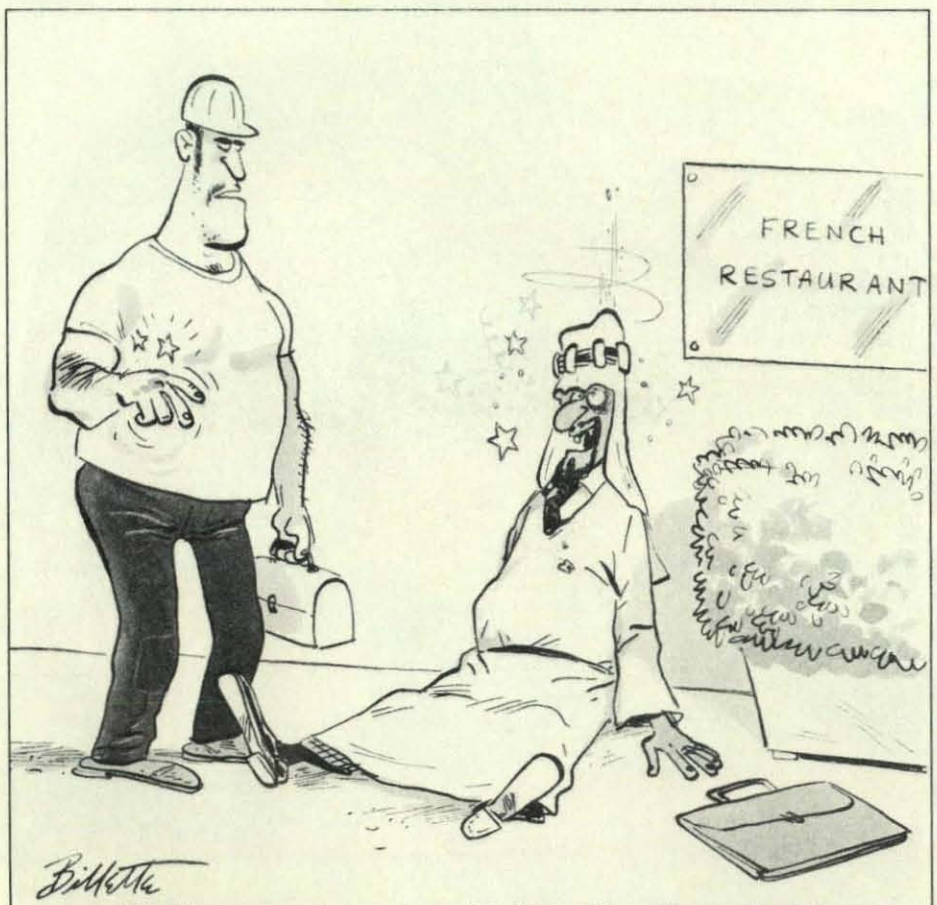
"You keep calling me and leaving these messages!" he screamed. *"What is the problem? Why are you calling me?"*

"Why do you think I'm calling you?" the bookie replied sardonically.

By Saturday morning, hungry to get back in action, the insurance agent paid the $8,000. Then he proceeded to bet 16 games at $1,500 apiece, most of which he lost.

"With my 11-10 edge, people should lose mathematically about 4% or 5% of what they bet each year," Clovis explains after fielding the last of an hour's worth of phone calls. "Unfortunately for them, that's not how it goes. Some guys like that insurance agent just lose their asses all the time."

At ten o'clock, just as the Pittsburgh-Washington game begins on CBS-TV, the phones abruptly stop ringing. Bobby



"Nothin' personal, man. I just felt like coldcocking an Arab."

Willard tunes in the game on the Hitachi and, after lowering the volume, switches on the shortwave to pick up the Dallas-New York Giants game. For a while, before customers start calling in last-minute bets on the 11 o'clock San Diego-Kansas City game being carried on NBC-TV, J. D. and his assistants relax and enjoy the gridiron action.

But still there's an undercurrent of concern. To help make up the $30,000 he lost on Saturday's college games, Clovis needs the Steelers and the Giants to cover their point spreads. His clients have bet the opponents in these games very heavily. In effect, he is gambling on each game as much as his players are—which is untypical of bookies.

"I take a big position on a lot of games where I really gamble, and I'm very nervous about the outcome," he admits. "In fact, if I find I'm balanced out on a TV game, I'll call another bookie and bet. I don't want to just sit there and earn money. I want to sweat. I don't want to lose, but I'll tell you the truth—I'd rather lose than not gamble. I've always liked the action."

* * *

J. D. Clovis is the product of a shoulder-to-the-grindstone, middle-class home in Van Nuys, California. His father was a factory foreman, and his schoolteacher mother liked to spend weekends playing 50¢ blackjack and 10¢ craps. He traces his personal involvement in gambling all the way back to childhood marble-shooting. When Clovis was eight, he made the mistake of taking on a sharp 11-year-old who didn't relent until he had won J. D.'s last dozen marbles. He burst into tears. In disgust the older boy threw the marbles in his face and stomped away.

"I was just a worthless little puke to that kid," Clovis recalls. "I was really ashamed, and I wasn't going to let that happen again."

By learning to play the angles, he parlayed another dozen marbles into several bucketsful, more than 5,000 in all. Before his tenth birthday he had become interested in craps and blackjack. He remembers reading about the games in a book from the Van Nuys Public Library and quickly realizing the house had an edge. Soon he began operating craps and blackjack games at home while his parents were at work, sometimes winning as much as a dollar in an afternoon.

In high school Clovis started playing poker. Once, after a Friday-night game with his classmates, he returned home in the early-morning hours $40 richer—tremendous winnings in a game with a 15¢ betting limit. So long as he kept get-

(continued on page 86)

THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF BETTING WITH BOOKIES

■Bookmakers don't advertise in the Yellow Pages, but there are hundreds of them. When you want one, find him through friends who gamble. If the guy has treated them right, he'll probably do the same for you.

■Although we would never advise breaking the law, legally there's little to worry about when betting with a bookie. They don't get busted very often, and their customers almost never do.

■Conduct business with at least two bookmakers so you can shop around for the most advantageous betting line. The more bookies you consult, the better. However, some of them will get upset when they keep giving you their line and you don't give them any action.

■Be extra careful with a bookmaker whose lines are substantially different from those published in newspapers. Sooner or later he's likely to go broke.

■If you're a small, $20 football bettor, call your bookie on a Thursday or Friday, when he's not busy, and be quick. If you tie up his lines on Saturday or Sunday morning, he'll tell you to take your business elsewhere. If he's happy with your $20 action on weekends, he's very marginal and most likely won't be around too long.

■Settle up your account weekly and make sure your bookmaker does the same. You should want to keep him honest as much as he wants to keep you honest.

■Don't ever advance a bookmaker money, or you may never see him again. Reputable ones work on credit.

■Stay within limits you can afford to lose. You should never bet more than 5% of your bankroll on one game.

■Don't start betting over your head trying to get even. Bet more than normal only when you're winning, and cut back when you're losing.

■Just because you won your first game, don't think you're more likely to lose the second; or because you lost the first, you're more likely to win the second. That's pure superstition and has cost many people a lot of money.

■Don't develop a pattern to your betting, such as always picking the Pittsburgh Steelers or the home team or the underdog. Unethical bookmakers will pick up your pattern and shade the points in their favor against the side they know you're going to bet.

■Don't bet any two-team parlays. The 12-5 or 13-5 payoff on winning such a wager may sound tempting. But since the true odds should be 3-1, you're really getting very much the worst of things.

■Football cards that cost $1 and promise a $200 return if you pick the winners of ten games are the biggest sucker bets of all. The proper mathematical odds for a ten-team parlay should be 1,023-1, rather than 200-1. Furthermore, if one of the games results in a tie, you lose your entire investment. You'd be better off donating your money to charity. At least you can deduct it from your taxes.

■Don't automatically bet against a team with an injured star. Betting lines are usually adjusted for injuries, and sometimes the team missing a top player tends to perform that much more intensely.

■There is no such thing as a "lock"—or a surefire bet. However, here are some plays that have done well in the past:

—Favorites and home teams, especially with hometown bookmakers, are nearly always overpriced. It's often advisable to bet against them.

—Big-name teams like the Dallas Cowboys in pro football and Notre Dame in college football are also overpriced. Consider betting against them.

—Name pitchers like Tom Seaver and Nolan Ryan are greatly overpriced. When you bet baseball, there is no point spread. Instead, betting odds are established for the favorite or underdog. You might get nearly 2-1 betting against a Seaver or a Ryan. In addition, keep an eye open for name pitchers who are past their prime.

—Baseball totals—betting that the total runs in a game will fall over or under your bookie's figure—is probably the best bet in sports. But to beat baseball totals, you must keep completely up to date on pitching performances, teams' run production, and wind conditions at the ball park. Many bookmakers don't offer baseball totals simply because sharp handicappers can beat them. Basketball and football totals are tougher, but with study they can also be good plays.

■Remember that the great majority of bettors are losers. You can beat bookies only if you are dedicated, manage your money properly and work real hard at it. Gambling is no cakewalk.

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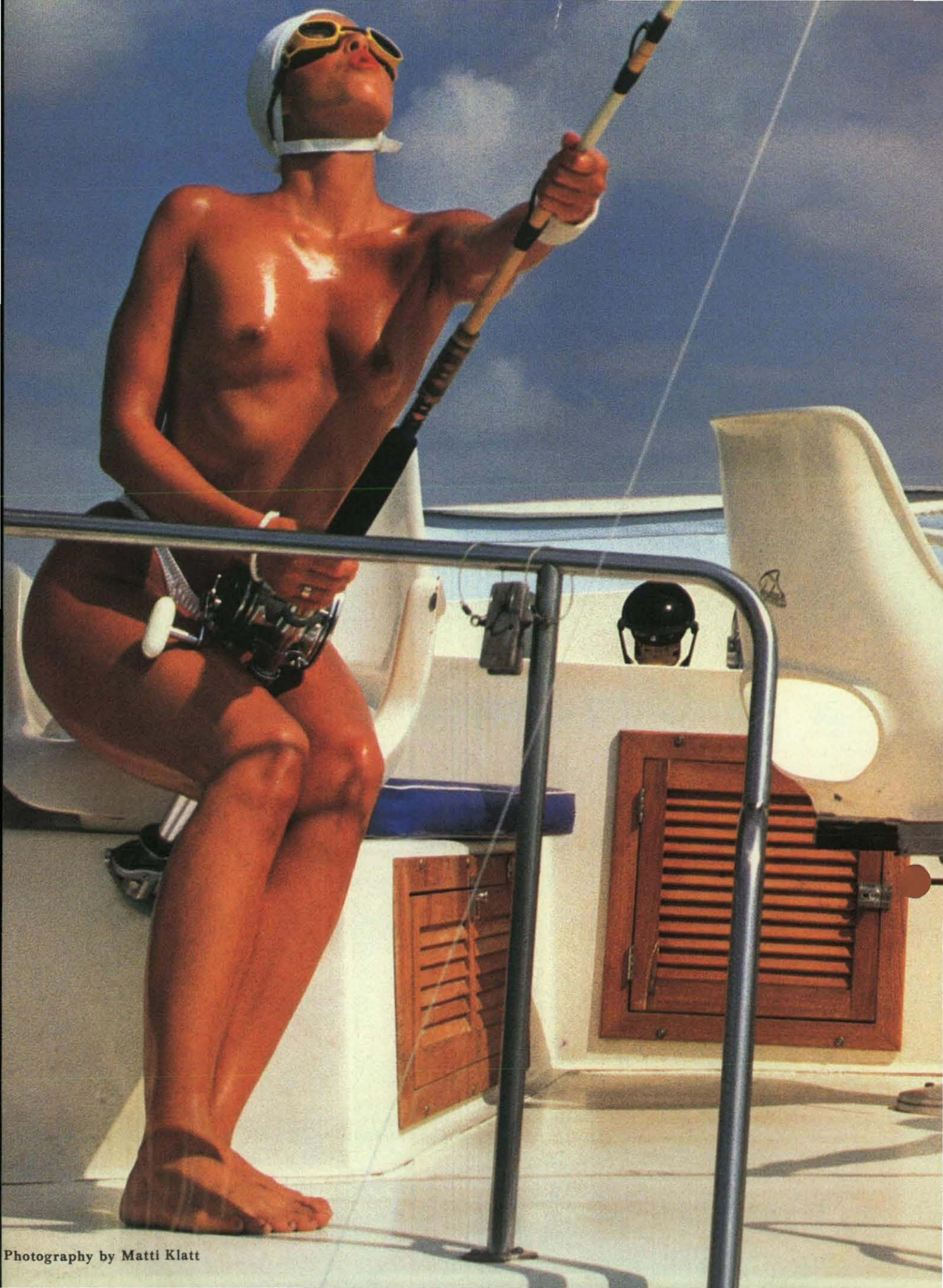
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S.S. LOVE ON
THE HIGH SEAS









"There's something downright passionate about being on the ocean," declares Rose, a San Diego dental technician. "Trouble was, Louise and I got stood up on a boating weekend. Since we already had the boat, we decided to make the best of it." As soon as the shoreline disappeared, both girls stripped, letting the hot sun warm their skin. "I'd never made love to another woman," admits Louise, "but everything I saw reminded me of sex: the long, hard fishing poles; the white sailor caps; the smooth, glistening fish. I couldn't hold myself back." Like the waves that gently rocked them, the girls' bodies mingled and flowed. Probing their deepest, most tender spots, they became one blissful machine. Louise and Rose grew to understand why, through the ages, love on the high seas has been the ultimate experience.





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ting A's in his schoolwork, his parents didn't ask about those late nights; they figured he had discovered girls.

When Clovis entered the University of Southern California in 1970, he renounced gambling as a frivolous, youthful pastime and spent most of his free time studying. In his freshman year, after applying for a billiards-hall job that had already been filled, he decided to hang around anyhow and watch the action. Before long he was shooting a $2 game of nine ball, and eventually he and the local hustlers were playing either pool or poker on a regular basis. His interest in studying diminished until he dropped out of USC altogether and started selling carpeting door-to-door, a business that still gave him plenty of time to gamble.

During this period a couple of his poolroom cronies introduced him to his first bookmaker, a gravel-voiced gasoline-station owner with a New Jersey accent. With some of the money he'd accumulated from poker and carpet sales, Clovis immediately bet $200 on each of seven pro-football games. By the end of the day he'd lost $1,400.

"I remember spreading out all that money on the counter in $20 bills," he recalls. "When I realized it represented weeks and weeks of work, I was sick."

His big loss made him even more determined to succeed. Studying the games more carefully over the season, Clovis scaled down his bets and turned a profit. When he began winning regularly and the gas-station man became grumpy about shelling out 20s, J. D. began betting with a bookmaker who had office hours, dressed well, always laughed, and congratulated him when he won. He never forgot that good-loser attitude, a valuable first lesson in successful bookmaking.

Still, Clovis became increasingly uncomfortable with the shady, surreptitious life he was leading. His parents had recently died, and he felt he owed it to their memory to become an upright citizen. He returned to USC to obtain a degree in political science.

But after graduating, he found himself wavering between two lifestyles. He resumed his carpet-sales business, while avidly pursuing pool-shooting and poker-playing. Besides frequenting Hollywood Park and Santa Anita racetracks, he bet baseball nearly every day. By comparison, his carpet business was becoming a grind. When the 1975 football season approached, Clovis made the key decision of his life: He decided to become a full-fledged bookmaker.



"Wooo-ee!! Now that was a blowjob!"

Getting started was simple. With his $5,700 cash bankroll, most of which he inherited, J. D. figured he could take bets of up to $500 a game. He rented an inconspicuous room over a garage in the tacky suburb of South Gate for $40 a month and had a telephone installed. All he needed now was customers. Among everyone he had met at poolrooms, poker games and racetracks, Clovis searched for six honest players who would bet $100 or $200 a game. They had to be honest, because if they didn't pay when they lost, the new bookie would have little recourse besides anger.

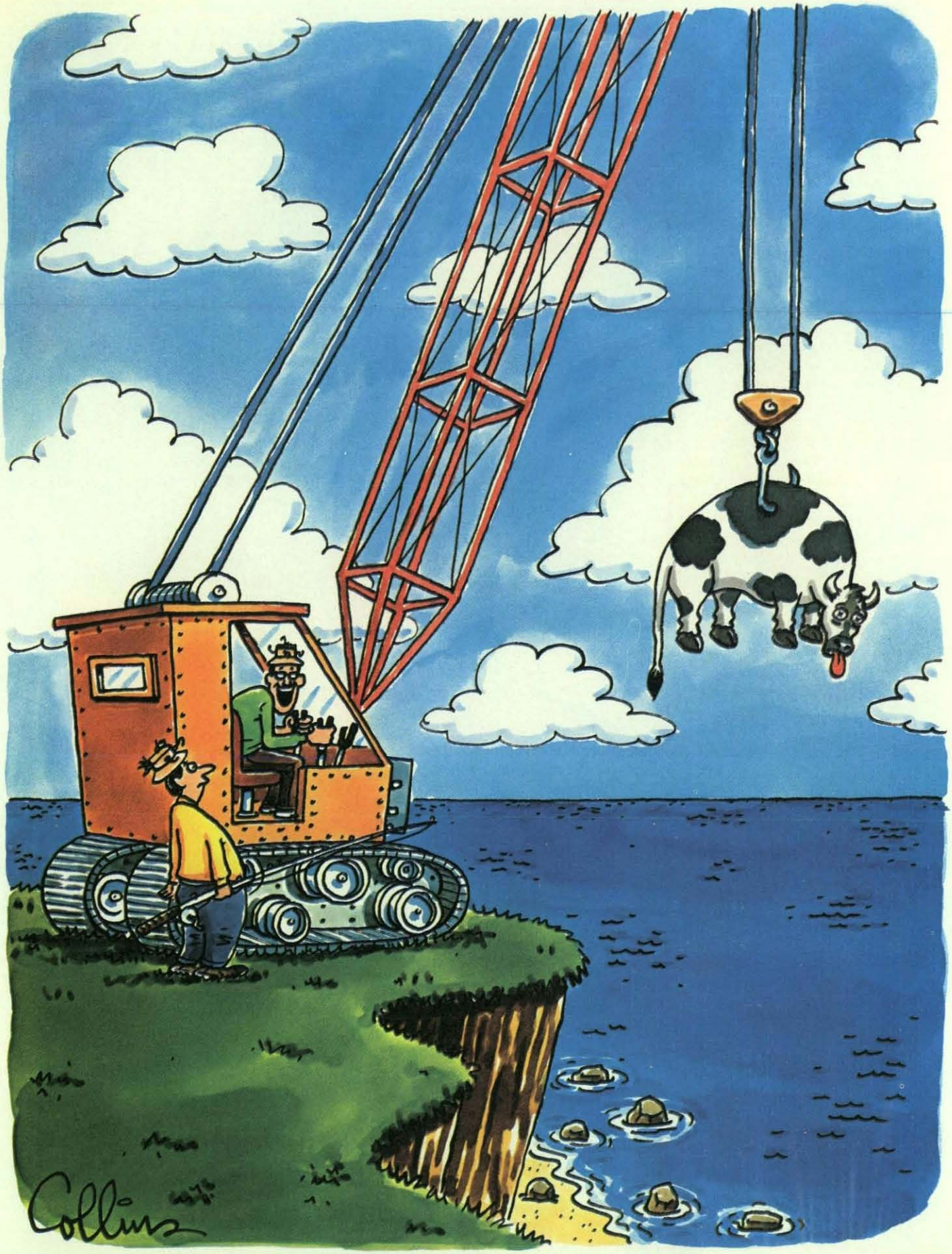
"I was advised to hurt people who owed money and refused to pay," he recalls. "But I've never followed that advice. The story that bookmakers use violence and have Mob connections is a total myth perpetrated by police, gullible Puritans and maybe organized crime itself. Ninety-nine percent of us are independent businessmen like anybody else. What's more, bookmaking is a profession run entirely on a code of honor. In no other business can people get tens of thousands of dollars credit just on their word. Can you imagine a bank doing that?"

Clovis' baptism began humbly enough. On his first weekend he took only two $200 bets and lost them both. By paying off these and other losses promptly, he gradually gained people's respect. In time, he had 50 clients, was booking about $50,000 a week and finished the season with a modest $12,000 profit.

During his first years, J. D. actively recruited bettors. Now he takes new players only upon recommendation of other gamblers he can trust. Before giving a potential customer his phone numbers, he arranges to meet with him at his place of business or his home. Clovis' "credit check" mostly involves calling other bookmakers who keep a blacklist of people they regard as "professional stiffs." Since unsympathetic wives are always a threat to expose any bookmaking operation, he tries to make sure the new player's family approves of his gambling.

J. D. also tries to make certain that customers lose no more than they can afford to. He is not always successful. "If a player wrecks his life losing, at least part of the responsibility is mine because I gave him too high a limit," he says. "High betting limits are the best way for a bookmaker to turn a good customer into a stiff. Back east they put guys who are stuck in touch with loan sharks. But if you're a smart bookie and want to promote good business, you let

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"I don't know what I'll catch, but whatever it is, it's gotta be big as hell!"



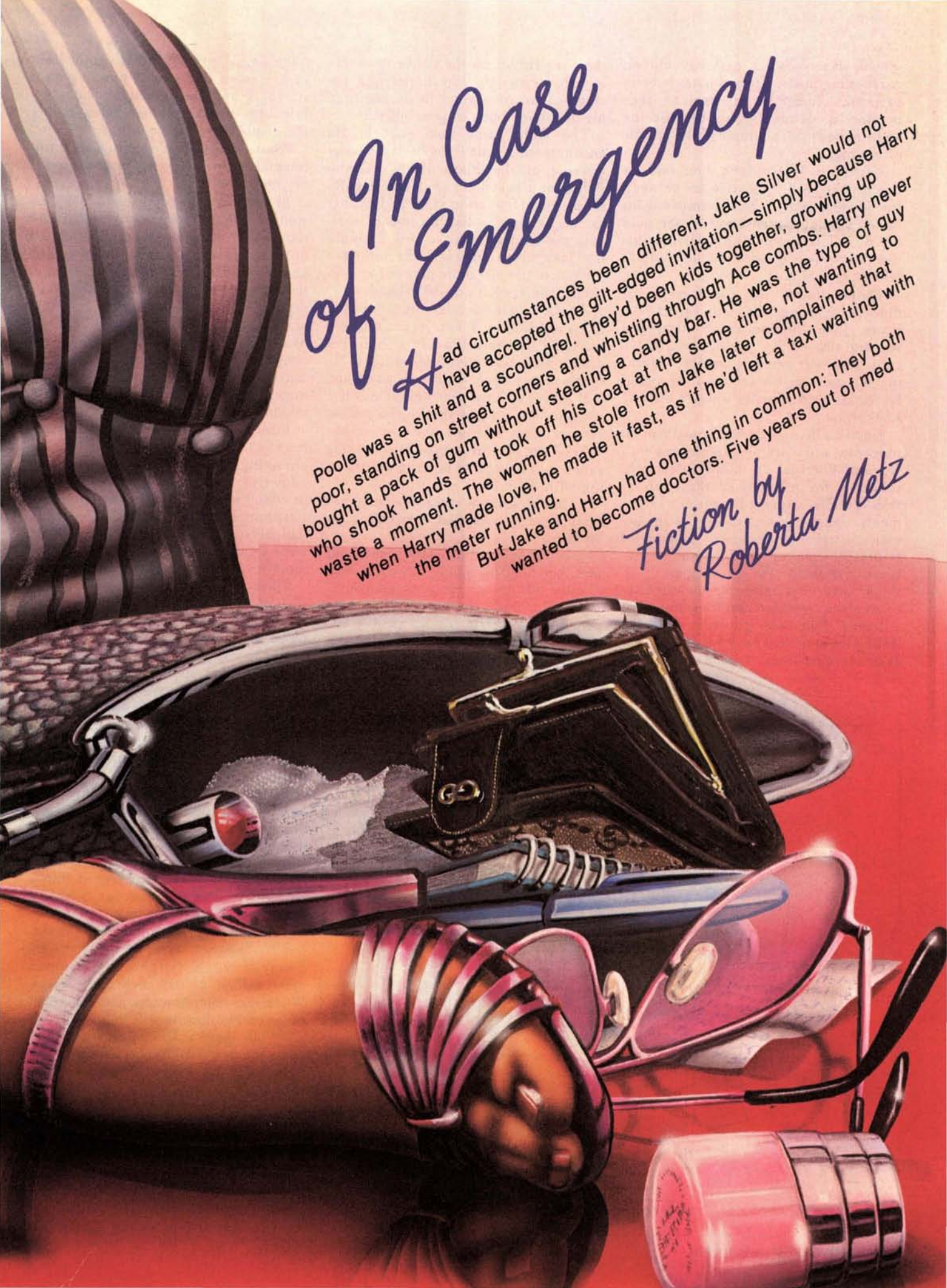
Illustration by Alan Daniels

In Case of Emergency

Had circumstances been different, Jake Silver would not have accepted the gilt-edged invitation—simply because Harry Poole was a shit and a scoundrel. They'd been kids together, growing up poor, standing on street corners and whistling through Ace combs. Harry never bought a pack of gum without stealing a candy bar. He was the type of guy who shook hands and took off his coat at the same time, not wanting to waste a moment. The women he stole from Jake later complained that when Harry made love, he made it fast, as if he'd left a taxi waiting with the meter running.

But Jake and Harry had one thing in common: They both wanted to become doctors. Five years out of med

Fiction by Roberta Metz



school, Harry made his first million redesigning noses, tits or whatever body part was currently in fashion. Jake became a dermatologist because he knew nobody got a pimple in the middle of the night.

Whenever Harry took him out for lunch, Jake paid. "The rich are always a few pennies short," he remembered his father saying. Harry Poole never paid full price for anything until Divine Justice intervened. Dead at 40, he couldn't take it with him.

The invitation was for a memorial dinner honoring the late, great Dr. Poole. Jake checked the confirmation box and slipped the hand-lettered RSVP card into its small envelope. Marking the date on his calendar, he noted his social engagements weren't exactly stockpiling.

Since his divorce he had gone through numerous unsatisfying experiences with women. When Jake responded deeply to someone, the intensity of the relationship usually triggered complex arguments over competing careers or the occasional need to be apart. A series of traumatic breakups had left him emotionally drained. He was beginning to think that any enduring male/female relationship was doomed from the start.

Lately Jake was growing weary of feeling lobotomized each Saturday night at discos where fancy female dancers left their sex drives on the dance floor. He looked forward to the dinner and decided to go alone, since he'd exhausted his telephone book of possibilities.

The night came soon enough. He encountered Jessica Poole right after arriving at the Plaza Hotel's Grand Ballroom. Decked out opulently in gold-set diamonds, wearing mink in July, her earrings swinging like dashboard mascots, she bounded over to him. Entombing Jake in an embrace, she unfolded the tale of her elaborate depression, cornering the market on widowhood.

Trussed up in his rented tux, Jake felt like a headwaiter. When Jessica touched his hand and smiled coyly at him, her dark, quick eyes admitted no light. He despised her when Harry was alive, and still hated her now that he was dead.

"Why don't I just shuffle the seating arrangements and put you at my table, Jake?" She gave his arm an encouraging squeeze, coaxing him as if she were dealing with a pet cat.

"Thanks. I'm not much of a party boy these days," he replied, concealing his disdain.

Jessica pouted. "Face facts, Jake," she said, her hand weighing down his arm. "Lesley left you a year ago. It's over."

Jake bit back the anger. What happened between him and his ex-wife was none of Jessica's damned business. Standing provocatively before him, she fingered his bow tie. Breasts spilled out of her gown like excess pudding on a spoon. When she pulled his ear playfully, he disengaged her hand, noting the displeasure on her face.

"Suit yourself," she shrugged. "But remember, lover boy—you gotta use it or you'll lose it."

Before Jake could respond, she had spotted a handsome young intern and moved off unfazed—a train that stopped only to switch engines. Jake sighed audibly and began exploring the hotel ballroom. Everything was lavish. Waiters carried trays of champagne and caviar, both of which he hated. Harry's name was everywhere: molded into chopped liver, blooming in floral arrangements, engraved on napkins and matchbooks. Even in death he was still making his presence felt.

Business was brisk at the smorgasbord. Doctors lined up for food, exchanging patient referrals and the names of stockbrokers, communicating in coded conversations. Jake hated the sickening growth industry that medicine had become. Sometimes he wished he were a carpenter. There was something moral in tooling a piece of wood.

Filling his buffet plate with jumbo shrimp, he found himself standing next to a wispy young woman. "Hello. My name is Sunny," she said.

He shook her extended hand. Her friendly, open smile attracted his immediate interest. Perspiration beaded on Jake's upper lip as he took inventory. Gold hair framed her well-made face in a way that reminded him of dandelions, and something about her green eyes also pleased him.

Exchanging convivial chitchat at a nearby table, he learned she'd been one of Harry's nurses. Fresh and funny, Sunny reminded him it had been a long time since he'd laughed or grinned this deeply. Suddenly, Jake felt plugged into a current of energy, not certain if he was running on hers or his own.

While most of the women were outfitted in designer styles of lurid shades, Sunny wore a crisp-white Victorian dress ruffled at the neck and sleeves. When he complimented her, a sweet smile bathed him in soft light.

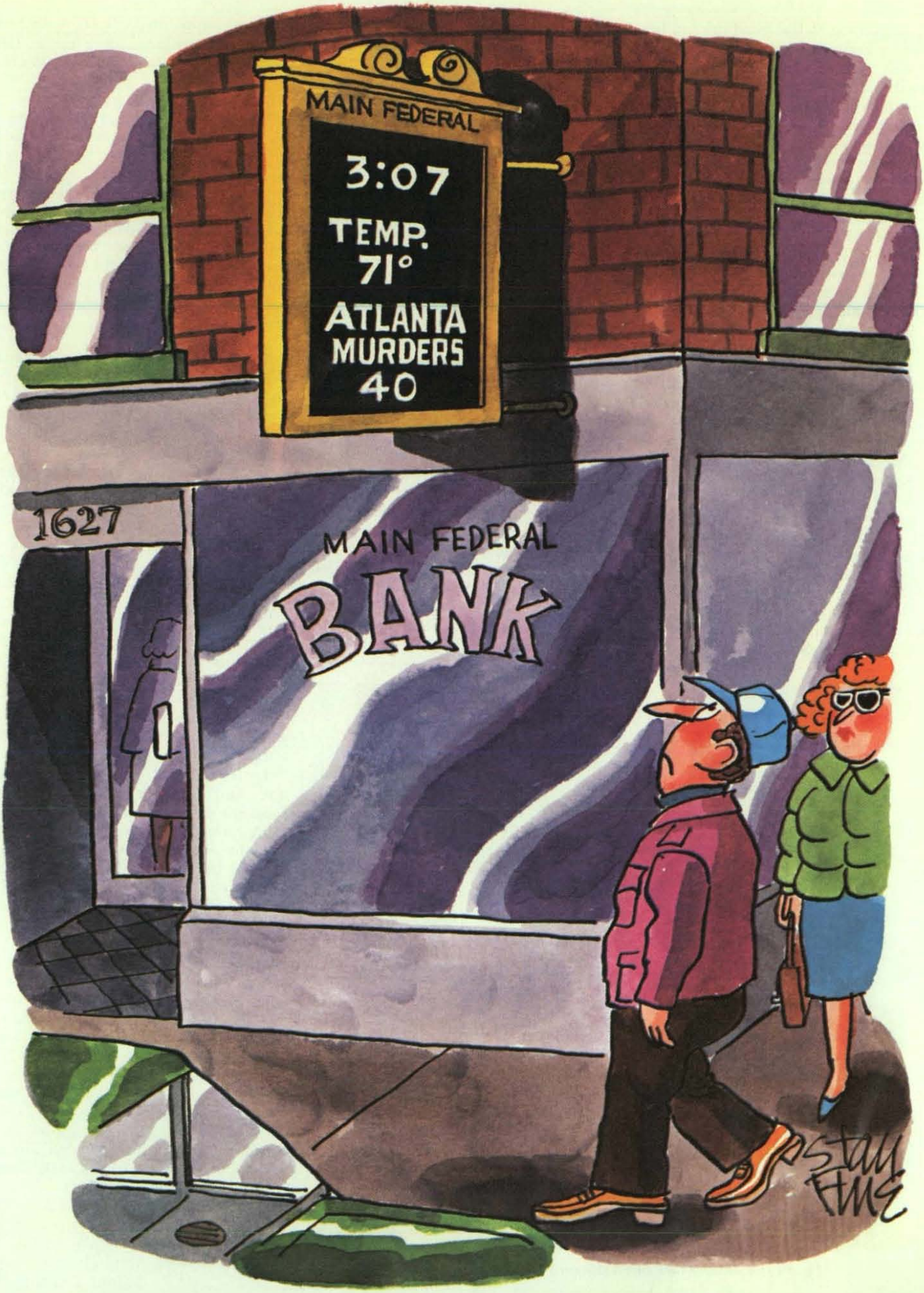
"Well, thanks, Doctor. It's so old, I guess it's new." Her cheeks flamed, and right away he wanted to cool her fire with his lips.

He asked her to dance. Walking behind her, Jake felt like he did on his prom night, certain he was falling perfectly in love.

She eased into his arms on the dance floor, and they moved in slow, rhythmic steps. The more closely he studied her face, the prettier it became. Just as he



"No, no, no! I said show Mother some gentleness, not genitals!"


MAIN FEDERAL
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71°
ATLANTA
MURDERS
40
1627
MAIN FEDERAL
BANK

was beginning to feel good next to her, Sunny's body froze. A short man with jellyfish glasses swooped down and kissed her cheek. A moment later the man loped off noisily, clicking his Cuban heels, and began to imprint other ladies' cheeks.

"Harvey Green is a psychiatrist who's into every sex game in town," she whispered in Jake's ear, resuming her dance position. "On our first date he took me to a swingers club. He was dressed in leather. His apartment was decorated with religious statues that bled from the eyes. He lied all night. He even lied about his birth sign."

As Sunny spoke, she ran her fingers through Jake's thick head of sandy hair. The room was beginning to get smoky with erotic possibility.

"I'm a Virgo," Jake said, his mouth just a flick away from her earlobe. "Honest."

"Me too," she laughed.

Across the floor, Harvey Green was dancing fast to a slow song, making motions with his hand like he was bringing down a kite. Jake shook his head, wondering what sort of credentials psychiatrists carried these days.

During dinner, Sunny ate bountifully—refilling her plate twice. He wondered how such a delicate person could consume so much. Everything about her seemed refreshingly wholesome. He noted her cheeks were rouged by sun, and she hardly wore any makeup. For the first time in years Jake felt happy.

Somebody tapped a microphone, and there was a clank of crystal in the ballroom, signaling what was certain to be a series of speeches in Harry Poole's memory. It dawned on Jake that this might be the perfect time to leave.

"Shall we go?" he boldly whispered.

Sunny nodded, and squeezed his arm. Jessica spotted them walking out through the hotel's baronial entrance, and cast Jake a murder-one look. He waved with great exaggeration and blew her a kiss.

"The cat woman seems to want you, Dr. Silver. She's been prowling around all night."

"Jessica's not particular," he modestly shrugged. "Any mouse will do."

There was an awkward moment of silence as they waited for the doorman to hail a cab. Jake stared at Sunny's enormous green eyes. More than ever, he was certain there was something special about her.

The taxi moved swiftly through Saturday-night traffic. Suddenly, Jake felt his heart tighten. He hadn't felt strongly about a woman in a long time, and fear eclipsed his excitement as he became aware of the possibility of disappointing or being disappointed. He resisted when Sunny suggested he come up to her apartment. "How about brunch tomorrow?" he asked.

"Fine, if you let me fix it."

"You're on," Jake beamed. Sunny's kiss fizzed on his cheek as he watched her bounce up the steps of her East Side brownstone. He picked off a strand of her gold hair curled on his coat sleeve. Gone, she still lingered. The feeling he had was nothing he could name. Since Lesley left, there had been no one special woman. Jake crossed them off like names on a dance card. All seemed to be ordinary vintages; he wanted a rare year.

* * *

Jake rode the elevator up to his apartment, six rooms swelled into a ghostly castle. He snapped on the radio and left a trail of clothes. Sitting naked on the couch, he picked up a photo of Lesley's face pressed between lucite. Bringing it closer, he focused on her features, then stared until she had no face at all. Refocusing, he realized the resemblance between Sunny and Lesley.

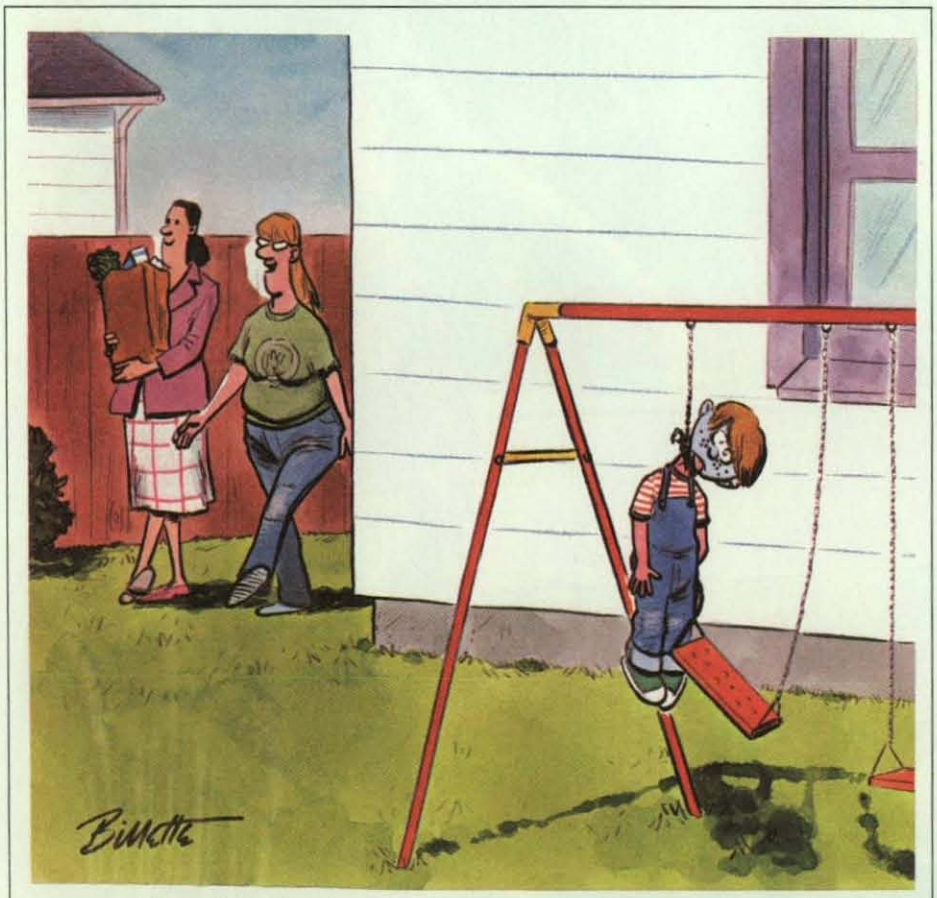
His cock, formerly just a bag of skin, stiffened at the thought. He conjured up both women in a well-lit fantasy: Lesley and Sunny were vying for his attention, each determined to please him more. Sunny's riot of thick, blond hair caressed his skin as she rolled her head over the length of his body before slipping his cock into her mouth. She kneaded his ass with glove-warm hands while she sucked slowly, flicking her tongue to the rhythm of his heartbeat.

Lesley watched, eyes frozen with jealousy and lust. The lust won out, and soon she joined them on the bed, fondling Sunny's firm breasts. Jake's hands parachuted from one woman to another. Primed by Sunny, he mounted Lesley, who invited him inside with the slow spread of legs. When he came, it felt as if a reservoir were being drained.

Jake's masturbatory fantasy switched scenes as he imagined both women in a country house, where spring water gurgled into the bathtub. Jake was biting the tips of Sunny's breasts. Arching her back, she lifted herself from the bathwater, offering scented pubic hairs. His tongue pried the silken hairs apart, traveling a narrow path into her cunt while his hands supported her small ass, which fit into his palms like two apples. In an instant, Jake shifted position and replaced his tongue with his cock, significantly increasing the thrusts.

Lesley waited in the Jacuzzi, massaging his back as he pumped spasms of hot sperm into Sunny. When Sunny fell back exhausted, he rotated his tongue

(continued on page 102)



"Your little Timmy has been playing quietly all afternoon."



"I don't understand. It's a rejection slip from Beaver Hunt."



"I don't understand. It's a rejection slip from Beaver Hunt."



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AUTUMN PETALS
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Pauline



"I love the simple things in life," claims 23-year-old Pauline, who lives on an old farm outside Tarrytown, New York. One of her favorite pleasures, she told us, is sitting in her gazebo following a brisk stroll through the countryside. "After the walk, I like to take my sweater off and feel the cool wind blow up and down my body. Then I rub the garment against my breasts and thighs. The scratchy wool makes me tingle all over, and it feels like a giant, rough tongue licking me.

"I have loved the feel of a sweater against my naked skin since I was in high school," Pauline continued. "One day I turned myself on accidentally when my nipples kept rubbing against the wool. Today I can come just by touching my skin ever so gently with a sweater."

As HUSTLER said good-bye to this new-fashioned "sweater girl," we were glad to know that some people still treasure the simple things in life.













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IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

(continued from page 92)

over Lesley's nipples, and they ripened quickly in his mouth. Spreading her legs, he licked her tender cunt and nibbled on her labial lips over and over again. Lesley rocked convulsively against his chin, and when she whimpered, screamed and then finally came, the orgasm hit her like an eight-foot wave.

While he imagined all this, Jake's hand moved along his large cock, and cum spurted in thick, white clots, bringing soothing relief. Smiling confidently to himself, he knew tomorrow would bring something even better than fantasy: the reality of making love with Sunny.

* * *

As soon as Sunny entered her tiny brownstone apartment, she kicked off her shoes. Padding into the kitchen, she put on the kettle and waited for the water to boil. Meeting Jake had lifted her spirits. He reminded her of Ian, her former husband. They each had the same thick hair and muscular build, but Jake seemed far more tender. The mere anticipation of all the attentive foreplay he'd provide made her smile. Moving into the bedroom, she stepped out of her dress. She wondered whether Jake would be surprised to discover she wore nothing underneath.

Standing before a full-length mirror, Sunny examined her petite, perfect body—bone-white skin hyphenated by a thick, light-brown bush. Her nipples were soon tightening like confectionery roses decorating a birthday cake. Lifting one leg on a chair, she opened her vagina and rolled a manicured middle finger over her clit. The resulting sensation was all Sunny needed to move to the bed, where she always kept a huge vibrator. Flicking the switch, she let its head buzz over her body, purposely avoiding the genital region. She wanted the hot feeling to last.

Reaching under the bed, she retrieved the latest issue of her favorite stroke magazine and flipped to the centerfold. But soon her eyes were shut, imagining the first time with Jake as his tongue waded deeper and deeper, and she bucked against his chin. The vibrator's black-rubber head would have to do until the real thing came along.

* * *

Awakening at 11, Jake rubbed his scratchy face, fisting his eyes open from a deep dream. The first fragile minutes of morning were always a shock. He lay in bed memorizing his heartbeat and listening to internal voices before remembering Sunny. Catapulting into the bathroom, he brushed and flushed and shaved, then slapped cologne on his steamy cheeks.

Jake arrived at the dot of noon. Ringing her buzzer, he heard Sunny's voice through the intercom.

"Keep coming. I'm on the fifth floor."

He took the four flights two steps at a time, glad he was in such good shape. Sunny's apartment was actually one large room divided into two by a bookcase. Brick walls were whitewashed, and the fireplace was inoperative but attractive. A rope-framed seascape was the only ornamentation on the walls. Light streamed through unshuttered windows, and everything worked toward cheer. Barely audible music floated through recessed speakers.

Sunny poured the wine. She was wearing a thin silk dress, and Jake could see her nipples browsing beneath the material. There was one long-stemmed rose in the center of a round table draped with a bright-green tablecloth. They ate spinach quiche, rice pilaf and an artichoke salad, with cheesecake for dessert. Jake might have been seduced by the food alone had he not felt Sunny's hand slink onto his thigh.

He carried dishes into the tiny kitchen, sliding them onto a flour-coated counter. Pressing against him, Sunny sent sparks, and his heart pumped faster. He could feel his cock twitch like a hooked fish. She led him to her narrow bed and posed, perching herself on two pillows like a languid centerfold. Jake undressed quickly. Sunny wriggled out of her dress, showing Jake she was completely nude underneath. She didn't bother to draw the shades. Street noises lent an excitement of their own.

"You're so small, so perfect," Jake told her. "I feel as if I could lift you with one hand."

Sunny smiled provocatively. "You can lift me with one finger," she replied, winking.

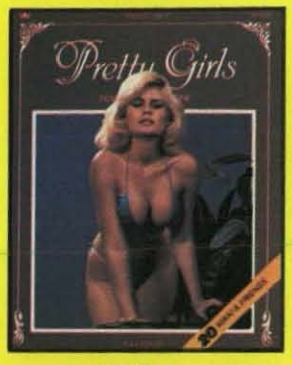
And Jake began to do just that, replaying one of his fantasies of the previous night. He tested her cunt with the tip of his middle finger, first tracing layers of skin, then inserting it deeper and deeper inside her womb. Licking his finger, he found she had the taste of freshwater clams—at once sweet and salty. The flavor made Jake feel like swallowing her whole. He buried his face in her fragrant pubes, eating her with the appetite of a man who had been on a diet of bread and water. His hands slid up her smooth thighs, kneading firm flesh. His tongue unearthed her clit, and he licked the little nub until it grew larger and larger. But he didn't want to bring her to climax. Not yet.

Instead, he ran a finger down her neck and across each nipple, kissing her

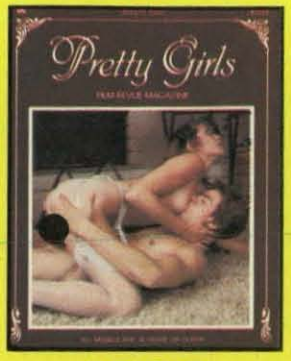
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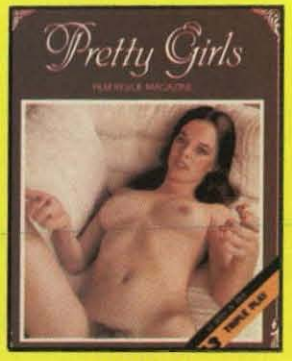
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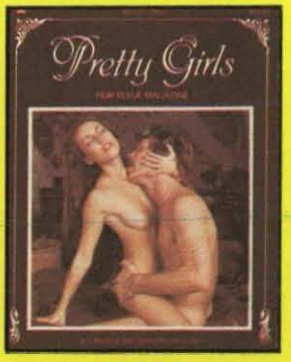
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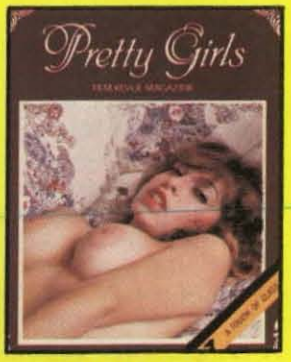
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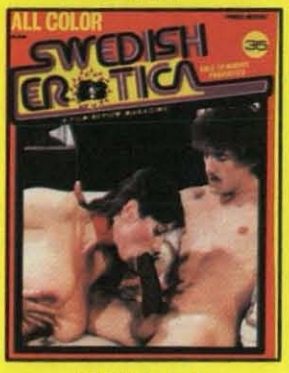
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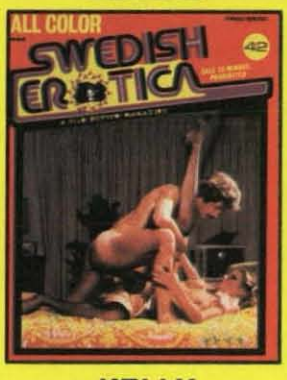
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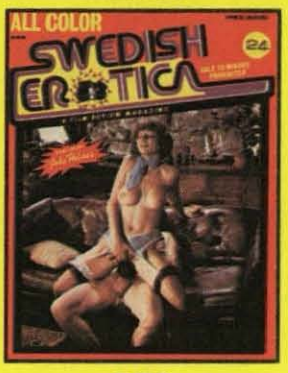
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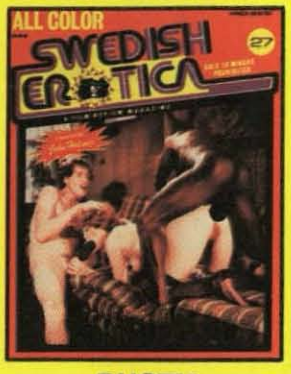
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from lips to navel, from nipple to nipple, making the sign of the cross. His throbbing penis loomed large over her face. Propping herself up on an elbow, she admired its size. Then she took every last inch of him into her mouth, swirling moisture around the length of his shaft. It took great determination for Jake to withhold his ejaculation.

Slipping inside her cunt, he voyaged deeper and deeper, thrusting as far as he could go. He ran his tongue over her labial lips, gently kissing her pinkness. Both of them were just an instant away from reaching climax. Slowing, they let the moment swell.

Lying in the pleasure of each other's arms, Jake softly stroked her head while Sunny's hands pressed into the smooth skin at the small of his back. Jake kissed each nipple, feeling them tighten on his tongue. Then he fell on top of her hungrily. His body grew rigid, and his pulsating cock felt like it was plunging into liquid-soft gold.

There was no holding back. Their screams ripped out simultaneously as he spurted abundantly inside her. Orgasm came like a lighted match thrown into a can of gasoline. They both savored the unique combination of ecstasy and pain. Never had sex been this good.

"Never?" she teased.

"Absolutely never," he said seriously.

Afterward, they showered together. Sunny crouched on one knee and lathered Jake's cock, making tight curls with a soapy, heart-shaped sponge. He wrote her name on the steamy door.

"I feel wonderful," he told her as she dried his back.

"Let's take a walk along the river. I want you to meet the pigeons."

It was the time of day when long rays of light unravel. The warm July air was almost touchable. A jogger in green-nylon running shoes whizzed by, his boxing shorts flapping over sweat pants.

Sunny leaned over the railing, looking at the East River's dark waters. Her shadow altered the landscape. A breeze sent her skirt billowing around her knees. Jake was struck by how remarkably fresh and pretty she was. Sun had lightened her hair and darkened her skin. When she turned, it was her eyes he noticed most—luminous green steeped in light.

He put his hand around her waist, and they both looked out at the water, watching a sea-worn barge pass. Jake had never fallen for a woman as quickly as he had for Sunny. He sensed in her real feeling and goodness manifested in sexual generosity.

A sheepdog ambled over beside them. Kneeling, Sunny scratched the dog's head. Stretching one paw to her shoulder, it snagged Sunny's necklace, scattering the jetbeads like crumbs.

"Max!" the dog's owner called. "Max, where the hell are you?!"

The dog bolted away, and Jake gathered the beads into his pocket. "I'll restring them with strong suture thread," he promised. "I've always been a frustrated surgeon."

"Don't bother—they're nickel-and-peanut stuff."

His eyes strayed slowly to her face. "Let me tell you a story my father told me about that great theatrical couple, Lunt and Fontanne. When Lunt fell in love with his lady Fontanne, he proposed with a bag of peanuts, saying, 'I wish they were emeralds.' He celebrated their 40th anniversary with a bag of emeralds and said, 'I wish they were peanuts.' So, my sweet lady, never underestimate the value of peanuts."

Sunny took his hand and rubbed it across her cheek. "I promise to value everything we share," she said, pressing her lips to his hand.

* * *

That summer was a splendid season. They lived in the light and sailed through days with fair wind behind them. The made love all the time—and everywhere.

Standing on top of the Empire State Building, looking down at other high-rises, Sunny nestled into his crotch from behind. Giving him a secret look, she knew instinctively that sometimes sex thrives on danger. Sightseers were all around. Still, it was a challenge, as Sunny rocked against Jake's groin, so slowly that it appeared winds were encouraging her movement. Reaching behind with one hand, she tugged at Jake's zipper. He was more than glad to assist.

Together they removed his penis from tight briefs, and Sunny lifted the back of her dress without even a furtive glance. Jake miraculously eased himself in. They hardly moved at all, rocking slowly. Standing a little closer to heaven, leaning slightly, they appeared like a couple advertising fine wine.

At last the crowds dispersed, and Jake found the opportunity to thrust hard, ejaculating inside her, stimulated by the sight of her firm, round ass as a strong breeze picked up her skirt. Riding the elevator down, Sunny winked at Jake, leading his hand to the damp spot on her dress left by his oozing sperm.

Proficient now, they made love on the beach, surrounded by convoys of kids scooping sand into plastic pails and by mothers munching tuna sandwiches. Sometimes they waited until night, when the beach was empty, climaxing to the incoming black waves that roared like panthers. *(continued on page 110)*

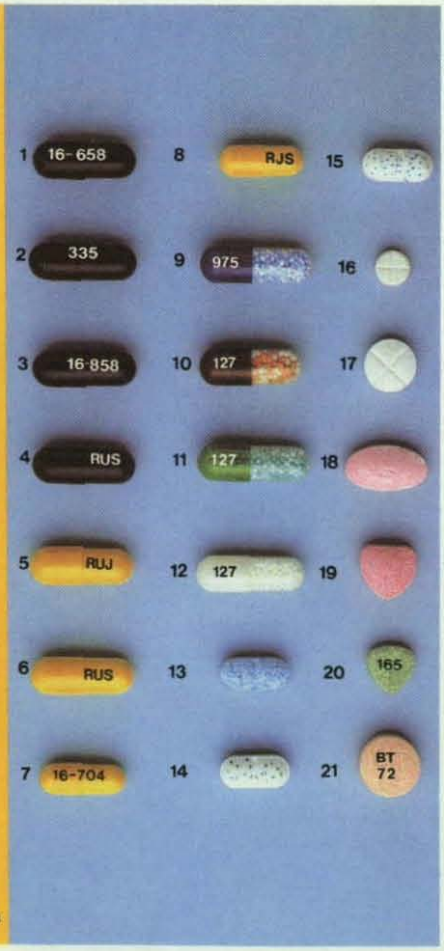
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Photo by K. B.



L. A., 20, is a Gloucester, Massachusetts, masseuse. A horseback rider, she dreams about "sitting on Burt Reynolds' face" and having a whirlpool orgy.

Photo by Andy



Secretary "Southern Cookie" lives in Orange Park, Florida. This 24-year-old likes to dance and model in the raw. Her fantasy is to show her stuff on videotape while swinging at a party.



Photo by Al

Karla is a 25-year-old Palm Desert, California, housewife. When she's not strumming the guitar or playing tennis, she dreams about getting it on in a field of wildflowers with "two foxy and horny men."

Twenty-two-year-old D. W. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is a housewife who likes to travel, have sex or just listen to music. She fantasizes about being marooned on a tropical island with her lover.



Photo by C.P.V.

Photo by Husband



Nysie, a 26-year-old from Kapaa, Hawaii, spends her time diving and dancing. She fantasizes about being blown out to sea while windsurfing, and being rescued and "thoroughly molested" by a school of dolphins.

Photo by Mike



China Curren, an African lioness, stalks the wilderness of San Antonio, Texas. She finds the locals a bit too tame for her tastes, and dreams about having a *menage a trois* with the Pink Panther and Tony the Tiger.

Dawn, 19, is from Central Lake, Michigan. She's a homemaker whose hobbies include painting and photography, and she fantasizes about making love on a sandy beach under a full moon.



Photo by Vern Peterson

Photo by Dan Toopes



Boating and sex are the prime interests of Bunny T., a 39-year-old office clerk from St. Petersburg, Florida. She would love to be a part of a two-couple sex bout.

Photo by J. Sine



A. L., 26, resides in Oakland, California, and works as an interviewer for an employment agency. She's a sports-lover who enjoys golf, bicycling, dancing and sex. Her fantasy? To star in a porno film.

Robin, 23, is a dancer from Houston, Texas. Her favorite hobbies include playing tennis, swimming and having sex. Robin has no sexual fantasies because "they've all been fulfilled."



Photo by D. F. Freeman

Photo by Husband



Twenty-four-year-old Star is a go-go dancer from Augusta, Georgia, who enjoys working out crossword puzzles and reading. She fantasizes about three men making love to her at once.

One for the Ladies



Photo by Friend

Kenneth R. Milchick, 23, makes his home in South Bound Brook, New Jersey. A shoe-store manager, he spends his off-hours on a horse, in a pool or in bed. Being in HUSTLER has fulfilled his sexual fantasy.

Giving head to "Long Dong Silver" is the fantasy of 22-year-old Tammy Kohlman of St. Petersburg, Florida. In the meantime, Tammy, a housewife, has fun playing tennis and swimming.

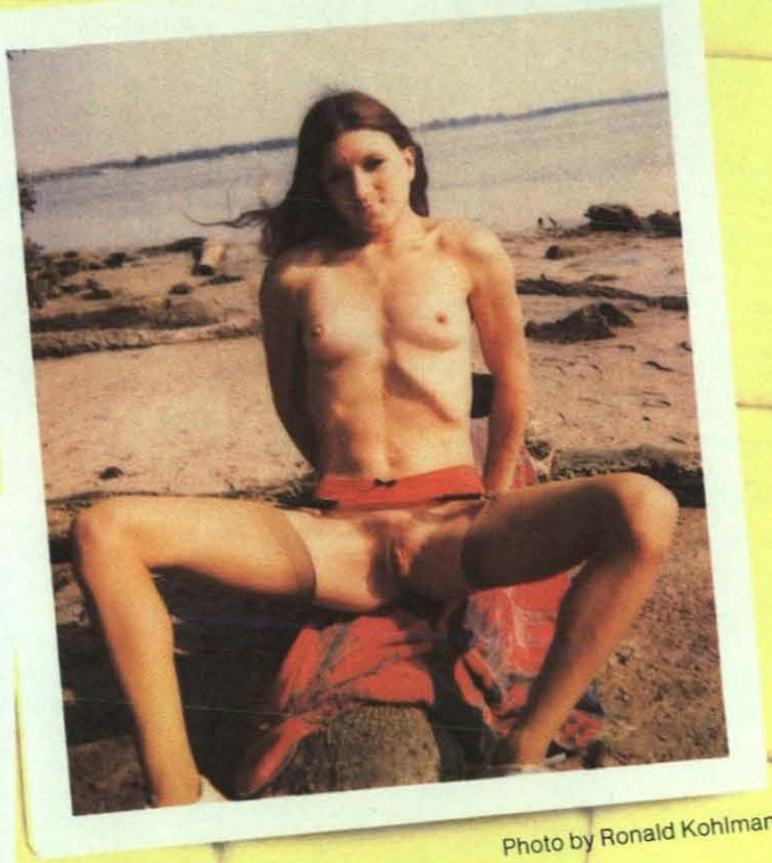


Photo by Ronald Kohlman



Photo by Friend

Valerie M., a 24-year-old homemaker from New Alexandria, Pennsylvania, spends her free time riding horses and drawing. She fantasizes about making love with two men at once and appearing in a HUSTLER centerfold.

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BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see page 105. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature Date

Model's Social Security Number

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

(continued from page 104)

By the end of the summer, Sunny and Jake had fallen even deeper in love. He made the declaration at a marina restaurant in East Hampton. Sunny blew out the fishnet candle, kissed him over the floral centerpiece, rubbed her hand along his thigh and said, "Forever."

Walking back to the motel, they put their love to bed. There was so much pleasure when she bent to him, when her nipples bloomed between his fingers, when his cock jumped like a muscular dancer at her touch. He felt dazed as she sucked—a kid being turned round and round. And when he poised between her legs—prolonging pleasure, not making direct contact with her clit—she begged for satisfaction. Jake licked her with one eye open, watching her hands clutch the sides of the bed. He heard her teeth biting down on the sheets. When she could stand it no longer, he gave her what she needed.

* * *

Sunny's birthday came soon after Labor Day. The other nurses had a party and invited Jake. Watching the interns whirl around her, he felt possessive. All of his jealousy vanished when he overheard one of them ask her, "What's your relationship with Dr. Silver?"

"Genital!" she curtly replied. Winking at Jake, she rushed to his side, planting a wet kiss on his warm cheek.

They left the party and dined uptown. He gifted her with a Gucci wallet she'd admired in a shop window.

"Open it," he coaxed.

Jake watched her face color as she removed the airline tickets.

"That's right, baby—we leave for Rome in two weeks."

Sunny jumped up and down in her seat, and Jake delighted in her uncensored enthusiasm. Sliding next to him in the booth, she gave him a long, lingering kiss, outlining his lips with her tongue, biting softly. People at the next table stared. Lifting her glass, she toasted them and turned back to Jake.

"Thank you, sweetheart. I've always wanted to make love in the Vatican."

"Wait a minute, honey! I'm a religious man."

"What could be more reverent than lovemaking?" she shrugged.

Jake nodded solemnly, then smiled. Sunny had given him so much. This was only a token of what he wanted to give her. Still, it felt good to give something. Almost like a child, she started transferring the contents of her old wallet into the new one. He watched as she slipped photographs into the crisp plastic casings. The last thing she did was fill in the identification card in large letters. "In Case of Emergency," she mused over the last blank. She looked up at him and nodded decisively, filling in his name.

"Jake Silver, you are now my official guardian."

* * *

While New York was in the midst of an Indian summer, Sunny was having a splendid time shopping for Rome. She bought Jake six pairs of Italian minibriefs in assorted colors. For herself, she couldn't resist a hideously expensive short nightdress made of pink air. The filmy garment revealed a lattice of her pubic hair and allowed her nipples to peer through like exclamation points.

Laden with packages, Sunny strolled down Fifth Avenue. She couldn't find an empty taxi; so she started to walk the 20 blocks home. It was eight o'clock, and the streets were filled with people.

She was singing softly to herself, mouthing her favorite stanza from "Send in the Clowns." *How easy life is when you're happy*, she thought. She never saw the man whose dangerous voice startled her, who grabbed her by the throat and pulled her into a narrow hallway, pushing her down, stabbing her again and again.

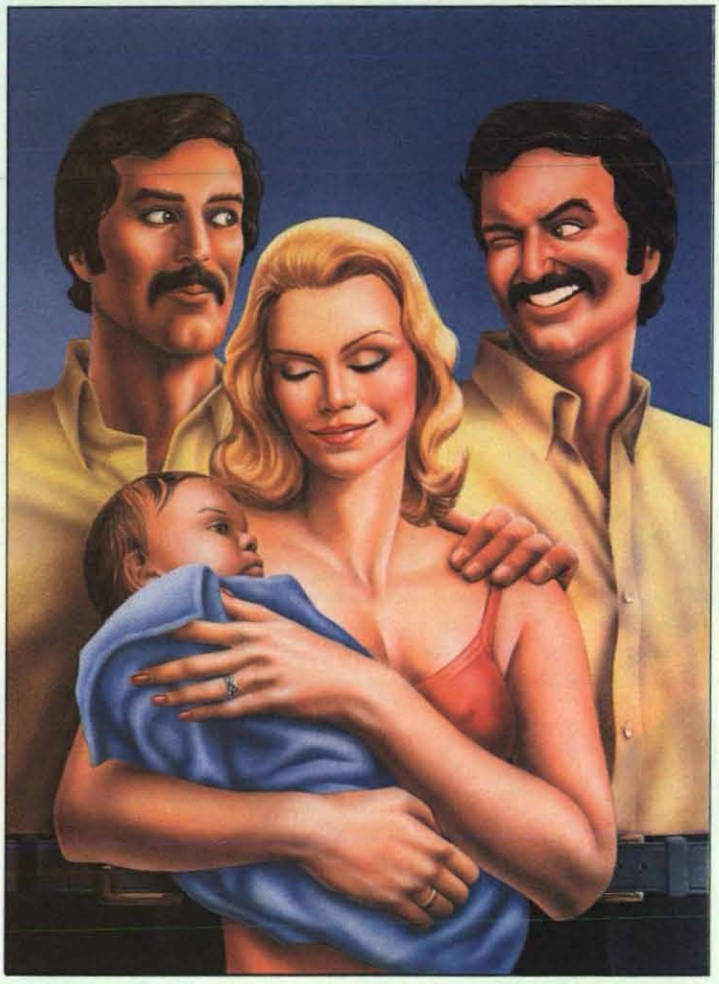
There was only $10 in cash in the wallet he cast aside. Cursing under his breath, he grabbed the shopping bags, with their sales slips still attached. Leaving the young woman lying in a heap, he dissolved into the distance, becoming one in a crowd. Sunny's hand swelled, caught in the hallway's door.

A young couple passed minutes later, chattering about the movie they'd just seen. The woman flipped her long hair over her shoulder, asking her boyfriend just where this great restaurant was supposed to be. He turned her around, pointing her in the right direction. That was when she saw Sunny's swollen, purple hand sticking out of the doorway, and screamed.

A cruising patrol car took the call. Looking at Sunny's young, pretty, contorted face, a chill shuddered up and down the veteran officer's spine. He would never get used to this kind of death, no matter how many times he had to witness it. Sunny's eyes lolled in their sockets. He closed her lids to their final blink.

Shaking his head, he picked up the empty Gucci wallet. Then he walked slowly to the car to call for an ambulance. There was no hurry. They would tag her D.O.A.—Dead on Arrival. And then he'd make the hardest call of all, trying to reach Dr. Jake Silver, the person listed in the wallet right where it said, "In Case of Emergency."

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays $100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



A TWIN'S TALE

by Corey St. James

In Missouri, where I come from, folks say "the best things come in pairs." That adage has never been more true than with respect to my brother and me. We're twins who are identical right down to the birthmarks on our butts . . . and a pair of eight-inch cocks. But to tell HUSTLER's readers about the weird sexual switcheroo which proved that old saying, I'd better start at the beginning.

Since the day we were born, Tim and I have shared almost everything. Through 33 years, we've remained inseparable and uncannily alike. We learned long ago how to use this similarity to our advantage. In junior high, Tim was good with figures; so he'd take my math tests. Since I was better in English, I'd write his essay exams. Later, when we discovered sex, we often talked about switching identities to sample each other's women. For some reason, though, we never had the guts to go through with it.

Our first big separation was caused by the Vietnam War. My job in an electronics factory was considered important enough to keep me out of the service, but Tim got drafted and caught Nam's hell for more than a year. When he finally came home to Kansas City, he had definitely changed. Sometimes he'd just sit staring off into space, or wake up in the middle of the night, sweating out a heavy nightmare. But with the help of his fiancee, Linda—a knockout blonde—he soon began to resume the normal life the stinking war had cut off.

When they tied the knot, their marriage started out on a high. The first year, everybody thought Tim was firmly back among the living. I credited my sister-in-law and her fantastic body for that.

During this period, Tim and I would get together at my place to smoke a little dope and have a few drinks. I'd entertain him with my latest "sexploits"—I still hadn't found *the* girl, and hoped to hell I never did—and we'd both crack up. Tim hardly ever talked about his relationship with Linda, and I respected his privacy.

Now, twins as close as my brother and me have a built-in ESP. I began to recognize that, for all his cheerfulness, Tim was going through an emotional crisis. It took several shots of Wild Turkey one night to pry the problem out of him.

Tim was crazy about Linda, and also crazy about sex with her. But she had recently turned off the supply. Everyone in her family was anxiously waiting for the announcement of a "blessed event"—Linda most of all. And since a year had passed by and she still wasn't pregnant, their relationship had hit the skids.

He had nothing against having a kid; in fact, he welcomed the idea. Unfortunately, such a feat was beyond him. In Nam he'd been exposed to the weed-killer Agent Orange, and this had made him sterile. Because he thought his sterility made him less of a man, he'd never told his wife. To top it all off, her continuing rejection had made him impotent as well.

I phoned a few days later to see if Linda's cunt had defrosted any. It hadn't. They were even sleeping in separate rooms. I invited Tim over, since I'd cooked up a little scheme that just might get his marriage back on track.

After Tim heard my plan, it took some of my very best weed to get him to agree to it. By this time he was really blitzed, but I managed to get him out of his Levi's, boots and flannel shirt, and get them on me. Then I removed his gold wedding band, which slipped onto my finger like it belonged there. After putting Tim to bed, I left to go "home" to the little woman.

It had been 15 years since I'd assumed Tim's identity, but I marveled at how quickly I could still do it. Physically, everything was there: the walk, the attitude, the mannerisms. It took very little psyching to literally *become* my brother.

From the way Linda looked at me when I let myself into their apartment, I knew I was on my way to success. Just as I'd planned, it was twilight—too late in the day to see things really sharp, but too early for the lights to be turned on. I was ordered to "hurry up and shower," as we were invited to spend the evening playing backgammon with Linda's family.

I stood outside the shower with the water running until I could hear Linda moving around in her bedroom. By that time I'd stroked my shaft into a hard-on a porn star might envy. When I turned off the shower and quietly entered her room, she was wearing only a pair of white-cotton panties.

Grabbing one of her hands, I wrapped it around my cock and began pumping.

Illustration by Greg Martin

The shocked look on her face was something I'll never forget. Tim had told me their lovemaking was always tender, always done in total darkness.

Linda resisted—violently. She aimed her first blow at my ear, then went for my nose. It was obvious she thought I'd gone loco. Since I was aware she knew every inflection of my brother's voice, I'd already determined not to speak a word. Instead, I bit my lip and shoved her back onto the bed. Linda's honeypot was now exposed—and nothing short of mouth-watering. Her light-blond pubic hair looked like peach fuzz.

Spreading her tanned, shapely legs, I dove down, lapping at her juicy cunt. She was close to hysteria, sobbing and cursing as my tongue probed her slit. But gradually, her resistance weakened. Now my tongue was really scooping her out: "Tim . . . oh, Tim," she moaned, "suck *all* of me!" Hearing my brother's name gave me just the slightest twinge of guilt, but it quickly disappeared as Linda ground her fingernails into my neck, forcing me even deeper.

Since I wanted to prolong this bout as long as possible, I withdrew my tongue even though she begged me not to stop. Tim, I realized, had really misread this girl. When I looked up, I saw her massaging her perfect tits. I began exploring her soft belly with my tongue, then found a hard nipple and sucked as much of her delicious tit into my mouth as I could. Her mouth opened, and her tongue beckoned an invitation, but the one thing I'd decided not to do was kiss her. After all, she was Tim's wife.

After turning her onto her stomach, I began a licking, biting path down her back. As I got lower, Linda's ass began to twitch in anticipation. I put a gob of spittle onto the middle finger of my right hand and slowly proceeded to work the digit into her tight, puckered asshole. Then, with a simple lunge, I was in all the way, and she muttered, "Oh, Tim, I love it!" I withdrew my finger a bit, then rammed it home again and again.

A tight asshole can do many of the same things a tight pussy can when it comes to lovemaking. But one thing it can't do is make a baby. I didn't want to come anywhere except in Linda's vagina, and I wanted to flood it with enough jism to make 50 kids.

I turned her over again and began to give her cunt the kiss of life—sucking and lapping as my hands ran up and down those satiny thighs. Raising myself, I flicked her swollen clit with my cock. She asked me to stop, saying she was exhausted, had had more than enough already. I must admit, whispering that our child was overdue and that "we'd better get on with it" was a brilliant stroke. She wrapped her legs around my neck and welcomed me in with a gratified smile. Her pussy seemed even tighter than her asshole.

An hour later we were still fucking. The telephone rang—no doubt her family—but we ignored it. I shot two loads into her. She gave me some head, and didn't do half-bad for a beginner. Then, if you please, she sat on my cock, gasping and laughing happily as she bounced up and down. When I came this time, she shuddered with me, then rolled off and sucked my dick dry.

• • •

I didn't hold back any of the details from Tim the next morning. He took it well; in fact, he couldn't wait to get home to attempt a repeat performance. Neither could Linda, as it turned out. Her old passion returned, and so did Tim's self-respect . . . and his rock-hard cock.

Linda became pregnant, and everyone is now living happily ever after. Her family is off Tim's back, and he says Linda is very seldom off hers. Oh, yeah, one other thing: Everybody comments how much Timothy Jr. looks just like his old man.

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AS HER DATE LEAVES TO GET POPCORN, HONEY DRIFTS OFF INTO A TIME WHEN MEN WERE MEN... AND DINOSAURS WERE NERVOUS.
IT MAKES THEM FEEL GOOD, IT MAKES US FEEL GOOD, AND IT'LL HELP PAY THE BILLS! I SAY WE SHOULD DO IT!
LAST NIGHT GUNGA OFFERED TO SHARE HIS LINES OF DRIED SLOTH DROPPINGS WITH ME IF I'D DO IT! I KNOW HE'D PAY!
THAT SETTLES IT! WE'LL START TOMORROW!
THE NEXT MORNING, THE GIRLS START THE OLDEST PROFESSION!
AND THE BUSINESS ROLLS IN!
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"Put your moolah down and you get to fool around."
*AROUND THE WORLD (AS WE KNOW IT)... 5 PELTS
*RIM JOB BATHED.... 4 PELTS UNBATHED.. 15 PELTS
*BLOW JOBS WITH MOUTH... 3 PELTS WITH CLUB ... 1 PELT
OKAY, GIRLS! OPEN UP FOR BUSINESS!
WOW! I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS KIND OF RESPONSE!
THIS COULD BE BIGGER THAN THE WHEEL!
INSIDE THE CAVE - THE WORLD'S FIRST ORGY!
???????
MY WOOLLY MAMMOTH DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ME.
OOOH! YOU ARE SO SMOOTH — AND HARD!


OUTSIDE THE CAVE, A TRIBAL FANATIC IS STARTING ANOTHER TRADITION – REPRESSION!
THOSE WOMEN ARE BAD MEDICINE! THEY SAY SEX IS FUN! PRETTY SOON THEY'LL TELL US WE CAME FROM APES! THE GODS ARE ANGRY! WE WILL BE DESTROYED!
HONEY'S PLEASURE CAVE
SEEING THAT THE CROWD IS BECOMING HOSTILE, BROWN SUGAR RUSHES TO WARN HONEY.
HONEY, THERE'S SOME PEOPLE OUTSIDE, AND THEY'RE FIT TO BE TIED!
HMMM! THAT MIGHT BE WORTH LOOKING INTO!
BUT THE WARNING COMES TOO LATE!
WE NEED A SACRIFICE TO APPEASE THE GODS! WE WILL KILL THE RED-HAIRED ONE!
NO! NO! WE WEREN'T HURTING ANYBODY!


HONEY IS TAKEN TO THE VOLCANO WHERE THE CAVEPEOPLE BELIEVE THE GODS DWELL.
LISTEN, GODS! WE KNOW THAT SEX IS DIRTY! FOR HER SINS WE SACRIFICE THIS SHE-DEVIL IN THE NAME OF THE PRIM-ITIVE MAJORITY! WE...
KILL HER!
IN A LAST ACT OF DEFIANCE, SHE PULLS OFF HER EXECU-TIONER'S MASK!
I WANT TO SEE JUST WHO YOU ARE!
;GASP!
HUH?
JERRY FARWELL!
THAT'S THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER SEE, SEX-DEMON!
NOOOOOOOOOO!
HONEY! HONEY!
HONEY'S DATE RETURNS AND AWAKENS HER FROM THE NIGHTMARE.
HONEY! ARE YOU OKAY? SORRY I TOOK SO LONG, BUT THE LINES... OOPS!
IT BURNS! THE LAVA! NO!... WAIT!...
IT'S ONLY HOT BUTTER!
;WHEW!
A LITTLE LOVE AND TENDERNESS SOON DISPEL THE DREAM.
I THINK THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN. FEEL BETTER NOW?
MUCH BETTER! I NEVER REALIZED HOW MANY PREHISTORIC IDEAS ARE STILL WITH US TODAY! IT'S A GOOD THING I DON'T LIVE NEAR MOUNT ST. HELENS!
THE END

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

YOUR X-RATED COLLECTION

As everybody who reads this column knows, home viewing of X-rated movies on video equipment is the rage in entertainment these days. But many people who have purchased a videocassette recorder (or who may be contemplating doing so) don't know how to begin collecting X-rated features. And it's not because they are hard to find. "There's so much available," asks one reader, "how can I tell the good stuff from the bad?"

The best way to make sure you collect only quality videotapes for your X-rated library is to first see a film you're interested in at a theater. The $5 or so you spend at the box office is worth it when considered as insurance that you don't spend $50 to $100 on a turkey videotape.

Of course, it's not always possible to see each potential addition to your collection at a theater. When you can't sample a film in advance, try to find out as much as possible about it before plunking down your hard-earned cash on a videocassette. Here are some ways of doing that:

—Most film distributors offer one-hour preview tapes for about $40. These visual catalogs highlight the company's best titles, giving you the chance to see parts of several movies.

—Call the film companies directly. Most of them have toll-free numbers and will be more than happy to answer questions over the telephone. Of course, you're not going to get an unbiased opinion this way, but at least you can find out what *type* of movie you're talking about.

—If you have other friends who are collectors (and whose tastes you trust), make arrangements to check out their movies. There's nothing more valuable when building a film collection than knowing somebody whose tastes are similar to yours. Not only will you be able to make trades, but also you can turn one another on to new releases.

—A trusted reviewer can be a valuable asset in helping you buy videotapes. The *X-Rated Reviews* in this magazine, for example, are a service to those of our readers who want to know which adult movies are first-rate productions. As a guide, ratings of films reviewed within the last few months can be found in "On the Circuit" (this month, on page 29).

A final word of warning: Don't be misled by brochures mailed out by video companies. Ad copy can often make the worst piece of crap sound alluring. Use catalogs for checking prices, and nothing more.

PEE PHOTOS

I recently advertised in HUSTLER's classified department "Best by Mail." The ad reads, "I love to pee," and the pictures I intend to sell are simply of me urinating. No other people are in the photos. My problem is this: A couple of friends have warned me that what I am doing is illegal. I assumed it was okay because of the other ads in the magazine. Please let me know if they're right, because I have many orders awaiting response. —*Karen*
Milpitas, California

Tell your friends to piss off. There's nothing illegal about offering photos of yourself up front for money. Where you may have a slight problem is with the U.S. Postal Service, which forbids the mailing of lewd materials. Since *lewd* is usually defined as hard-core material showing erections and penile penetration, you're probably okay.

If you'd *really* like to play it safe, however, be sure to send out your photos by first-class mail. As noted in July's *Mail-Order Feedback*, first-class mail is considered privileged, and a postal inspector must obtain a court order before he can open it.

GETTING BEHIND SEKA

I'm crazy about Seka, but to tell you the truth, all her films are too tame for me. I mean, there are blowjobs, a few fucks, and that's it. What I'm dying to see is her taking it up the ass. Are there any films that show Seka having anal intercourse?
—*G. S.*
Ojai, California

There most certainly are. *Seka's Fulfillment* and *Anal Ecstasy* should meet your needs. These are loops, not full-length features, and the production quality is only average. But they're hot, especially *Anal Ecstasy*. In that one, our fair-haired heroine pairs up with leading man Michael Morrison for some torrid rear-entry action.

The film begins with Seka engaging in her patented style of cocksucking. The traditional interlude of fucking comes and goes rather quickly, to allow time for what *you're* interested in. Morrison—obviously enjoying his role—slips his cock up Seka's butt while the leading lady does a pretty good acting job of grimacing in pain. After two minutes of active anal intercourse, Morrison pulls out for the obligatory external cum shot.

Seka's Fulfillment and *Anal Ecstasy* are available from *Krow Enterprises* (P.O. Box 10842, Chicago, Illinois 60610) for $21 each.

AGE-OLD SCAM

A while back I responded to a "clearance" ad that read, "Send us $10, and we'll send you $50 worth of hard-core magazines." I sent in my money, and two months later I received a carton of old nudist magazines, filled with the typical turn-off airbrushed photos, plus about 20 magazines that don't even show any pussy! I know ten bucks isn't much, but I really feel like I've been shafted. What do you think? —*P. P.*
Nacogdoches, Texas

We think you're right—you've taken it up the ass. We've repeated it time and again, but apparently it's worth saying once more—*you don't get something for nothing!* The liquidation/clearance-sale scam is as old as they come. A dealer buys up some tame old magazines that have been gathering dust in a warehouse for months, then turns around and advertises them as hard-core.

This schmuck makes out doubly; not only does he pocket your dough, but he'll more than likely turn around and sell your name to one of the many companies that market mailing lists. So, if you find your mailbox suddenly stuffed with crap-ola, don't be surprised.

Edited by Stuart Goldman

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(P.S. I'm not a pro, but a real small town girl with an itch for the big time.)

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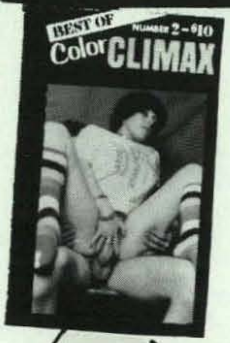
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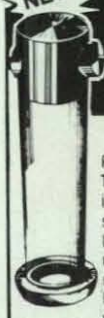
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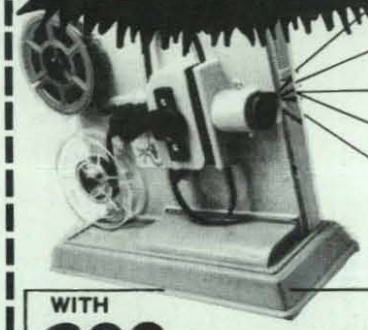
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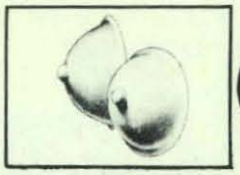
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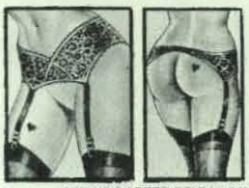


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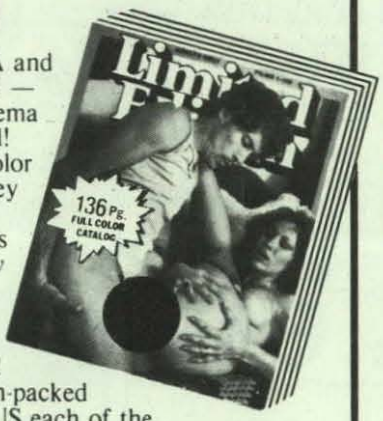
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BIG-CITY BOOKIE

(continued from page 86)

your players take as long as they want to pay. They don't like losing a ton of money, and if you're smart, you don't like to beat them for a ton either. I learned that the hard way over a period of time. I blew out some good people and lost their business."

One of Clovis' good customers, a delicatessen owner, once was several thousand dollars in the hole. The bookie made the mistake of letting him continue to bet while he was paying off his debt. The sum only grew larger while the deli owner, trying to get even, bet higher and higher amounts until he owed $40,000—which is not exactly chopped liver.

"In many cases it's a lot better deal to win $4,000 than $40,000," Clovis points out. "The $4,000 is real, whereas $40,000 seems like Monopoly money. A lot of people who owe that kind of dough don't consider the debt real. They shrug it off. Even guys who have it might not pay that kind of money."

The deli owner wanted desperately to pay up, but to do so he would have had to sell off almost all of his assets. J. D. solved the problem very simply. Without letting the word get around—thereby encouraging rampant freeloading—he canceled the debt. Many of his bookmaking associates might have thought he was crazy. Clovis, though, is convinced it was not only the human thing to do, but it turned out to be one of the best business decisions he ever made.

Not only did the grateful client continue playing—and losing—but he brought new players with him. These included virtually the entire clientele of a small bookmaker who mismanaged his money and finally went broke.

"By giving that deli owner 40 grand, I probably won a few hundred thousand," he beams.

Clovis' generosity was hardly a new wrinkle. During the 1930s and 1940s the late Louis Katz ran one of the biggest bookmaking operations on the East Coast, out of a Brooklyn pool hall. At the end of each year he would place an announcement in the newspapers and on the establishment's betting board, canceling all debts and inviting delinquent customers to return. However sheepishly, nearly all of them came back to bet again.

"His philosophy was simple," his son Robbie Katz says. "Why lose good customers? We had them beat anyway."

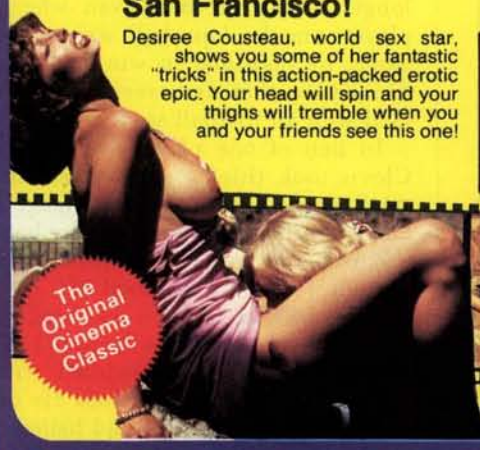
With the $12,000 profit from his first football season making book, Clovis took a long vacation, skiing in Aspen

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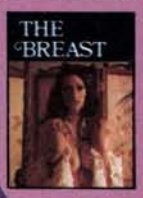
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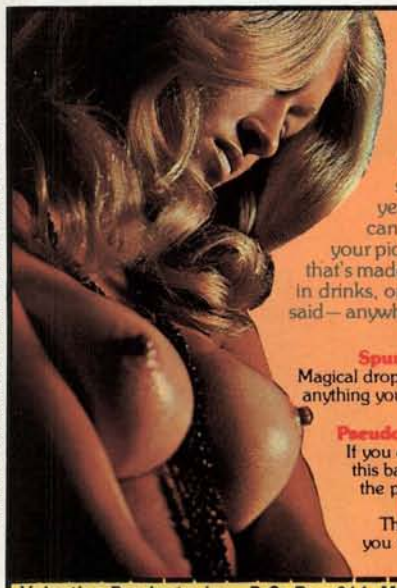
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and traveling around the country. He intended to take full advantage of the freedom the gambling business offered.

He returned to Los Angeles in the spring of 1976, just in time to book the NCAA and NBA basketball playoffs and the start of the baseball season. No longer laying off bets even when his players made lopsided wagers on a game, he managed to win an amazing $15,000 in that first week—more than he'd won all football season.

In lieu of one player's $5,000 debt, Clovis took title to and moved into a small house with a large mortgage and $390 monthly payments. He also bought a Porsche and a new wardrobe, gearing himself up to live the good life.

Six weeks later Clovis was broke, out of business, driving a battered 1965 Volkswagen bug and saddled with a second mortgage on his home. He owed $11,000 to a friend who had bailed him out of his last disastrous week, during which the wrong teams won in 38 of 42 basketball and baseball games. It was the kind of freak losing streak veteran gamblers know can happen anytime. But in his youthful optimism, J. D. was unprepared for such a beating. Like many small bookmakers, he didn't have the bankroll to ride out the the losses.

"I don't know any bookies who haven't been broke at least once," he declares. "If nothing else, it was a learning experience."

The client most responsible for breaking Clovis was Brentwood Bennie, a full-time professional gambler.

"Every bookmaker books to somebody's opinion, whether he knows it or not," J. D. says. "He usually books to his own, which is not necessarily the best one. Obviously, when I lost 38 of 42 games, I was putting out bad betting lines, and my opinions stunk.

"Bennie's knowledge of sports betting made him a consistent winner—somebody with a *very good* opinion. Here was a person who could get 11-10 odds and win a ton. If I could book his opinion and *take* 11-10, I was going to win a lot more money. In time, that's exactly what I did. We made a deal whereby Bennie would bet his big bucks with me early in the week. That enabled me to adjust my line accordingly so I could attract sufficient betting money to the team opposite the one he favored."

Clovis got back into business by taking on a partner for $20,000, in return for a 50/50 split of all profits. He sold his house and moved into a one-room office, determined never to be broke again. Eating junk food and sleeping on the floor, he nursed his bankroll back to life as deliberately as he had increased his childhood stash of marbles. Instead of

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Annie recommends the fabulous John Holmes Super Pump. Why? Let Annie tell you, in her own way, in this frankly fictitious interview with porn's incredible Mr. Stud. This dramatization shows an answer *you* may have been searching for.

Annie: Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie . I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie . That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annie , if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, *but* already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis *can* be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie , then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and its safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!

Mr. Stud: There really is hope for "small" men!

Annie: You bet there is. So much so that we're offering it to men with an unconditional money-back guarantee. Even though some men may take longer to achieve results than others, and even though some users might not follow directions carefully enough, we guarantee that if a man doesn't get the results he expects, or doesn't get the improvement he needs in 30 days, he can return the SUPER PUMP for a prompt and full refund, no questions asked.

Mr. Stud: Sounds like a "Can't lose" offer to me, Annie . What does it cost, and how can a man get it?

Annie: Simple! He can write to the address below and send a check or money order for $39.95 plus postage and handling. We mail the SUPER PUMP in a plain wrapper. He can even charge it on Mastercharge or Visa, and we will ship the SUPER PUMP with complete instructions immediately.

Mr. Stud: With an offer like this, backed by a money-back guarantee, every small man owes it to himself to try the JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP. And once they start to get results, their self confidence and ability to satisfy women will naturally start to go up. And with changes like that, he's got to score.



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losing money to Brentwood Bennie, he used him to his own advantage.

Devising a betting line based on Bennie's opinions helped J. D. clear $75,000 in profits in 1976. The following year he earned approximately $150,000. He continued to expand his operation until by 1980 he had his present total of 168 customers, all of them professional people with substantial incomes.

If Clovis approved their credit, they could bet up to $3,000 per game, with a $10,000 limit for a few select players—including Brentwood Bennie—who J. D. knew would pay when they lost. His annual betting handle at this time was approaching $40 million—even with the usual series of disappointments that one might expect in an illegal undertaking.

* * *

"I've gotten stiffed plenty of times," he recalls, relaxing during halftime of the televised Pittsburgh-Washington game. "Once for $60,000, once for $19,000. I've won a lot more money than I've collected, but I've gone through hell in this business. It's real irritating when you pay out the last of your money, and then they stiff you. You want to kill 'em—but not enough to actually go out and do it. You realize even legitimate establishments sometimes get stiffed. Eventually that settles in, and it doesn't bother me so much anymore."

Has Clovis ever gotten heat from racketeers? "The only guy who ever tried to muscle in on me was one of my own players," he replies. "He saw me on a Tuesday to settle up his losses, but instead of paying, he told me to meet him at a certain barbershop that Friday with $20,000 or he'd have me killed. It was extortion pure and simple.

"I thought of killing him first, leaving town, all kinds of crazy things. Finally, I just took a gamble and showed up without the money. I was real scared. I was terrified, but that's the business I'm in—gambling. When I got to the barbershop and told him I didn't have the money, he looked up and said, 'Kid, you got a lot of balls.' Then he laughed and took me to lunch. I'd called his bluff, and I never saw him again. The few bucks it cost me were well worth the lesson."

* * *

To Clovis' delight, by noon on this sunny November Sunday three years later, the Steelers have the Redskins well in hand, and the Giants are covering the spread against Dallas. Wagers have come in only sporadically since 11 o'clock, but now, with an hour left before the late games start at 1 p.m., the phones again begin ringing in earnest.

"Everyone bets the second televised game," J. D. says. "If they're winning,

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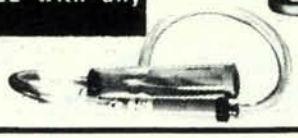
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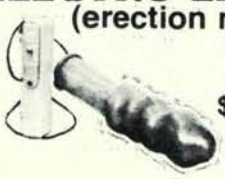
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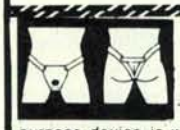
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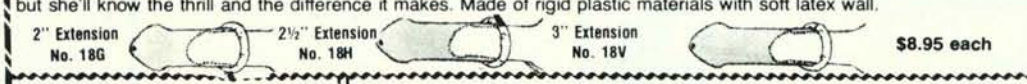
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they want to win more. If they're losing, they want to get even. Most players use bad money management. If they win a lot, they cut down their bets. If they lose a lot, they pump up. Limiting winnings while failing to limit losses is the worst thing they can do. Every week, my top winners are going to win far less than my top losers lose."

Shortly before one o'clock a voice can be heard above the constant ringing and chatter. "I'm sorry, sir. I cannot accept that wager," says Linda Hemmings, adamantly. "No, I cannot accept it." She turns to her boss. "He wants to talk to you. It's 77."

Clovis puts another customer on hold and takes the call. Number 77 is the insurance agent who lost $8,000 the week before. This week he is already down another $10,000 and wants to make two $5,000 wagers to try to get even.

"We've been through this before," Clovis tells him. "Three thousand is your limit, and that's that. Suppose you lose those games too? What the hell are you going to do then?" He hangs up the receiver.

"Some people just go crazy," declares Matt Gibson, the horse-playing ticket-writer.

"You should talk—with the money *you* lose at the track," J. D. says. "You guys are all the same. You never learn. *You have to have an edge.*"

By 1:15, with the final games of the day under way and the last betting slips tabulated, Clovis pays off his three assistants and begins reconstructing the simulated trappings of the Clovis Advertising Agency. Point spreads are erased from the blackboard and replaced with product slogans. TV sets and recording devices go back into their cabinets. Incriminating material on the tops of desks is replaced with prop advertising paraphernalia.

A half-hour later, Clovis has parked his maroon Jaguar in the garage of his condominium apartment in Redondo Beach. With his girlfriend, Carla, he sits down to a luncheon of chateaubriand steak and expensive red wine while sweating out the televised Los Angeles Rams-Seattle Seahawks game.

The Rams cover the point spread. So do most of the other teams on which he has taken strong betting positions. At day's end, J. D. has recouped his $30,000 deficit and then some. On the terrace overlooking the Pacific Ocean, he and Carla celebrate with a second bottle of wine as they lie in each other's arms, watching a pastel-colored sunset.

What they will do afterward is inevitable. Even J. D. Clovis agrees that gambling isn't everything.

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2. BIG BROTHER When we say big we mean big 10" of throbbing vibrator, enough to fulfill any woman's "Desire" **CODE 03707** $6.95

3. FILL 'ER UP She'll know what being filled up is all about with this sturdy fellow. He's a full 2" in diameter, vibrates and features special clitoral massagers to bring happiness inside and out. **CODE 05199** $14.95

4. SUPERDONG 9" long by 2" wide, this natural looking wonder will please you in many different ways. Yes, you can bend, twist or pull your realistic Super Dong into a variety of shapes that are both squeezably pleasing and tantalizingly teasing **CODE 01644** $10.95



5. CARESS Caress is softer and more flexible than any other vibrator. You can fondle and bend Caress. Its divine texture is erotic. Its potent energy never fails to excite. Take a firm hold of Caress and discover all its beautiful secrets. **CODE 04879** $9.95

6. INTRUDER This thrilling "Intruder" is the new generation of dildo because it not only throbs and pulses, it also whirls in a round-and-round action that explores her most erogenous zones. The "Intruder" is sure to let a woman know what total arousal is all about! **CODE 02972** $17.95



7. SUPERSTUD It expands, it contracts, it moves slowly or rapidly, up and down and round and around. The perfect way to bring your lover to a fever pitch of excitement. It extends to a full 8" **CODE 04572** $24.95

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9. LONG JOHN A sturdy little fellow just the job for getting her started. 7" of throbbing delight **CODE 02899** $6.95

10. LOVE MACHINE This new ultimate sex toy both vibrates and—Oooh—rotates at the same time. Looks and feels just like the real thing and the suction cup mounting (not shown) lets you put it almost anywhere. **CODE 00141** $16.95

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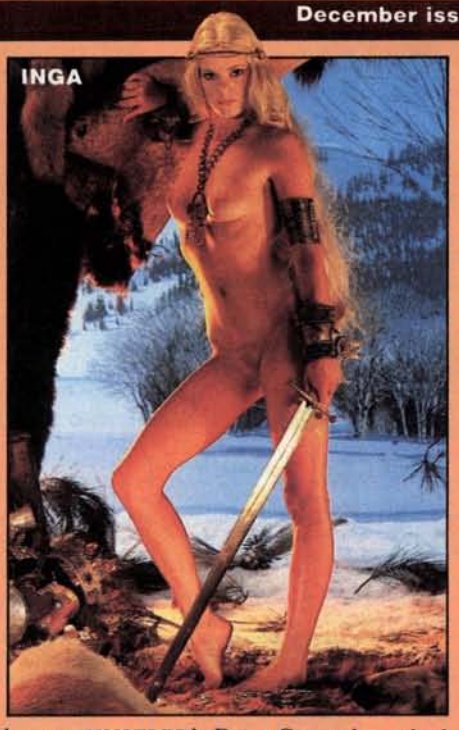
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NEXT MONTH

December issue on sale October 27, 1981



GUARDIAN ANGELS—These beret-clad, karate-chopping youths have stirred controversy by taking the law into their own hands. Now operating in at least a half-dozen metropolitan areas, the Angels have thwarted robberies, prevented sexual assaults and even saved lives. Yet some cops and politicians consider them little more than urban vigilantes. Journalist Mark Zussman examines a unique grassroots development in the battle to make our cities safe.

PROFILE: BENNY BINION—When the nation's top cardsharks gathered in Las Vegas last spring for the 12th Annual World Series of Poker, their headquarters was a hotel-casino as colorful and as authentic as its 77-year-old founder, Benny Binion. This former bootlegger has become a legend for his dry country wit and the no-nonsense way he's run the Horseshoe—one of Nevada's last family-owned gaming houses. HUSTLER's Doug Garr takes a look at Vegas' grand old man and the exciting world of big-time tournament poker.

KEEPER OF THE FLAME—Cold-eyed Cal Willis runs a ramshackle cafe smack in the middle of the "Devil's Frying Pan," where temperatures can reach 120° in the shade. When a honeymooning city couple are stranded and forced to spend the night, Willis proves that stretch of desert is aptly named. Fiction by J. R. Regis.

MORAL MAJORITY ART GALLERY—If the Reverend Jerry Falwell's band of repressive zealots ever get their way, Adam and Eve may be depicted fully clothed, and Mona Lisa might get that sexy smirk wiped off her face. In this zany take-off, HUSTLER shows what happens when the new blue-noses get through with the old masters.

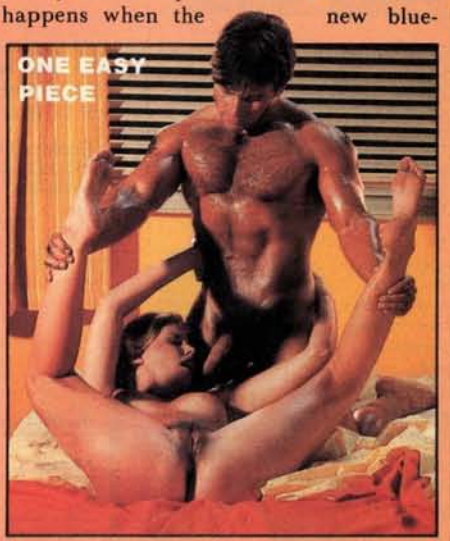
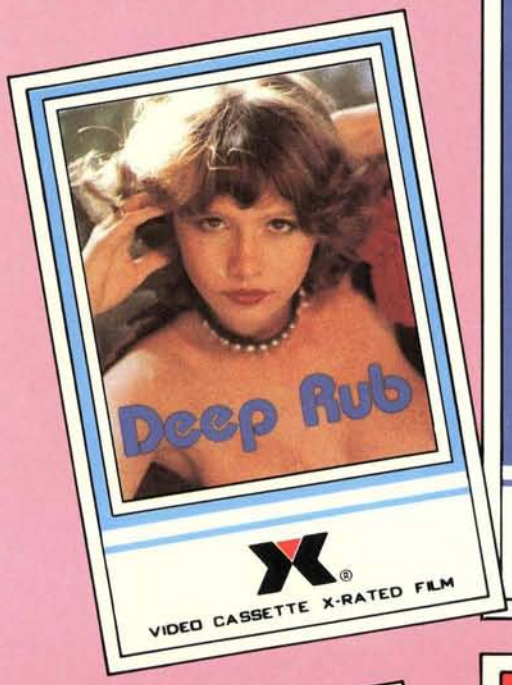
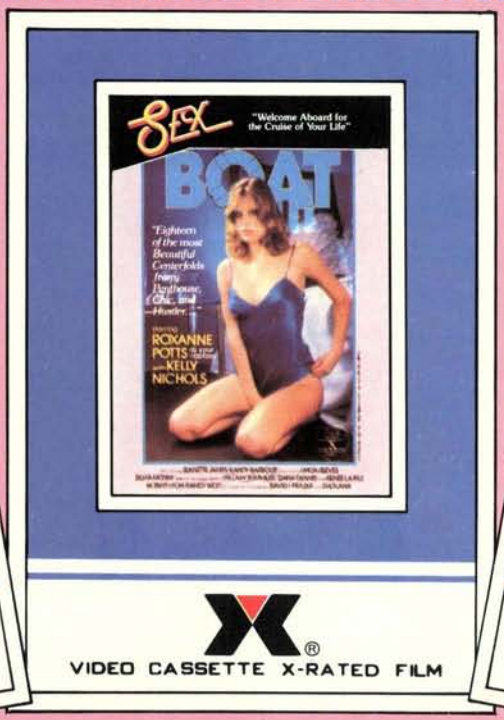


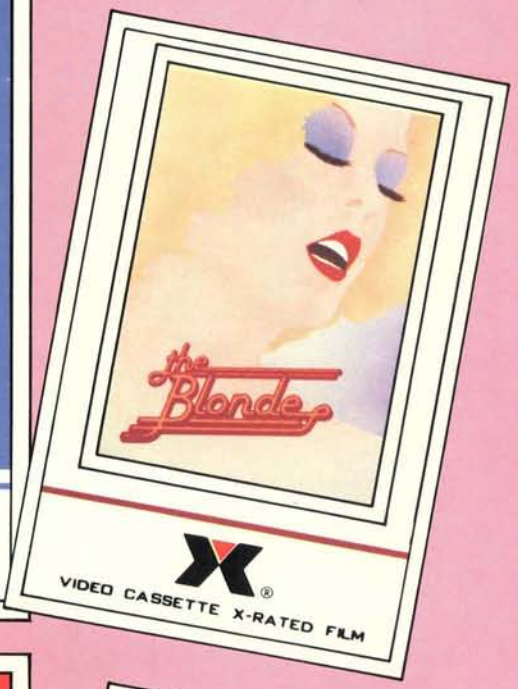
PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll feel like a million after seeing **INGA: GOLDEN TREASURE**, next month's centerfold. Then vivacious **VICTORIA** answers your prayers in **NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP. PEGGY AND OLGA: WATER LILIES** get all wrapped up in some long hoses, while **JAKE AND MAGGIE** show the hottest way to score **ONE EASY PIECE.**

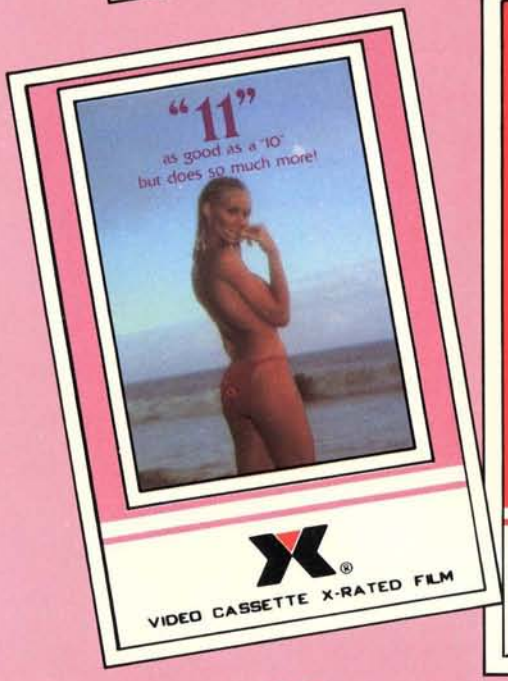
PLUS—A dazzling December lineup, including **ADVISE & CONSENT, SEX PLAY, KINKY KORNER, BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK, HONEY** and **BEAVER HUNT.**

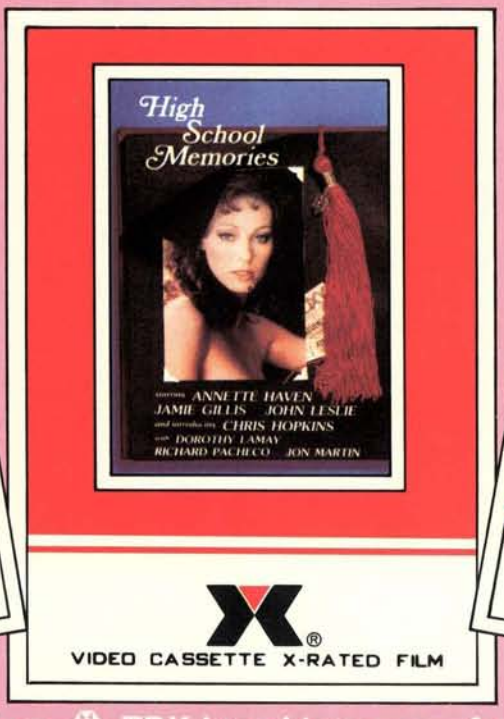
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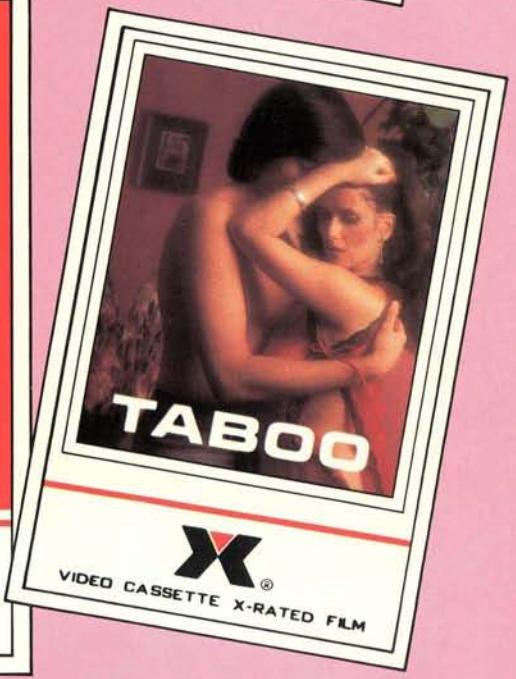












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